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NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

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THE
NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1850.

ART. I.—*A Letter to the Lord Provost on the Best Ways of Spoiling the Beauty of Edinburgh.* By LORD COCKBURN.

IN common with every "right Edinburgh man," we read the pamphlet thus whimsically entitled, not only with that pleasure which, from its singularly original and characteristic style, it must have occasioned even to a stranger, but with feelings of civic satisfaction and pride. We deem it nothing more than proper and seemly, on the part of a community so highly favoured, that a sense of the "hourly luxuries" to which Lord Cockburn refers, should thus from time to time be publicly avowed; and we regard it as a subject of no improper gratulation that one so gifted and so beloved, should have found time, in the midst of the engrossing duties of a high and responsible station, to offer, even in these few printed pages, a passing tribute to the beauty of our town.

Strange as it may seem to those of our readers whose imaginations have been in the habit of wandering to other lands in search of beautiful cities, we are willing to incur the charge of local vanity which may attach to the expression of our opinion, that in point of position, at all events, Edinburgh is not only unsurpassed, but is unrivalled by any city in Europe, with the possible exceptions of Corinth and Constantinople. To Rome, notwithstanding the seven hills, it is unquestionably superior both in picturesqueness and variety, and we prefer it to "Firenze la Bella," to Genoa, and even to Naples. Venice is more singular, but we suspect our good citizens, accustomed to the free exercise of their limbs, would soon feel the monotony of a dwelling in the sea. Vienna, the gay and cheerful Vienna that

was, (and we hope that is again,) cannot vie with it ; much less the sandy and arid Berlin. The vaunted capital of our Gallic neighbours has no upland range whercon her children might woo the genius of liberty, as they sing the Marseillaise to the mountain wind,—no castled crag to remind them of that ultimate appeal from anarchy, of which they are often forgetful,—and its river, beautiful though it be, is but a sorry substitute for that noble arm of the ever living sea, which stretches around us its protection, whilst it brings us its treasures. With the tame surface of London, its besmoked and besooted parks, its never-ending squalid suburbs, its mean brick-built streets, and the singular infelicity of its architectural monuments, to say nothing of the vulgar bustle of its countless money-making and money-spending millions, we deign not for a moment to compare our bold, grand, poor little town ; and Dublin is only a more comely because less plethoric reproduction of her English mother.

Nor is it by comparison alone that we contrive to glorify ourselves. Sometimes we take an absolute instead of a relative view of the matter, and we say, not only has nature been thus bountiful to us beyond others, but she has positively adorned our city and its vicinity with nearly every charm which belongs to this region of the globe. When the man of Edinburgh issues from his door, be he poor or rich, if he be but the uncontrolled master of one short hour, he has only to consult his caprice as to whether it shall be spent in wandering luxuriously between corn fields, rich as those of Lombardy, and even more fruitful, under trees that would do no discredit to the shady Albano ; in scampering like a chamois hunter along breezy cliffs, where the moss and the rock-rose find a scanty nurture ; or in inhaling the invigorating breath of the “gladsome ocean,” and in cheering his spirits by the contemplation of

“ Ships, and waves, and ceaseless motion,
And men rejoicing on the shore.”

All this is “hourly” offered to him—the dweller in a city,—the hand-worker or the head-worker, as the case may be ; and thus living and enjoying, if he sighs for the smoky chimney, with its unblest wealth, we will not grieve for his departure for a scene more worthy of his genius.

But though we go along with Lord Cockburn, and if we possessed his eloquence, would be disposed almost to go beyond him, in what he has said of the matchless beauty of our city, we are far from joining with him in thinking that we must quietly sit down and reconcile ourselves to the fact, that to this, and to this alone, we not only do, but ever must, owe our social importance.

That if we refrain from "spoiling" our natural advantages, or at most if we avail ourselves of them by such moderate architectural and artistical embellishments as may be within the reach of a community never likely to be greatly distinguished for its wealth, we shall have done all that is in our power to render our little metropolis attractive to strangers, and agreeable to ourselves.

That we have little trade, and "mercifully almost no manufactures," are facts to which we have as little difficulty in reconciling ourselves as the learned Lord. The presence of such things would imply the destruction of almost all that we value in Edinburgh now; but is there no avenue to prosperity and importance, except through the crowded market-place,—no portal to dignity and grandeur which does not lead through the smoke of manufacturing chimneys? "There must be cities of refuge," says his Lordship, happily.—Refuge for whom? we would ask; and our past history and our present position, serve to answer the question with little hesitation. Lord Cockburn tells us that "we have supplied a greater number of eminent men to literature, to science, and the arts, than any other town in the empire, with the single exception of London;" that "we have a College of still maintained celebrity;" and, lastly, that we have an "art, of which the brilliant rise within these last thirty years is the most striking circumstance in the modern progress of Scotland." Our refugees then, it would seem, in his Lordship's opinion, must be men "of literature, of science, and the arts;" and we only regret that he did not find it convenient to dwell at greater length on an idea which, by one felicitous expression, he has thus, perhaps, almost accidentally stirred.

It must be pretty plain to those who have paid any serious attention to the position which Edinburgh holds among the cities of this country, that her real importance depends on her becoming the abode of those who pave the way for action, rather than of those who act—of those who sketch out the campaign of the future from a study of the past, rather than of those who work in the trenches of the present. For the man of action we neither have, nor can create, a field; in this sense our city is not, and never again can become a metropolis. A few lawyers may find a sphere of reasonable activity in doing the public business of the country, and in their case the rewards of a successful performance of their duties may satisfy a moderate ambition. They may become *respectable* in the highest degree, but their profession, or the practice of it at all events, can bring them little glory beyond the limits of their native town—it leads to none of the higher state preferments, and the very possibility of attaining to a peerage (that ultimate goal of an English lawyer's ambition).

by its means, is very unfairly, as it seems to us, cut off. For the politician there is no field whatever, beyond what every town of equal size in the empire presents. Even for the mere animal activity of the sporting man, our city offers no fitting arena. We are not rash enough to ride with him, nor rich enough to bet with him, and the very narration of his exploits we are frequently uncivil enough to treat as a bore. With the man of trade and commerce we have already, almost eagerly, consented to part company. But if thus we must take leave of the *πρακτικὸς* in all his departments, and must even, reluctantly it may be, bid adieu to the *πολιτικὸς*, with a friendly shake of the hand and a *bon voyage*, it is only in order that we may clasp the *θεωρητικὸς* more warmly in our embrace. Do we murmur against fate? We believe, on the contrary, that what she seems thus to dictate, is nothing more than what every Edinburgh man of the better sort has already a thousand times done in his heart. We wish nothing but success and prosperity to those whose pursuits are different from our own; nay, the immediate consequence of a recognition of our special department, as a thinking rather than an acting community, will be a heightening of our good-will, since it necessarily removes those feelings of rivalry which must have existed, had our objects of ambition been identical with those of our fellow-subjects of Glasgow or Birmingham. Nor is even sympathy cut off by the distinction for which we contend, for though dissimilar, our pursuits are by no means antagonistic. The political philosopher, the moralist, and the man of science, are indebted, one and all of them, in this country, chiefly to the trading and manufacturing communities, for the data from which they proceed and the tests to which they appeal. Were it not for this constant reference to experience and experiment, their labours must speedily terminate in a vague, as they would have arisen in an objectless, theorizing. If the whole world had resembled the society in which its author moved, the "Wealth of Nations" could not have been written. But even those pursuits which react most immediately on each other, are often by no means most successfully pursued, either by the same individual, or in the same circumstances. The quietest nook of a Cambridge cloister is a fitting retreat for an abstract mathematician, whilst the practical engineer, who is to test the value of his labours, finds a more congenial abode amid the cyclopean forges of Birmingham and Sheffield. Whilst we acknowledge our dependence upon, and profess our sympathy with, the operative portion of the community, we must, at the same time, recognise the distinction which exists between their function and our own. We must not be for ever affecting a desire ourselves to enter upon a career of enterprise at variance at once

with our history, our opportunities, and our tastes. It is not less important for communities than for individuals that the tentative period of life should have an end. "*Male vivunt qui semper vivere incipiunt.*" We must read the past and interpret the present, and manfully and resolutely abide by the results.

But our readers may here meet us with the objection, that the only practical result of our reasoning is that matters should be left pretty much as they are. What guarantee, they may ask, do you give us, that we shall succeed in making Edinburgh a literary and scientific more than a mercantile and a manufacturing metropolis? To some extent, it may be admitted, that she partakes at present of the one character rather than of the other, but where is our assurance that we shall succeed in advancing her in the former course rather than in the latter? We reply, 1st, That, generally, no guarantee for the future can be stronger than that which is derived from the history of the past, and that, in the case of our own city, every effort in the one direction has been successful, whereas all that has been attempted in the other has failed. We are not now writing an historical article, and to Edinburgh men, to whom we chiefly address these pages, it would be tedious that we should furnish them with a demonstration which their own recollections can so thoroughly supply.

We pass then, at once, from the consideration of our historical to that of our present position, and we assert,

2d, That every tendency of Edinburgh life is in the one direction, not in the other.

When we speak of Edinburgh as having ceased to hold out, to the man of action, the inducements of a capital, we must not be understood as saying that it has forfeited all claim to that character. Nothing can be more erroneous than to liken it to such places as Bath, or Cheltenham, or any of the mere pleasure-towns of England, where such portions of the boundless leisure of the inhabitants as the daily newspapers and the latest novels are not sufficient to consume, are usually divided between yawning and whist, except where, by a still more felicitous arrangement, these latter amusements are combined. Edinburgh, after her quiet fashion, is a busy place enough, and, London excepted, unquestionably fulfils the idea of a capital more than any other city in this country. She has nothing of that air of a proconsular residence, which, while it confers on Dublin a certain external splendour, unfortunately renders her more like to Calcutta, or Montreal, than to the capital of any European country, however small. There is no foreign ruling class in Edinburgh; what she has is Scotch, and what Scotland has is hers. From her, as from the heart of the land, the life-blood of Scotland issues forth, and to her it returns freely again. Every

Scotchman finds in her a common centre for his sympathies. The inhabitants of Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, and Perth, have no bond of union, other than as the inhabitants of a common country; but every man of them feels that he has a tie to Edinburgh. It is to her that he looks for his news, his praise, his influence, his justice, and his learning; and with reference to this latter circumstance, it is very important for the present branch of our subject, that we should keep in view one very marked distinction between this country and England.

In England, the learned class is the clergy; with us, partly in consequence of our Church holding out no direct inducements to recondite learning, either in the shape of affluent leisure, or of high preferments, attainable by its means, but most of all we believe, for the much better reason of the clergy devoting almost their whole energies to the discharge of the strictly ministerial duties of their sacred calling, such is not the case, and the function thus abandoned by the Church has, in a great measure, been discharged by the Bar. We offer no opinion as to whether this is or is not as it ought to be, we simply state it as a fact, not unimportant in considering the present aspect and tendencies of society in Edinburgh. In Scotland, for centuries, the Bar has been a *caste* rather than a profession—a species of secular priesthood, if we may use the expression, to which, from the peculiar development of society among us, men of letters, and even of science, as well as practical lawyers, have found it convenient to belong. It may be regarded as the great intellectual club of our country; and latterly, since its political importance as a profession has diminished, and the clergy have withdrawn themselves more entirely from secular avocations, it has partaken of this character even more than formerly. As an illustration of the extent to which this is now the case, we may mention, that in the University of Edinburgh, at the present moment, the whole of the Chairs in the Faculty of Arts, excepting those of Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, are filled by members of the Bar, they being thus in the proportion to all other professions, of six to three,—whilst there is not a single Scotch clergyman, and only one churchman of any kind, the professor of mathematics, who, we understand, is in English orders. In the neighbouring University of St. Andrews the case is similar; and even the far distant Aberdeen has not escaped their influence. But not only has the higher teaching of the country fallen thus to the share of a class of men resident in our city, but nearly all the higher periodical literature of Scotland is also in their hands, and we suspect no inconsiderable portion of that of England to boot. The Edinburgh Review, long the most powerful critical organ in Europe, is well known to have emanated from their

body, and is still almost entirely conducted by them. Blackwood was, and is, so far as we know, *in pari casu*; and the Quarterly is understood to be under the superintendence of a Scotch advocate. One great cause of the remarkable and varied activity of this class of our citizens, is to be found, we believe, in the singular diversity of their training. From the passion for travel which has at all times characterized the Scotch, and the custom, still existing among them, of finishing their education in foreign countries, we find amongst those belonging to the profession of the law in Edinburgh, men partaking of the intellectual peculiarities of almost every European nation; and leading as they do an eminently public life, and mingling continually together, scarcely any one is thus permitted to slumber quietly on in his own opinion, or sluggishly to take refuge behind a bulwark of authority.

But whether the extra-professional activity of the Bar is to be ascribed to the heterogeneous elements of which it is composed, or to other circumstances coming, either accidentally from without, or springing necessarily from within, the fact is certain, that here in our own city, we have, within the pale of one single profession, not only as great a number of men who exercise an intellectual influence as is to be found in any other society of equal size, but what is more to our present purpose, nearly the whole intellectual activity of Scotland. We can scarcely doubt that a movement in the direction we have suggested would be in harmony with the wishes, as it certainly would be with the interests, of these men; and the question then comes to be, ought we, the citizens, rashly to throw to the winds the aid that they may possibly afford us in advancing our prosperity and increasing our importance? If we follow an opposite course,—if we strive after a trading and commercial development, we must lay our account with dispensing not only with their assistance, but also with the residence of many of them among us. If legal customs and *habits* have become indispensable to them, it is as easy to belong to the English as the Scotch Bar; most of the enterprising publishers are unhappily even now resident in London, and the formation of a Scotch Literary Colony in that city is by no means an impossible, and if we provoke it perhaps not even an improbable event.

But though we have spoken of the Bar as a prominent example of the present tendencies and capabilities of Edinburgh society, it is not to it only that we are to trust, or from it alone that we would draw our augury. We believe that among all the professional classes, there is a remarkable unanimity on this subject. The other branches of the legal profession, though seldom actively engaged in literary occupations, usually manifest no inconsiderable sympathy with those who are; and as regards the

medical profession, the high position which our school has always held, and the celebrity of many of our practitioners of the present time, are sufficient guarantees for the liberal views and tastes of its members. Nor are the interests of the medical profession, as might at first sight appear, at war with their feelings in this matter. An increased population, of whatever kind, would no doubt widen the range of medical practice; but our medical men are usually of such a class as to appreciate the advantage which, to those whose pride and whose pleasure it is to cultivate their profession as a science, arises from their being resident in a city which is the seat of a great medical school. For all the purposes of a school, Edinburgh is already sufficiently large, and if it were swollen to the proportions of Glasgow, or even London, though the number of practitioners who should gain a subsistence might be greater, it is by no means likely that their character, either for science or skill, would be raised.

But apart from the professional classes altogether, we are persuaded that the feelings of the great body of the people are in harmony with the views which we have indicated. We believe that the pride with which an intelligent Edinburgh tradesman regards his native city, has quite as much to do with its former and present literary celebrity, as with any other circumstance connected with it. When he looks on the monuments which our gratitude has raised to the benefactors of our city in former times, he finds that, with scarcely a single exception, they commemorate the labours of men of letters; and he remembers that these men have not only earned for themselves, but have conferred upon us, a celebrity lasting beyond what the most successful career of mercantile speculation could have secured. He reflects that in the case of an individual, real grandeur consists less in what is possessed or enjoyed, than in what is left behind; that the case of a community is similar; and that with us the man of letters alone has a sphere which enables him to lay hold of the future, either on his own behalf or on ours. Of him alone then can we safely pride ourselves in the present, for to him alone can belong, and through him alone can come to us, the longevity of fame. If the place of their birth is to be an inheritance to our children, it must be as the birthplace also of those whose laurels the gratitude of men will not suffer to wither. But we can twine no wreath for a conqueror, we have no field for a ruler, and the thinker is their only peer.

But when we have spoken of the professional and trading classes, we have by no means exhausted even the influential portions of our community. There is a large body of sojourners within our walls, who compose a fluctuating, but as regards both wealth and position, by no means an unimportant part of the

population of Edinburgh. These persons, we believe, are attracted to our city for the most part by one or other of these causes.

First, and chiefly it may be, as Lord Cockburn asserts, by the beauty of the place.

Second, By the excellence and cheapness of the education which they can here procure for their families; and,

Third, By the prospect which Edinburgh society holds out of their being here able to gratify those refined and cultivated tastes which they may have elsewhere formed.

That their residence among us is desirable for all classes of the indigenous population, but particularly for our tradesmen, to whom their presence annually brings a large accession of business, cannot be doubted; and in order to secure their continuance, or to increase their numbers, whichever of the above mentioned causes may have formed their original inducement, we can see no line of conduct more effectual than that which we here recommend. Nor is it unreasonable to hope that so long as our endeavour is thus to gather within our city, to a still greater extent, those attractions which have already marked it out in their eyes as a suitable place of residence, their sympathies will not be confined to such an expression of good-will as their continued residence would afford.

3d, We have already in some measure anticipated our third reason for the view which we have here taken of the possible future of our city—that, viz., which arises from the peculiar character of the place itself. We have said that it is a capital to the extent of containing the springs both of action and thought, so far as Scotland is concerned, and that there is life enough circulating in it still to preclude the appearance of those fungous excrescences in the body social, which the stagnation of provincial towns is so apt to generate. But to the man of letters its negative are perhaps more important than even its positive advantages. Amongst the chief of these we must reckon the circumstance, that from living in a community where few are idle, he is in a great measure freed from the inroads of gossip. Although eccentricity is unquestionably very often affected by those who, in their occupations and modes of thinking, differ in nothing from the vulgar, it is equally certain that in proportion to the grasp which men have of the deeper realities of life will their value for what is contingent and conventional diminish; and the consequences will be, particularly among the students of abstract truth, whose avocations rarely bring them in contact with the world, a style of living and acting inconsistent with the habits of those who are doing the ordinary business of life. The occupations of such men will almost necessarily give rise to habits which

will seem strange to many, though in themselves they may be blameless, and, with reference to the objects for which the individuals live, positively praiseworthy. Those of this description will not only act without reference to effect, but, liberty being the first boon which they ask from society, they will feel seriously constrained and annoyed by any sensation which their irregularities may produce. They will have none of the consolations which, in all cases of annoyance, fall to the share of the pretended eccentric, who, conscious that to glory in the results of any course of conduct can never be his, finds, in the wonder which his mode of life excites, a recompense for the effort which his vanity has imposed upon him. Their eyes being fixed on the end, they ask only for an occasion to employ the means without constraint; but as few men, even of this class, are superior to the influence of opinion, they will feel thoroughly unconstrained only where they can escape observation. We are far from holding out so vain a hope as that Edinburgh can furnish a complete immunity from vulgar annoyance, but we believe it will be felt quite as little here as in any of the numerous circles into which the society of such places as London and Paris is broken up, and infinitely less than in any of the provincial towns of England.

But in addition to being delivered from the obtrusive curiosity of neighbours, the man of cultivated tastes will probably find that in Edinburgh he enjoys a comparative relief from other sources of annoyance which elsewhere meet him at every turn. There is here, perhaps, as little of that foolish idolatry of mere wealth as is consistent with the rudeness of the measure by which the common herd of mankind must ever note their reverence; and even pedigree, for the most part, is valued only in so far as it is a guarantee for good manners. But what to the fastidious man above all things is valuable, there are few vulgar sights or sounds which he will be here called upon to encounter. From the singular felicity of the situation, he can scarcely select a residence from which his eye will not be gratified by the sight of natural beauty; and even the architectural features of the city, though far from faultless, are unquestionably superior to those of any other British town. There is less of a squalid population than in most places of similar extent; and the lower orders, when not weighed down by poverty, are a good, and, as it strikes us, a handsome Saxon race. Even in the humbler matters which contribute to the everyday enjoyment of life, there are few things which either the senses or the imagination can desire, which are not within the reach of the moderately wealthy in Edinburgh. The southron will not find it a land of flowers, for of their culture we are perhaps more neglectful than even the climate warrants; but if the coarser gratifications of the sense of taste will content

him, he will have no difficulty in satisfying a rational Epicureanism.*

But though it will probably be admitted without much hesitation, that, for the residence of persons of this class, Edinburgh, both in point of natural and accidental advantages, is singularly suited; and though many will also agree with us in thinking that it is to the increase of their numbers that we must look for our advancement both in prosperity and reputation, few perhaps of our fellow-citizens will be willing, at first sight, to recognise the extent to which it seems to us we have hitherto been neglectful of our duty towards them. It will be strange to those who have been accustomed complacently to regard their native city as what Lord Cockburn calls a "city of refuge" for the muses, to be told that there is scarcely a town of equal size in Europe that holds out so few direct encouragements to men of letters, and that if the gifted, the wise, or the learned are to be found within our walls, it is to a kind interposition on our behalf that we are indebted for the circumstance, rather than to any exertion of our own or of our fathers. As a test of the accuracy of this observation, let us contemplate for a moment the condition of our University, and contrast it with the manner in which the idea belonging to such institutions has elsewhere been realized. A University, when discharging its proper functions, forms the heart and centre of the literary institutions of the country. The source from which solid learning is expected to flow, and by means of which the disconnected and random efforts of the community of letters are to be gathered up and weighed against the existing memorials of the past, either to be dismissed as worthless, or to receive a deeper and more consistent meaning,—it must be at once a magazine and a laboratory of thought. The notion, which has too much prevailed in Scotland, of its being a mere teaching institution, a sort of Higher-School, by no means either corresponds with, or exhausts its true idea. In order to satisfy

* It has always appeared to us that there is something particularly pleasing to the imagination in the manner in which the article of fish is brought upon our tables in Edinburgh. From the moment when it quits the sea to that in which it touches our palates, there is not a single stage of its progress which we cannot contemplate with pleasure. In "the pride of the morning," to use a fisherman's phrase—of a bright morning, we shall suppose, in this present month of February, when the sun has scarcely gilded the east beyond the green Inchkeith, and the "trailing garments of the night" still cover the western hills, your cod is hauled up, glittering in the dawn, by the hands of brave and honest men. Thence, through the sparkling sea, it is borne to the stone-pier at Newhaven, where, instead of suffering the indignity of the huckster's cart,—the fate of fish in all other ports—it is transferred to the shoulders of a strapping and tidy, perhaps pretty wench, who, clothed in a quaint, antique, but very becoming garb, singing and jesting with her "kimmers," as she strides along, bears it to your door. There, after a world of chattering, it is purchased, for a sum not greatly exceeding its value, by your own ancilla, who with friendly hands prepares it for your board.

as it ought the intellectual wants of a community which has passed the first stages of development, it must be an institution where learning is fostered and advanced as well as communicated,—and for the performance of these two different functions it will require to be furnished with labourers of very different characters. The lively, energetic, and accurate public lecturer will by no means always be found in the person of him whose insight into his subject is deep, and who can advance its boundaries into the region of the unknown. Yet, but for men of the latter class, where would be the function of the former? Nor is it enough when we perceive that the investigator is an equally, or as a rarer even a more valuable character than the instructor: if we would be just to him, we must go farther, and admit that he is the one who must necessarily stand most in need of our protection. The successful teacher, without aid of ours, will have no difficulty in securing a competent portion of the goods of fortune, for he is able to bring to sale a commodity for which there is a ready market in these times. But it is different with the investigator, the original worker or thinker, as the case may be. Years of unintermitting and unknown toil must by him be spent in producing a book, a pamphlet, or it may be a series of notes, which, though invaluable to the learned in his department, and to mankind through them, will never yield to their author the return which a popular writer will obtain for a trifling tale, or an eminent lawyer for conducting the most trumpery case. Now, in all other Universities except those of Scotland, provision is made, either directly or indirectly, for labourers of this class. The munificent endowments of Oxford and Cambridge, whatever we may think of the manner in which they are administered, or of the results which they at present produce, are well known to be more than sufficient to satisfy this requirement, to the small extent to which it exists in England at present. In every one of the foreign Universities of which we know anything—in those of France, of Germany, and even of Italy—there is a little army of professors in every possible department, *publice, privatim, et privatissime docentes*, of whom, though the immunity may not, as in the case of Oxford, be openly recognised, many, and these the most eminent, are never expected to take part in actual teaching.*

* As we have reason to think that many of our readers, though acquainted with this fact in a general way, are ignorant of the extent to which the custom of encouraging learning by means of nominal professorships prevails, in Germany at all events, we shall subjoin a list of the numbers in the different departments in the University of Berlin, which we extract from the *Verzeichniss* of lectures for the winter session 1842-3, the latest which we happen to possess; and, by way of con-

But before proceeding to any further arguments which may occur to us in favour of the encouragement of men of learning, derived from the advantages which their residence among us may be expected to confer, we think it not amiss that we should here consider for a moment whether this question, bound up as it is with that of the encouragement of learning itself, and the whole mental progress of that portion of our race over which our influence extends, ought not to be viewed by us in the far higher light of a positive duty. We continually hear of the duty of educating the people; it is enthusiastically acknowledged by the popular voice, and latterly it has been recognised by the Legislature in a series of enactments, which, however inconsistent and unsystematic we may think them, sufficiently prove the sincerity with which it is felt. But all this has reference to the dissemination of knowledge alone, and that too only in its lower departments. Is then our whole duty, as men, or as a community, fulfilled, when we have spread among the middle and lower classes such an amount of knowledge as is consistent with their circumstances and position in life; and is every effort of intelligence beyond this to be left

trast, we shall add the corresponding numbers in our own University for the present year.

	Berlin.	Edinburgh.
Theology,	12	3
Law,	15	3
Medicine,	38	3
Philosophy,	12	2
Mathematics,	9	1
Natural Science,	20	4
Art and the History of Art,	6	2
Politics, Diplomacy, and Manufactures,	9	0
History and Geography,	8	1
Philology,	21	3
	150	26

We exclude from our computation the teachers of modern languages, along with the fencing masters, riding masters, gymnasts, &c., whom the *exhaustive* principle, which lies at the root of so much both of the folly and the wisdom of our neighbours, has there induced them to add to the staff of the University; and we ought farther to explain, that of the one hundred and fifty Professors whom we have enumerated, *all* are not actually in the pay of the State, though enjoying the privileges of the University; that is, of publicly teaching by its authority, within

receiving an income of about 1000 thalers (£150) per annum, besides what they derive from fees, and altogether in the enjoyment of what may be equivalent to about £500 or £600 a year in Edinburgh. The average number of students at Berlin is under 2000; and as they do not attend a greater number of lectures than students in Edinburgh do, it is obvious that so large a staff of Professors cannot be required for purposes of mere teaching. In the smaller Universities, Leipzig, Bonn, Halle, &c., there is a similar provision for men of learning, by means of nominal Professorships.

to the guidance of accident, aided by such means as centuries ago our ancestors had provided for the purpose? Have our wants, which in the lower departments of mental culture have so marvellously increased, remained stationary in the highest alone? Has God made man responsible for his gifts only up to a certain point, or will the indefinite multiplication of ministers in the vestibule of the temple of knowledge, exculpate us for neglecting the support of those whose function it is to watch over the sacred fire within? The learning of a community is the fountain from which civilisation flows forth to it like a bountiful river; and if so much of our duty consists, as we seem to acknowledge, in devising the means of duly disseminating these vivifying waters over the social field, shall we be blameless if we neglect to see to it, that the source is pure, and the supply abundant?

But even if we suppose our duty to terminate with the dissemination of such knowledge as we now as a community possess, we ought to bear in mind that our only security in the possession consists in our constant employment of the means of advancement. In knowledge, as in virtue, and most things human, there is no possibility of standing still; if there is no progress, there will speedily be retrogression, nay, even the very fact of our ceasing to advance, is itself equivalent to a step backwards. The man who arrives at the end of one single day without being wiser than he was at its beginning, will infallibly be deteriorated to the extent to which the habit of mind, which brought him thus far, will have suffered relaxation. Now, this same habit of mind, this *Ætis*, or whatever we may call it, is in truth the most valuable characteristic of mental culture; and thus, though no actual fact has been forgotten during the season of torpor, a very sensible loss may still have occurred. The "*perdidi diem*" of the Roman, if true, expressed only half the truth, for, in losing the day, he lost a portion also of his own being, and of the power which he would otherwise have possessed of availing himself both of the days which preceded, and of those which should follow.

But if a portion of existence cannot be cut off in the case of an individual with impunity to the rest of it, neither can it in that of a community; and if we cease as a nation to struggle on in the upward, we shall very soon be forced into the downward path. If by neglecting the means we lose the habit of acquiring knowledge, our stock in hand will diminish as we ourselves are deteriorated, till our disseminating friends will find in the end nothing left to disseminate; and the Philosophical Institution, as the last relic of Edinburgh civilisation, will be closed by the orders of a barbarian Provost. We may depend upon it that there

is a most intimate sympathy which exists between the members of the body intellectual, and that every effort that is neglected in behalf of learning, in its highest departments, is a blow struck at our whole civilisation. If amongst the professors in our Universities there are none who are boldly pushing on in the paths of inquiry, we shall not stand still simply, but the torpor which waits upon inactivity will be diffused as a new element of mischief, to the meanest and most distant of our provincial schools. For an example of the manner in which this action takes place, we need look no farther than to the history of classical studies in our own city. In these, for half a century at least, we have not even made an effort to advance; and the result has been that, not only as compared with the rest of the world, but absolutely we have gone backward. It may be, that even at the period to which we refer, in the days of our Humes, our Stewarts, and our Robertsons, we were not very distinguished for scholarship; but there is every reason to think that most well educated Scotchmen then (educated in Scotland) possessed a very fair and creditable acquaintance with the writers of antiquity. As learning then existed in these branches at all events, they were probably on a par with other Europeans. Now, however, we grieve to say, our inferiority is almbst beyond dispute; and to such a pass have matters come with us of late, that instead of being able to complete the education of our youth in this department, we cannot even *prepare* them to avail themselves of an English or Foreign University. The standard of scholarship in the highest philological classes in our University, is absolutely inferior to that in the fifth form of any respectable English or German school! Let it not be supposed that, in bringing this disgraceful fact thus openly before the public, we mean to cast any imputation on the efficacy of individual labours. The fault, in our opinion, lies now in the system, not in the men, (whether some men may not, by sins of omission at all events, be responsible for the continuance of the system, is another matter;) but as it now exists, until some radical changes are introduced, some bracing measures applied to the whole teaching of the country, by the adoption either of an entrance examination at the University as in England, or of a departing examination at school as in Germany, no real amelioration can be expected from the individual efforts even of the most energetic professors. With such mere boys as compose at present the majority of their pupils, and these boys also in stages of advancement the most various, it is absolutely impossible for the professor to do more than teach them the merest elements of learning.

But it is not merely as illustrating the tendency of the wheel of learning to run backward, so soon as we cease to urge it in

an onward course, that we have been induced to refer to the condition of classical learning amongst us. In a community which finds its chief enjoyment in those tastes and pursuits which we are happy to think distinguish our city, the neglect into which classical studies have fallen, seems to us more especially to be regretted, since in the case of most persons it is only by a continual exercise of that sterner criticism which is necessary for appreciating the severer beauties of the writers of antiquity, that those habits of superficial diletantism, and indolent receptivity, which are so apt to take possession of those who pursue literature as a mere pastime, can be warded off. It is given to few to be originally productive, and nature herself has wisely arranged that there should be hearers as well as expounders of the word. But whilst we acquiesce in this arrangement, we must bear in mind that even a worthy hearing is by no means so light a matter as is sometimes supposed. If the sole advantage which any one derives from coming in contact with superior minds, be a species of intellectual titillation from which he derives a pleasure of which he can give no rational account, and which he describes, if at all, in phrases only of vague delight and stupid wonder, then for all good and serious purposes assuredly, the contact had better not have taken place. Ennui may be relieved, or vanity gratified by its means, but its only after effect will be a derangement of the mental, similar to that which the use of stimulants produces on the bodily system. In such a case there is neither digestion nor assimilation, the palate has been tickled, but the principle of life has received no augmentation. Still the memory, in all probability, has retained the facts with a marvellous tenacity, for as food lies unaltered in a weak stomach, so a mind in which there is no generalizing power has the faculty of preserving dead knowledge. Now, if a cure is to be hoped for in such a case as this, it must be by the adoption of a system, the tendency of which will be to brace and invigorate the intellect, and to develop, if possible, the thinking principle. But we can act upon this principle only by exercise, and the question then comes to be, in what department shall we exercise it? The close and perfectly abstract reasoning of Mathematics, is a drudgery to which a person of the class we have supposed will scarcely submit, and the subjects about which it is conversant are, besides, totally without interest to one of an enthusiastic and imaginative temperament. Philosophy, on the other hand, in its abstract form, to many men is an impossible study. In its very first steps, it calls for the exercise of those powers of reflection which are the last to develop themselves in all minds, and which in many minds of great activity and no small acuteness, are almost wholly wanting even to the last. For such men the

principles of philosophy have no subjective life, for an appeal to consciousness with them is impossible; and even if they should be capable of following the reasoning, the data upon which it proceeds will seem as arbitrary as those which lie at the root of heraldry or chess. If they learn it at all as a science, to them it will be simply a science of facts, in which light it is probably, of all sciences, the most profitless. But with philosophy in some shape or other, consciously or unconsciously, we must all have to do; and though impossible to many in its abstract, it is by no means necessarily so in its concrete form. To how many persons, for instance, could the character of Othello or of Juliet be critically explained, to whom a psychological development of the passions of love or jealousy would be utterly incomprehensible. It is when allied with criticism alone that philosophy can be popularized without being degraded. But for the purposes of philosophical criticism, and particularly with a view to mental training, there are many reasons why the study of the ancients has been preferred to that of the moderns. The simplicity of form which belongs to their works, and the rigour with which it is adhered to, renders a half understanding of them almost impossible. If we comprehend them so as to derive any æsthetic pleasure from their perusal at all, we will perceive in them a completeness which, even in the greatest moderns, we have difficulty in discovering. A passion is exhibited rather than a character; and the complexity of life being exchanged for the simplicity of art, the consequence is that the study of them insensibly develops our powers of abstraction. It is as near an approach to metaphysics as is possible for many minds; for whilst form is still present to such an extent as to preserve them from that bewilderment into which they immediately fall when they attempt abstract reasoning, it is so transparent as to exhibit the idea almost as an abstraction.

But to some it may seem that the class of minds to which our argument applies, is of so low an order as not to warrant us in adapting the instruction of the community to its requirements; that so little serious benefit can be conferred on persons of a character so superficial, however great may be their activity or their zeal, that the best course we can follow is to leave them out of account, and form our arrangements exclusively with reference to those in whose case nature seems willing to join hands with the schoolmaster. Now, we do not admit that there is any portion of mankind, and more particularly of the zealous and striving part of it, which the rest is thus entitled to cast overboard, and therefore we demur to the justice of the view itself; but even supposing it to be one on which we were entitled to act, we deny that it has any force against our argument. Though the

course we have recommended may be the only possible one with such minds as these, it does not follow that it may not be the best and safest with others of a much higher order, and that even with the highest it may not be as good as any other. To minds of the second of these classes the search after abstract truth demands an effort too severe to be long continued. An occasional flight into the higher and thinner air of pure philosophy they will find bracing and healthful, but it is in the lower regions of the concrete that the path of their usefulness lies. Literature, in short, not philosophy, is their calling, and criticism, not speculation, must be their daily food. Nor does it seem necessary, even in minds of the very highest order, that the course of training, in so far as it is conducted by others, should be different. By them learning will be turned to higher uses than those of criticism; but it is by its means alone, in their own department, that they can stand on the vantage-ground of the past, and calmly and steadily look forth into the future. The peculiar depth which has characterized all the recent philosophical systems of Germany, as compared with those which have sprung up either in France or among ourselves, is, we believe, in no small degree owing to the extensive acquaintance which their authors possessed with the philosophy of Greece.

Nor can it be said that these studies are alien to the natural genius of our people, for, leaving out of account their connection with metaphysics, to which a greater number of minds have always turned in this country than in England, we know that at one most momentous period of our history they were not only cultivated with success, but that they bore to us fruits which even now we are daily reaping. It is the glory of classical learning that its revival was among the leading causes of those two events which decided the whole intellectual life and progress of Europe, the rise of art in Italy, and the German Reformation; and it was no accidental coincidence, that in Scotland, where the principles of Protestantism were so heartily embraced, classical studies were then cultivated with a degree of assiduity and success very remarkable, when we consider the poverty of the country, and the incessant troubles of the times. Nor did the devotion of our fathers to learning stop short whenever they had received this benefit at her hands. Even in after times, when a variety of unfavourable circumstances had prevented a farther development of what had so brilliantly commenced in Buchanan and Melville, the prevalence of a certain acquaintance with these subjects, the extent to which the beginnings of a learned education had been imparted to all ranks of Scotchmen, was a subject of astonishment in every country into which their well-known wandering propensities led them, and

contributed not a little to the success which usually attended their undertakings.

But it is not in classical philology alone that we have thus fallen behind the world. The advances which have been made in other departments of the science itself, have been, if possible, greater than in this. Comparative philology has been called into existence within the last half century, and has thrown light upon regions of history which our fathers had handed over to impenetrable night. Ethnology, seizing on its results, has disclosed ties of forgotten kindred between race and race, and bound mankind together like the children of one house. In no science, with the single exception of chemistry, it may be, has such progress been made within the memory of man. The success with which learning has been applied to this subject in all its departments, is the glory of an age not very distinguished for creative literary effort. Yet who is there to guide our youth into this newly discovered land of knowledge? What labourer have we sent into this fruitful field? or what traveller have we tempted to relate to us the wonders he has seen? Even of those northern tongues from which are derived about five out of every six words that we utter, there is no authorized or competent expounder in our city; and if any knowledge of them prevails in the community at all, it is owing to individual industry, or accidental foreign instruction. As regards our own language, at all events, it will surely seem not a little preposterous to any intelligent man, that the systematic study of it should terminate, as it does with most of us, at the age of nine or ten; and yet what opportunities do the institutions of our city afford for carrying it farther? In this, as in classical learning, we have allowed even our English neighbours to outstrip us, for both at Oxford and in London there are chairs devoted to the history of our mother tongue, which though of recent origin have already been filled by a succession of men of very considerable eminence.*

We shall not dwell longer at present on the crying evils of our University system, as at no distant period we shall probably be forced to treat of them in a more detailed and systematic manner. But there is one other subject allied, and more closely we believe than is generally admitted, to sound and radical critical learning, to which even in the cursory and imperfect sketch which we are here attempting, of the most prominent defects in the learned and educational institutions of our town, a few words before parting must positively be devoted. The subject

* On subjects connected with modern philology, we find no less than eleven Professors advertising to read in the *Berlin Verzeichniss*, to which we before referred, among whom occur the well-known names of the two Grimms and Von der Hagen.

to which we refer is that of art, properly so called; and whilst we approach it more hopefully than any of the others, in consequence of the interest which it already excites, we do so at the same time with greater hesitation, from the amount of ready-made opinion which we must necessarily encounter. When we speak of art as nearly allied to criticism, and more especially to the critical study of the ancients, we do so with reference to that very circumstance which constitutes the test of whether a particular work is or is not entitled to rank as a legitimate work of art,—we mean its absolute and ideal character. The great and distinguishing excellence both of the art and the literature of Greece, and in a great measure of that supplement which the Romans added to them, consists in the ideal spirit in which all their productions are conceived. The region of the absolute, to which, in other times, one or two favoured minds, in their happiest moments, have succeeded in attaining, is to them

“ Their own calm home, their crystal shrine,
 Their habitation from eternity.”

That same union of the utmost possible simplicity of manner, with grandeur of sentiment and conception, which characterizes the early masters of the Florentine school, in comparison with their great successors, marks the position which the art of classical antiquity bears even to the most eminent of succeeding ages. It was the consciousness of the truth and heroic greatness of the antique which led the kindred nature of a Michael Angelo to withdraw himself proudly from the art of his own age, wonderful as it was, in order to dwell in solitary communion with the naked and austere form in which the Grecian sculptor had “objectivized” the law of the grand and the beautiful. But in saying this we would not be understood as at all wishing to exalt the works which genius brought forth in one age, over those which it produced in another; and we believe there are few of the adherents either of the classical or romantic school, who will not confess along with us, that those who like Raphael, Thorwaldsen, and Goethe, have succeeded in combining the objective perfection of the one, with the subjective depth of the other, produce a *tertium quid* often more exquisite than belongs exclusively to either. The relative position and characteristic tendencies of each have been most aptly described by Goethe, when he says that the idea of ancient art is law, that of modern art—freedom; and hence, while the one exhibits unity and perfection, the other is characterized by greater individuality and intensity of subjective feeling. The one took its rise in the worship of nature, in true pantheism, the idea of the κόσμος, or harmony of the whole; the other in the new subjective world, brought to light by Chris-

tianity—the unspeakably deep and awful relations between individual man and a personal God.

What we have here stated we by no means bring forward as containing either new or unadmitted principles in art. Theoretically we believe few will deny that something more than a mere heightening of individual characteristics is required, in order to confer the artistic character; that there must be a difference in kind as well as in degree, and that this difference must consist, in the case of a statue or painting, in its being a representation rather of the law according to which the individual came into existence, than a copy of the individual existence itself. Nor will even the universality of the principle be called in question. It will be granted by most that it applies to a Madonna of Raphael, as well as to a Minerva of Phidias, or a Venus of Praxiteles. Practically, however, that is in their works, we rarely find it recognised by our artists, and for this simple reason, we believe, that it forms no part of their habitual thinking. They admit it, but their admission is a mere bending to authority; they do not *feel* its truth; and whenever they come to an artistic expression of their ideas, they naturally and involuntarily express not what they admit, but what they feel. To them ideal and absolute are mere empty sounds, because their faculties of abstraction and generalization being undeveloped, they are incapable of performing those mental processes by means of which alone they can become part of their subjective thinking; and what has no subjective existence in the artist's mind, we may rest assured he will never produce in an objective form. The contingent characteristics of individual existence, on the contrary, are palpable to the senses, no mental process is required for their detection, and in order to reproduce them, all that is requisite is that technical dexterity in which many of our artists are not deficient. But if this be a correct representation of the state of matters amongst us, it follows that it is with the minds of our artists that we have to do, and that studies analogous to those which have long been admitted to be necessary for success in the various departments of purely mental effort, are not less indispensable for him who would succeed in plastic art. We know that such studies were considered by the great masters of Italy to be a necessary part of their artistic training, and that they prosecuted them with such success that, as regarded the early masters of the Florentine school at all events, few of their contemporaries were superior in any department of mental culture. True it may be that their eminence as painters was chiefly owing to other causes, and to causes which it may be we cannot reproduce; but though thus it may be doubtful whether our artists would attain to anything like their eminence, even with the

advantages of liberal studies, it does not therefore become likely that they will do so without them. By neglecting such means we throw to the winds the only chance which we have of ever possessing anything worthy of the name of a school of art. Whether our object, then, be to form a painter or a sculptor, our course will be to supply him with an opportunity of well and carefully studying the art of the Greeks, where the idea of the human form is at once more perfectly and more simply presented than by any of the moderns, even the greatest; and for a commentary on the art of Greece, the best source to which we can direct him will be her literature. When thus he has grappled with the abstract in its simplest form, he will be in a condition to add to it the subjective element, the sentiment of the Christian art of Italy, without risk of falling into that weak and morbid sentimentality which so frequently disgraces the works of modern artists whenever they attempt religious subjects.

The vagaries into which the want of this radical instruction has betrayed many of our modern artists, would form one of the most curious subjects of psychological inquiry which the present state of society presents. Of these, one of the strangest is that which lies at the root of what we may designate as the *genteel* school of art. The method by which the followers of this school seek to convert a real into an ideal man, consist solely in the removal of those peculiarities which they take to characterize the lower orders, and their practice consists in continually diminishing every prominent feature. Of large hands, and feet, and limbs of every sort, they have the utmost horror, and consequently they hate both Rubens and Titian with a bitter hatred.

It never occurs to them that the faults of the individual form for the most part are either deficiencies or deformities, not superfluities; and if they commence, for example, with a strapping dragoon, instead of raising him to the proportions of a Hercules, which would be to fulfil the idea of nature with regard to him, they reduce him to those of an enervated and emaciated Parisian dandy. If such principles of idealizing as these were carried out, (and we grieve to say they are prevalent,) where would our artists land before the end of the next half century—*δραὺν τὸ ὕδωρ πνίγειν, τί δέει ἐμπιέειν*, if water chokes them now, what would they drink then? But the reply of some of our readers to all that we have said, or could say, on this subject, will be, that though it may be true that our artists are badly instructed, and though the fact in itself may be an unfortunate one, still this is a matter with which we, as a community, have nothing to do. They will tell us, that if we offer to artists, as we do to other producers, a market for their commodity when it is presented to us, we do all that a community can be expected to do for its individual

members. In this answer, however, the error is committed of supposing the artist to be in circumstances equally favourable with the mechanic for gaining his livelihood; whereas not only does his calling require a course of training infinitely more protracted, but the value of his productions depending on their quality and not on their quantity, it is scarcely possible for him ever to secure a constant and sufficient subsistence, without injury, so to speak, to his artistic health. The course which is followed by the promoters of art in our city at present, being consistent with the reply which we are here controverting, is, in our opinion, not only ineffectual for the attainment of its professed end, but positively prejudicial to the cause itself. By creating an artificial market, (a course which our political economist friends will reprobate as only protection under another form,) and purchasing the pictures of half-instructed artists, even at low prices, we hold out a temptation to productiveness at a stage of their artistic life where study ought to be their sole object. Our artist, we shall say of twenty years of age, who has acquired the mechanical part of his art, knows that if he produces three pictures for the Exhibition annually, two of them, in all probability, whatever may be their quality, will be purchased by the Association, and thus, besides gratifying his vanity in the first instance, he is supplied with a provision for life, which, calling as it does for a continual exercise of his mechanical productive powers, acts as a positive premium on mediocrity. If the same sum which we pay him for his pictures, which are worth nothing, and which, if they have any effect on the taste of those to whom the lottery assigns them, must have a prejudicial one, were devoted to his instruction, he might possibly, in time, bestow on us a picture which would be a boon to his country and his kind. True, no doubt, he still might fail; with all the opportunities we could possibly afford him, he might be unable to mount to the artistic region; but if one artist in fifty should succeed, and if that artist should produce but one picture, we hesitate not to say, that it would fifty times outweigh in value the five hundred and fifty-five which the Association might in the mean time have called into existence by the continued labours of the fifty. It will be said, that if the system were changed, the sum which, one way or other, is now expended on art, could not possibly be raised; that those who regard pictures as mere pieces of ornamental furniture, would not subscribe if the temptation of the lottery were removed, and that their guineas are as good as those of better men. But though the number of subscribers of this class might diminish, others who now hold off from a feeling of the worthlessness of the institution would come forward, and some of them, probably, to a much greater extent than one single guinea per annum.

Even if the present system were retained, many of its evil consequences might be obviated by simply diminishing the number of pictures purchased and greatly increasing the sums paid. Suppose, for example, *two* pictures only were to be purchased annually, for a sum of £1000 or £1500 each, the immediate tendency of such a change would be to hold out an inducement for the acquisition of greater artistic attainments, by rendering them indispensable to all who were even to hope for the prizes.

The main stay and support of the present system of indiscriminate purchase at low prices consists, we verily believe, in an absurd confusion between the objects of an association for the encouragement of art and a charitable institution for the relief of indigent artists. We continually hear it said that so and so is needy, *therefore* we hope the Association will buy his pictures. With just as much reason we might hope that he would one day be appointed to that naval command for which it is said our present premier conceives himself qualified. The fact of his poverty may constitute an excellent claim on our charity, but it can never entitle him to the rewards of successful endeavour. To confound the two is not only to insult the true artist, but its effect is to create that very evil which we thus charitably seek to remedy, by tempting a multitude of unqualified persons to enter upon a career which can never bring them any thing but disappointment and humiliation.

But there is another argument which we frequently hear against the instruction or the support of artists by the State or the community, viz., that the great masters of Italy enjoyed no such advantages. Now, this argument can be honest only in the mouths of those who are altogether forgetful of the state of society in which these men lived. In those days in which the State was nothing, the prince, and above all the Church, everything, a provision of the only kind now possible, was not, and could not be made. But it does not follow from hence that artists were left unaided, or supported from the first by the sale of their works. With scarcely a single exception they were under the patronage either of their native princes or of the reigning Pope, and their style of living, of which we have ample records, gives indubitable signs not only of ease, but of positive splendour. As one single instance, it may be remembered, that the beauty of Leonardo da Vinci's horses was the admiration of Florence; whereas if one of our artists were to indulge himself with a street cab to drag him to his studio of a morning, it would be looked upon as a piece of extravagant luxuriance.

It is not our intention, in the conclusion, as it has not been our object in the course of this Article, to point out the specific means by which the imperfections of the social institutions of our

city are to be rectified. The first step towards amelioration is the feeling of its necessity; and if we shall in any degree have awakened this feeling, the duty which weighed upon us, as citizens, will have been performed.

Questions concerning the ways and means are neither suited for our pages nor consistent with our habits. *Non omnes omnia.* These must be left to hustings and town-council orations, to the periodical press, and the pamphleteer; and if, in the after discussion, any occasion should offer itself to us of spreading the flame which we have attempted to kindle, we trust we shall not be found sleeping at our post. One word, however, before parting, we must even here adventure with the worldly wise, for his first objection we can readily anticipate. The money! the money! All your schemes demand it, and whence is it to come? Our Town-Council is poor, our community not rich; we have taxes to pay, and charities to support; and to look for the interposition of Government in our behalf, is pretty much as if we were to hope that Arthur Seat would become a Californian mine, or the Water of Loith roll down the sands of Pactolus. But does it never occur to our practical friend, that somewhere or other, there must be a hitch in his argument, when he finds that of money there is not the slightest lack when the object in view is the construction of a railway, the lengthening of a pier, the establishment of an insurance office, or the building of a bank; and that it is only when the question concerns the highest and most sacred duties of man with reference to this world, the development of his own being, that this abject prostration of our resources is exhibited. Is he (the *πρακτικὸς*) positively certain that the absence of that zeal, which in all material matters renders us omnipotent, may not lie at the root of our impotence in all that is spiritual? Even if our material interests alone were worthy of consideration, and if man did live by bread alone, would his course be a wise one? for where, we would ask, would have been that civilisation of which the external manifestations seem to him so important, but for those deeper causes, which to him are so little apparent? If there had been no thinker in the closet, there would have been no desire for travel to support his railways; no prudence to call for his insurance offices; no enterprise to crowd his piers; no money to put into his banks. There would have been, in short, no demand for the external arrangements of civilisation, and consequently none of those arrangements themselves; for in this case, at all events, the supply is the consequence of the demand; and if you neglect the cause, your hold on the results will speedily become insecure. That where there is no tillage, there can be no harvest, is as true in this case as in any other; for material improvements, if not al-

ways exactly in proportion to, are still certainly the results of, culture and refinement. The negro has constructed no railway over the wide plains of Africa, and the gold on his coasts he has never coined, for he has never felt the want of the one or the other. If you could have made him a mental, he would have become a material speculator also; and if a grain of culture could have been instilled into his mind, grains of gold innumerable would speedily have been paid in dividends to all the nations of the earth. With reference then to our most immediate and material interests, we can assure our friend that our scheme *will pay*, though we fain would think that there are few among us whose conduct is influenced by such motives alone. So soon as a social want is felt, and a social duty clearly recognised, we are persuaded, that from every class of our community, and not of our little civic community alone, but of Scotland at large, will come forth ready, zealous, and effective workmen, who will speedily remove from us the reproach, that in this our boasted nineteenth century, we cannot even adapt to the exigencies of the times those institutions, which in an age of comparative ignorance, under the pressure of poverty, and amid the turmoil of war, our forefathers were wise, and rich, and energetic enough to establish in our land.

- ART. II.—1. *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*. By JOHN RUSKIN. 8vo. London, 1849.
 2. *Handbuch der Kunstgeschichte*: von FRANZ KUGLER. *Zweite Auflage*, 8vo. 1849.
 3. *History of Architecture*. By JOHN FREEMAN. 8vo. London, 1849.
 4. *Two Letters from Athens*. By C. F. PENROSE, Esq. Published for the Society of Dilettanti. 4to. London.

LITTLE is, at present, known concerning the causes of architectural effects. The secrets of the other arts have been investigated, from time to time, and with more or less of success. But, if we except two or three remarkable attempts made during the last quarter of a century, nothing has been done, from the days of Vitruvius to our own, to cast light upon the essential elements of character in the earliest and most necessary of the Fine Arts. It was the custom of the later Greek architects to give elaborate written accounts of their edifices. None of these descriptions remain; but the loss is probably not so great to the science of *Æsthetics* as might be supposed; for the true artist is rarely sufficiently conscious of the laws by which he acts, to be able to give any very satisfactory definitions of them. Vitruvius himself does not alleviate our darkness. His work is still, as it ought to be, a text-book for the practical architect. It would be well if our modern builders attended more strictly than they do to the rules he supplies. One of the noblest Greek buildings of modern times, the new British Museum, would have been much nobler, had it fully exhibited the curve of the podium and entablature, and the irregularities of angular intercolumniations which Vitruvius demands, and which very recent measurements have shewn to exist in the best ancient works. But beyond the constructive rules to be deduced from authorities within his reach, Vitruvius gives us no information. Greek architecture, when the Roman critic wrote, was dead, and so were those that understood it. The useful arch had broken up the beautiful entablature, and the Greek decoration, which the degraded architecture of the time retained, had lost, by change of position, about as much of its beauty as the human eye loses, when it is transferred from the human face to the naphthar of the dissector. Neither architecture, nor architectural criticism gained anything at the famous Renaissance. The true style which had sprung up in the interval, was thrust out of the way by a false one; for, notwithstanding all the Proportions, Symmetries, Harmonies, and other somewhat abstract and high-

sounding virtues of Palladio, Scamozzi, and Vignola, and the real excellence, and even perfection which may have been attained, by the Italian architects, in the revived Roman style, it is not to be denied that the style itself was a false one,—one in which the principle of the arch enters into an absurd alliance with the incompatible principle of the entablature. Of course, nothing could be expected from criticism so long as the artistic ideal involved an absurdity. The best criticism that could arise at such a period, is of the kind which a contemporary journal* reproves with the remark, "To say that simplicity, congruity, harmony of proportions, unity of effect and character, expression, &c., are valuable, is merely saying—the beautiful is the beautiful, and the excellent the excellent."

To come to more modern writers upon ancient architecture, the French have wanted knowledge of Greek examples; the English have wanted the feeling to appreciate them; and the Germans, until within the last year or two, have unaccountably wanted the interest and industry required for their analysis. The best French critic on architectural æsthetics with whose writings we have made acquaintance, is Quatremère de Quincy; but his deductions are often from insufficient or hastily considered data. Hope, until very lately the best English writer on the subject, shews a decided want of perception for the highest attributes of the art: the barbarous Roman pleased him almost as much as the purest Greek. All praise is due to Stuart and Revett, and their commentators Kinaird, Cockerell, &c., to Mr. Wilkins, the Dilettante Society, and others, for increasing our stock of knowledge of details; but this is all that they seem to have attempted. Mr. Ruskin, eloquent, and generally right, as we consider him to be in his views of Italian Gothic architecture, has evidently studied the art in its Greek development only to a limited extent.

In Germany, the ground of architectural æsthetics has been broken to some purpose by Franz Kugler in his "*Kunstgeschichte*." This remarkable work displays exactly the kind of power required for a complete analysis of the art in question; but the surface travelled over by its author is too extensive to admit of anything like a sufficient account of the elements of architectural character. A vivid glimpse or two of its essence is all that has been got, or given, by the highest German authority on architectural æsthetics.

Thanks, however, to the labours chiefly of recent writers, we are now possessed of something like complete information concerning the body, or material part, of the only architectures that

* *The Athenæum*.

concern us practically; namely, the pure architectures of Ancient Greece, and of mediæval Northern Europe; with their various Roman, late Italian, Tudor, and other modifications and degradations.

We are starting no new position when we affirm, that the spirit inhabiting the body, whether of Gothic or Greek temple architecture, is as yet involved in deep obscurity. The fact of this obscurity is widely recognised.

It is proposed in this paper, first, to consider the state of ignorance of the architecture of Greece chiefly, as being that development of the art which suffers from the heaviest darkness; secondly, to describe Greek architecture after the brief, intelligible, and vivid manner of recent German critics, who are almost unknown in England, but who alone have so depicted the art, as to leave upon the student's mind the impression that Greek architecture really is a "Fine Art," and not merely a fashion of ornamental stone-masonry; and, thirdly, to answer in some substantial, though perhaps very limited way, to the as yet unanswered demand for a system of architectural æsthetics.

England is rich in accounts of the details of Greek temples. Stuart and Revett's famous "*Antiquities of Athens*," the first faithful account published in any country, of some of the crowning beauties of ancient architecture, was followed by the publications of the Dilettante Society, Wilkins' "*Magna Græcia*," Dodwell's "*Tour in Greece*," and other works of the same high character, most of them, however, at such high prices as to preclude them from any but wealthy or public libraries, and the book-shelves of the professional architect. Generally accessible accounts are, for the most part, as inaccurate as they are incomplete; the only approximation to a sound and popular manual upon the subject being the recently published abridgment of Stuart and Revett, which contains descriptions of about *one-sixth* of the few examples that remain to us of the specimens of the pure Greek art. There are works having considerable popularity, boasting even of a wide professional patronage, and pretending to include a full description of Greek architecture, which we will not mention at all, for we cannot do so without contempt. Some of the fashionable Manuals of Gothic Architecture give a few pages to the description of the Greek art, but apparently with a view only to make it a foil to set off the beauties of its more favoured successor. The best of these accounts are unjust, insufficient, and erroneous. The well-known "*Glossary*," for example, gives a grossly misleading delineation of the base of the columns of the Chœreic monument of Lysicrates; and the late Mr. Rickman, in his well-known manual,

the fifth edition of which has just appeared, with elaborate additions and corrections, does the architecture of Greece the injustice to say, that "in dividing the Grecian and Roman architecture, the word *order* is used, and much more properly than style; the English styles regard not a few parts, but the composition of a whole building; but a Grecian building is denominated Doric or Ionic, merely from its ornaments." This is so far from being the truth, that the Greek orders are even more essentially distinct, as styles, than are the several phases of the Gothic art, as will manifestly appear in the course of the following pages. Such mistakes in writers of the present day are not to be excused, for, as we have said, there are abundant materials for the formation of complete and systematic accounts, and a sound judgment of Greek architecture. Until recently, however, this has not been the case. For something like two thousand years the architecture of Greece was almost as effectually buried as that of Nineveh. Vitruvius himself knew little of Greek architecture, properly so called. He seems to have travelled little, and to have artistically comprehended what he saw still less. His practical rules are invaluable, but they apply, for the most part, to merely the Roman degradations of the lovely art of Greece. The great Italian architects of the Renaissance, were studiously ignorant of all ancient art, but that which was transmitted to them by the Roman oracle. Palladio's Collection of Antiquities contains no example of a Doric building: and the *Roman* Temple of Manly Fortune is his only instance of ancient Ionic. Subsequently Desgodetz gave one example of *Roman* Doric, namely, the Temple of Marcellus, (which is no more like Greek Doric than Guildhall is like Westminster Abbey), and one or two others of *Roman* Ionic. And this is nearly all that was known of *Greek* architecture up to the latter end of the last century. If we can boast that all this lamentable ignorance of the details of an art, perhaps the most brilliant and complete that the world has ever witnessed, is now done away with, we have yet to lament that we are little in advance of our ancestors in our comprehension of the spirit which animated ancient architecture. The following "general rules" from Milizia's "*Memorie degli Architetti Antichi e Moderni*," are a very favourable specimen of the kind of criticism which was alone to be had upon the subject, until within the last few years, and which is even now a very prevalent way of replying to those who ask questions concerning the *magic* life of *Greek* architecture.

"Architecture, like every other fine art, is subject to the following general rules:—1. In all its productions there should be an agreeable relation between the parts and the whole; which is comprehended under the name of symmetry. 2. Variety,

which prevents an object from becoming tiresome to the spectator; and unity, which prevents discords and confusion, and is called eurythmy. 3. Convenience is necessary, then ornament, which makes a just use of symmetry and eurythmy, and of the relation which there should be between an edifice and its destiny, and between the ornaments and quality of the building, adopting those most conformable to its magnificence, elegance, or simplicity. 4. If architecture be the daughter of necessity, even its beauties should appear to result from such. In no part of the decoration should there be any artifice discoverable; hence, ever thing extraneous is a proof of bad taste. 5. The principal features of architecture are its orders, or more properly they are the essentials of building, and are therefore considered as ornaments only when usefully placed; and all other architectural ornaments are subject to the same laws. 6. Nothing must be introduced which has not its proper office, and is not an integral part of the fabric itself, so that whatsoever is represented must appear of service. 7. No arrangement must be made for which a good reason cannot be assigned. 8. These reasons must be deduced from the origin and analysis of that primitive architecture of the cottage, which was the origin of civil architecture. This is the directing rule of artists in their works, and of the learned in the examining of them. Everything must be founded on truth, or its similitude. Whatsoever cannot really and truly exist, cannot be approved of in representation. 9. Examples and authority, however great they may be, should have no effect on the reason."

Now, from these and a thousand similar and infinitely tautological "general rules," with which architectural criticism is burdened, we defy any one to get any clear notions whatever. And yet the idea of Greek art, as we hope presently to shew, is there, but blindly and impotently blundering about, like the fly in the wriggling chrysalis.

Mixed up with much of this sort of thing in recent criticisms, we have an occasional glimpse of clearer truth; which, however, only tantalizes us by the refusal or incapability of the critic to carry it out. In the "*History of Architecture*," by Mr. Freeman, for example, we were struck with surprise and filled with expectancy on meeting with this strictly accurate general definition of Greek architecture:—"Though Grecian is by no means the only style constructed on the mechanical principle of the entablature, it is the only one which thoroughly carries out the æsthetical notion suggested by that principle." On reading these words, after we had nearly completed the collection of materials for this paper, we concluded that Mr. Freeman had already done the work for us, and we proceeded in our perusal

of the History of Architecture, confident that we should be edified by some analysis which should be proof of and comment on, this excellent definition. We looked for some rationale of the effect of the Doric ornaments,—triglyphs, guttæ, capital-mouldings, flutings, and others,—all universally present, surprisingly effective, and mostly unexplained; for some account of the Ionic capital, of the Attic base, of the essential difference of the Doric and Ionic styles, and of a hundred other things, which since they are possessed of physical existence, *must* be capable of explanation. In all this we were disappointed. Nothing more than a dim glimmering, derived probably from Kugler's "*Handbuch der Kunstgeschichte*," and directed upon one or two trifling details, repaid our perusal of Mr. Freeman's remarks on Greek Architecture.

Mr. Freeman's book came out last April, and about the same time a work appeared from the pen of a critic, of a very different calibre; we speak, of course, of Mr. Ruskin's "*Seven Lamps of Architecture*,"—a title which led us to suppose that we were to be initiated into the several mysteries of that number of different styles of the art. The boldness and subtilty of Mr. Ruskin's mind were sufficient for the task: but he has not performed it, nor has he attempted to perform it. His "*Seven Lamps*" illuminate all styles of architecture pretty equally; the style from which the greater number of his illustrations are derived being the Italian Gothic. Evidently Mr. Ruskin has not even thoroughly studied Greek architecture, for when he alludes to it, it is chiefly to the Corinthian style, which is a debased Ionic, and can scarcely be said to have existed as a distinct style in temple architecture, until long after the ages of the pure Greek art.

So much for English criticism of Greek architecture.

The French have some clever generalizations upon the subject; but we repeat that the habit prevalent among our neighbours of generalizing upon insufficient or inaccurate data has rendered their æsthetic attempts in this kind of little value. Batissier's *Archæology*, a work of authority in France, and of much merit, in some respects, displays a very confused notion of the existence of any essential difference between the architecture of Greece, and its Roman and late Italian degradations.

Germany, as we have already hinted, is in a different case. If German critics have produced no consistent and thoroughly philosophical analysis of Greek architecture, they have, at least, done much towards it, by writing descriptions which exhibit complete knowledge and admirable appreciation of the art. Franz Kugler has even gone farther. Inspired with the liveliest feeling of the spirit of Greek architecture, as the complete

æsthetical development of the principle of the entablature, (in opposition to that of the arch,) he has caught vivid glimpses of the mode of operation of two or three principal details; and it is no weak corroboration of the views which we have to propound in this paper, and which were, for the most part, elaborated before the publication of Kugler's "*Handbuch der Kunstgeschichte*," that their coincidence, in regard to these two or three details, with the views of the great German critic, is almost complete. With the more technical German works on architecture* we are unacquainted, but in the work, unfortunately as yet untranslated, of Kugler, we may be sure that we have the high-water mark of German architectural æsthetics. C. O. Müller and Hübsch vie with him in the excellence of their general remarks, but nowhere out of Kugler do we find any important approximation to a clear, æsthetical account of details.

We now proceed to describe the general character of Greek temple architecture, in such manner that clearer notions of it may be given than are to be derived from the English accounts with which we are acquainted, and in order that the remarks which are to follow may be relieved from any obscurity that might result from want of distinct information on the part of the reader.

Greek architecture, like all other architectures, properly so named, and, indeed, like all other of the fine arts, had a purely religious origin, and in its best ages was applied only to the service of religion. The Greek temple, in its main design, is of the simplest nature; it is merely the house of the god, and consists, in its essential parts, only of the *cella* or *naos*, always of a quadrangular plan, and containing the image of the god, and of an open portico, or *pronaos*. In order to invite the reverence of the people to the inner sanctuary, to which they were not admitted, the portico received its striking and significant decoration. Its chief front had an open colonnade, with which were connected multifarious sculptured decorations. Afterwards, in most great buildings this colonnade was continued all round the temple, in order to relieve the dead external wall. In these porticos, the reciprocal relations between the sculptured and the properly architectural parts were arranged with the most correct feeling. The architecture appears as the frame-work of the sculpture, and the sculpture as the blossom of the architectural stem. They are distinguished from each other in the most decided manner, but in connexion they constitute a complete whole. The architectural frame-work, in the first place, consists

* The principal collections of details and practical text-books in German, are translations from the English.

of a row of columns, which are erected on a common foundation, the *podium* or *stylobate*, which consists of several steps. The columns derive from the flutings a vigorous ascending energy, which is terminated by the plain horizontal architrave. Above the architrave is the frieze, in Greek, *zophoros*, or *sculpture-bearer*, which commonly displays a series of bas-reliefs. Above the sculpture of the frieze rests the cornice, the chief member of which, a strongly projecting plate, forms a decided termination. At either end of the temple, a gable, or pediment, surmounts the cornice. The tympanum of the pediment contains the most important sculptures. The apex and extreme corners of the pediment bear weighty masses of stone called *acroteria*; and these are commonly the supporters of light aspiring ornaments. The character of the general form of the Doric temple is simple and determinate; the intermediate members which connect or separate the chief parts of the building, as also the decorations, are simple and even severe. Rest and power, firmness and dignity, are expressed throughout. The columns are massively proportioned, stand near together, and offer a bold opposition to the superincumbent pressure of the entablature, which rests heavily upon them. The Doric column has two parts, shaft and capital. It has no base, but springs at once from the highest step of the foundation. The flutings of the shaft express a severe self-confinement and concentration of its power. The shaft diminishes rapidly from the bottom upwards, whereby the supporting power is concentrated, as it approaches the pressure of the architrave. An easy *entasis*, or swelling, which accompanies this diminution of the diameter of the shaft, gives it additional animation. A strong square plate, the *abacus*, provides a firm bed for the architrave. Against this abacus, the animated column thrusts itself, spreading under the pressure of the abacus, into the convex protuberant form of the *echinus*, or lower part of the capital. The *echinus* is embraced in its lower circumference by rings called *annulets*, which again express the firm confinement of the aspiring element of the column. Below the *echinus*, there are one or more small grooves, or channels, which go round the shaft, preparing the eye for the termination of the direct aspiring power, which occurs higher up in the annulets. The architrave is a plain rectangular beam, or lintel, which is separated from the frieze by a slightly projecting band, or *fillet*. The frieze, in the Doric style, is not filled throughout with sculpture, but is divided at regular intervals by the *triglyphs*, which are quadrangular slabs, or blocks, projecting a little before the face of the frieze. It is supposed that they represent the ends of the cross-beams, which, in the earliest wooden edifices, rested on the architrave. The spaces, occupied by sculpture, between the

triglyphs are called *metopæ*. The triglyphs owe their name to the channels which are cut vertically in their surface, and which appear to reciprocate the flutes of the shafts. Underneath each triglyph, and below the fillet, or *tænia* of the architrave, there is another fillet, or band, on which, by way of enrichment, hangs a row of *guttæ*, or drops, which assist in the triglyphic character. Above the triglyphs, and underneath the *corona*, or chief member of the cornice, there are small blocks called *mutules*, derived probably from the original projecting plank-heads, and on these also there are rows of *guttæ*. The *corona* is finally crowned by a moulding called the *cymatium*. These forms undoubtedly suggest a rude wooden construction as their origin; but it is an error to consider them as a direct and intentional imitation of the early wooden edifice, or as anything more than a mere echo of that form of construction.

The sculptures in the *metopæ* of the frieze consist generally of bold projecting reliefs, constituting an effective contrast with the architectural features. Still more conspicuous are the sculptures of the pediment, consisting generally of groups of perfect statues.

The inclined cornice of the pediment follows the form of the horizontal cornice; it has, however, no *mutules*, and is crowned by a moulding of a highly decorated and aspiring character called the *cyma*. The horizontal cornices are frequently decorated at certain intervals with light palm, or honeysuckle leaves, which correspond to the rows of hollow tiles that lie upon the flat ones, and constitute ridges down the inclined sides of the roof, and which give, like the *acroteria* at the angles of the pediment, a finishing stroke to the architectural treatment. The ceiling of the portico is constructed of cross-beams, from the architrave to the walls of the cella, with broad slabs placed upon them, forming *cassoons* or panels, which are often highly decorated, and harmonize well with the rest of the building. The *antæ*, or terminations of walls, have a peculiar architectural development; they do not follow the form of the columns, as they were made to do by the Roman and late Italian architects; they have fine and light cap and base-mouldings, which are, for the most part, continued along the walls, with which the *antæ* are in connexion. These cap-mouldings have nothing in common with the significant mouldings of the capital of the column. They have more the character of mere decoration.

Painting in colours was extensively used, in connexion with, and in subordination to, these architectural forms. The triglyphs, the ornamental mouldings of the frieze and cornice, the *cassoons* in the ceiling, the caps of the *antæ*, the sculptures in the frieze and tympanum, and the ground against which they stood, were

painted in various colours. The figures painted on the mouldings seem to have been curiously subordinated to the form of the moulding, which they appear to have rendered distinct and obvious to the eye at a distance. Thus the *ovolo* was painted with the egg and anchor ornament; the *bead* with pearls; sometimes these figures were cut into the mouldings, instead of being painted upon it. Rectangular members frequently exhibited the peculiar "*meander*," which is also well adapted to call attention to the rectangular form. Everywhere the colours were decided and well contrasted.

The proportions of the early Doric architecture were exceedingly massive, and expressive of a vast exertion of power. In the most beautiful period of that style, the character became lighter, the expression of power more moderate, an attitude of conscious security being the chief thing aimed at.

Such is the substance of Kugler's account of the Doric style. We have omitted nothing of any æsthetical importance, and have *literally translated all such phrases as seemed to be possessed of unusual significance*. We add, in few words, the pith of his account of the Ionic style.

The character of the architectural frame-work in Ionic architecture, displays no less of decision than that of the Doric; but it is more completely organized and more richly developed; the details are more various, soft, and flowing. Where vigour is to be expressed, the proportions are more free and light. The Vitruvian fable, which attributes the masculine character to the Doric, the feminine to the Ionic, is quite appropriate. The Ionic column has a peculiar base, the form of which intimates that it is designed to oppose the pressure of the shaft by an independent power. The chief member of the base consists of a sweeping hollow, of a strained, elastic tension, expressing energetic concentration of power; above the hollow rests a large round moulding, the *torus*, the form of which expresses the superincumbent weight. The other parts are variously developed, in the different kinds of Ionic architecture. The *torus* is sometimes enriched with horizontal channels, suggesting the same concentration of power as is expressed by the flutings of the shaft. The shaft is not so much tapered as in the Doric style, and its entasis is less decided. The flutes are deeper, and have broad fillets, instead of sharp edges, between them; the expression of self-contracted energy being thus rendered less severe than in the Doric. The Ionic capital widely deviates in detail from that of the earlier style, and exhibits evident traces of oriental origin;* but the

* This remark has been strikingly confirmed by Mr. Layard's discovery of a Nineveh bas-relief, containing representations of columns decidedly of the Ionic type.

fundamental principle is the same in the capitals of both styles. The *echinus*, or ovolo, constituting the lower part of the capital, resembles the Doric ovolo in its general form; but, in accordance with the system of fuller development and greater enrichment in the Ionic style, this ovolo is carved into the egg-mould. In place of the rude unanimated form of the Doric abacus, we have the volutes which press against the sides of the ovolo in strong elastic curves. The Ionic architrave is not a single beam like the Doric, but consists of two or three courses, or *fasciæ* projecting slightly one above the other: its weight is thus divided and organized. The architrave is surmounted by a fine fillet, which is borne by an animated moulding. The frieze has no divisions, but is completely filled with sculpture. The *corona*, or chief mass of the cornice, is carried by a succession of expressive mouldings. Among these sometimes appear the *dentils*, which resemble a course of plank-heads set vertically, and which are strikingly deficient in the animation which pervades all other Ionic members. In the Ionic buildings of Attica, the dentils are omitted as generally as they are retained in the temples of Asia Minor. The highest mouldings of the cornice, the decorations of the lacunaria, and the mouldings of the antæ-caps, harmonize with the other members in their display of a more feminine development, and a greater variety than are found in the Doric style. Colours were used in Ionic as in Doric; but the figures which were painted on the Doric mouldings were commonly carved in the Ionic. The voluted capital allows of many modifications of its details. The most important variety is that in which the fillet forming the volute becomes double, causing a preponderance of effect in the capital, which requires the addition of a broad and highly decorated necking to the top of the shaft. This necking afterwards acquired self-importance; the leaves at first carved upon it in low relief sprang from its surface; the volutes were diminished in size, and thus resulted the Corinthian capital. This form of capital appears extremely seldom in the good Greek period, and it was first developed into an independent style after the close of that period, by the Romans, or by Greeks working under them.

This sketch of Greek architecture may be safely received as a full summary of all that is known up to the present time, even in Germany, of architectural æsthetics. We have adhered pretty closely to Kugler's account, having given his opinions, where, in some instances, they are quite contradicted by our own.

As useful appendages to the above description, we subjoin two short passages, the first we translate from Hübsch, describing well the total effect of Greek architectural art, the second is from Quatremère de Quincy, on the statues of Phidias.

"The religion of the Greeks although it proposed a pure ideal humanity, soared but little above the sphere of earth, if we contemplate it from the Christian point of view. It urged man to moderation in conduct, but demanded of him no self-contemplation, contenting itself with leaving him in a childlike temper of soul. In like manner, Greek art depicted, indeed, the ideal aspect of life, but never attained the super-earthly regions of Christian art. The essence of Greek art is a serene rest, a simplicity, even a meagreness of significance, but set forth with clear precision and perfect satisfactoriness. So, above all, with Greek architecture."

"Ses (Phidias's) ouvrages servirent puissamment la religion. L'on pourrait dire que, selon l'esprit des Grecs et de leur culte, une statue comme celle du Parthénon, était ce qu'aurait été dans certains temps chez nous quelque nouveau traité de théologie, de dogme, ou d'histoire sainte."

Before we proceed further, a few sentences, by way of comment on the foregoing description, may be useful. And, *first*, concerning that famous "hut-theory," to which Hope gave his authority, and which has prevailed in England ever since, disgracing our taste and understanding. This theory traces every feature of the Greek temple to the constructive necessities of the wooden edifice, which preceded marble architecture; and, not contented with such a stretch of unimaginativeness, it further attributes the main effect of marble architecture to its suggestion of those wooden necessities. We see that Kugler rejects this plausible absurdity, without, however, proving the justice of that rejection, as he easily might have done, by instancing the Ionic dentils, and Corinthian *modillons*, or consoles, as examples of members which *force* the attention upon the construction, and ought, therefore, according to the "hut-theory," to be most conspicuous beauties, instead of being eye-sores, as they are to those who have any sound feeling for Greek architecture. These members *support* the corona of the cornice; and, in order to be intelligible, refer to their continuation, as beams, in the substance of the entablature. They are thus essentially constructive features, and, in this, differ from the triglyphs, mutules, and other members, which, though no doubt they had an equally constructive origin, do not refer to that origin for their only or chief significance. They are, indeed, as Kugler well says, an echo of the wooden construction. Their properly artistic significance, as we shall presently shew, is purely superficial, and does not require, but would be weakened, or quite destroyed, by any allusion to the *internal and unseen* construction of the entablature. Every member, indeed, ought to have a *strict* constructive propriety; but this constitutes not the artistic significance, but only its condition. Does the spectator really refer any portion of the delight with which he beholds a pure Doric front, to his

apprehension of the likeness of its most peculiar beauty, the triglyph to a notched beam-end? Hope, and other critics of the same note, attribute the strict appropriation of the principal forms of Greek architecture to religious purposes, to the transmission merely of a conventional type, from which to depart would have been to disturb the traditional associations connected with those forms. But we have proofs enough of the fact, that the ancients were not blind to the essential and peculiar appropriateness of the architectural *forms* of their temples, to the service for which they were destined. In late periods, the Greek styles were applied to secular purposes; but, while the constructive type was retained, the religious appropriateness vanished, and there is as much difference between the Doric of the "Portico of Philip," and that of the Parthenon, as there is between the secular Gothic of the Town-Hall at Louvain, and the fervently religious, though somewhat late, art of the neighbouring Tower of Malines. Every one knows what danger from popular suspicion was incurred by a distinguished Greek, who solicited permission to adorn his house-front with a pediment: and that the appropriateness of this feature of a Greek temple was not felt to be merely traditional, may farther be inferred from the fact, that the comparatively coarse perception of a Roman, Cicero, enabled him to detect so much beauty in the form in question, as to induce him to affirm, that "if a temple were to be built in heaven, where no rain falls, it would be necessary to bestow a pediment upon it."

In regard to the, until recently uninvestigated, and even now ill-understood system of polychrome painting, in Greek architecture, we would remind those whose sense of "classicality" is mystified by this, and other systems, which are now found to have been practised in Greek art, that such sense has most probably been formed under the influence of the notion, that the use of colours in architecture was not admitted by the Greeks. In this case, the sense of outraged classical usage will of course be removed, by getting by heart the fact, that classical usage was *not* outraged thereby. The practice of painting sculptures, setting precious stones in their eyes, &c., does not come within our cognizance as critics merely of architecture; but we may state our conviction, that the objections of most persons to such practices will be removed by due consideration of the above remark. There are some apparently substantial objections to polychrome architectural decoration, which we shall remove in due course. In the meantime, let our readers reflect, that the acknowledged perfection of the taste of the Greeks, in all departments of their art which have been intelligibly transmitted to us ought to induce us to credit them for not having grossly failed; where ma-

terials are as yet wanting to enable us to judge with safety. And here we may aptly call attention to the very remarkable fact in the history of pure Greek art, that it made a deliberate choice of simplicity and true refinement, the period preceding it having largely indulged in barbaric and unartistical splendour, as is known to all readers of Homer. This fact is very remarkable indeed, constituting, as it does, an isolated instance of the development of an art of the highest completeness and purity, from a state of things which, with most other arts, has constituted their melancholy termination.

Our readers do not need to be informed, that the general view of Kugler, as also that which is contained in the definition of Freeman, is not altogether a new one. Architectural critics, in all times, have perceived the necessity that the Greek styles of architecture, and their modifications, should express a general adaptation of supporting parts to parts supported. Kugler has only investigated this relationship of members a little more extensively than it had been investigated before. "The continued plynth," writes Milizia, "on which edifices are raised from the ground to protect them from the damp, and to render them level when the soil is uneven, must not be too high, nor ornamented with mouldings, nor cut by doors, which would destroy the *idea of that massiveness requisite for the base of a building*." To the same effect, Gwilt, though by no means a clever man, says, "the proportions of an object must not in strength be carried beyond what is required for fitness, for in that case they will degenerate into clumsiness, whilst elegance, on the contrary, is the result of the nicest adjustment of proportion." Again, "the art of decorations, so as to add to the beauty of an object, is, in other words, that of carrying out the emotions already produced, by the general form and parts of the object itself." Admirably true! Yet so little does Mr. Gwilt comprehend the extent of the truth he enunciates, that in the very next page of his "Encyclopædia," he contradicts himself in these words:—"Even in the most systematic of the different kinds of architecture, namely, that of the Greeks, we cannot avoid perceiving a great number of forms and details, whose origin is derived from the love of variety, and that alone. * * * Such, for instance, are the roses of caissons in ceilings and soffits, the leaves round the bell of the Corinthian capital, the Ionic volutes, and many others, besides universally the carving of mouldings." Even Kugler, as our abstract shews, has no faith in the universal presence of an artistical idea in pure Greek architecture: he speaks of the cappings of antæ, and of other features, which we shall prove to be most pregnant with artistical significance, as "*mere decoration*." Alison and Lord Aberdeen, who have put forth enlightened, though very partial

views of the essential character of Greek architecture, have attributed all the vast surplus beauty for which they could not account, to the force of "classical associations."

Of the numerous attempts which have been made to explain the effect of Greek architecture, it must therefore be said that their fault is incompleteness rather than falsehood.

In the criticism which is to follow, we propose to do no more than many other critics might have done long ago, had they consistently followed up the clue which their perception of the real character and mode of operation of some few of the details of Greek art provided them with. We propose fully to describe and to define what probably every man of fair cultivation has felt, in contemplating the products of Greek architecture; and what some have been upon the verge of describing as fully as we shall do, and seem only to have been arrested in their way towards the clear truth, by the impatience which most minds suffer, when they attempt to contemplate and to define their own emotions. Yet we by no means refuse the credit of being the true discoverers of the significance of Greek architecture. They are the first discoverers of truths who first understand their general extent and importance.

All merely arbitrary arrangement is impossible. The mind of the worker, be his production what it may, must have been guided by an aim or aims, or inspired by an idea or ideas, capable of being at least approximately brought out and stated by the critic. The dignity of works of art does not depend upon the fact of their having been thus regulated by pervading principles; it depends upon the dignity of those principles. Being convinced of this fact, the critic, when a work of art is offered for his examination, must endeavour to discover the aim, or idea, in view, or under the inspiration of which the elements of the work were chosen and combined. Should any particular significance suggest itself as being apparently expressed by the whole, and by the several parts of the production, his presumption in favour of his having hit upon the idea originally intended to be expressed, must amount to certainty, should subsequent reflection shew him that this idea, of all others, corresponds best to the circumstances of the artist, and the destination of his work. For instance, the Romanesque style, in all its decoration, is expressive of its origin in the destruction of ancient Roman works, and the reconstruction of the Basilica, from the diverse and discordant ruins. *Organized chaos, contrast for contrast's sake*, is everywhere manifest in this style. This is the law of its decoration; and, unless by a great stretch of fancy, we receive it as a prophetic symbol of the constitution of the "Romantic" mind, in contradistinction to the Antique, we must allow the notion to be

void of independent artistical worth. Some such notion as this is to be traced as the leading characteristic in each of the pseudo-architectures of India, Mexico, China, &c. But if to the mind's eye we recall the various kinds of architecture, that, from the beginning, have arisen, we shall remark three kinds, which, in a peculiar manner, stand out from, and above the rest. It is almost needless to name the architectures of Egypt, Greece, and Christian Europe in the Middle Ages, as constituting this conspicuous triad. These architectures are distinguished from all others, by a simplicity, definiteness, dignity, and appropriateness of effect, resulting from the general subordination in each style, not only of decoration, but of total form, to a particular thought or sentiment, intimately allied with, and strongly suggestive of, the character of the religion to which it is applied. The leading expressions of the three architectures are, moreover, very strikingly and simply related; and as they are thus mutually illustrative, it will be well to say a few words concerning their relationship, before we proceed to speak in detail of the Greek art.

The total forms become expressive, and even religiously symbolical, by a striking, and in each case, a quite peculiar relativeness to the great natural law of gravitation. In fewest words, the general forms of Egyptian architecture are those of *simple weight*, and they express gloomy and everlasting material duration; those of Greek architecture convey the notion of *weight competently supported*, and are expressive of secure, conscious, and well-ordered power; finally, the prevailing forms of Gothic architecture shew *weight annihilated*; spire and tower, buttress, clerestory, and pinnacle, rise to heaven, and indicate the spirituality of the worship to which they are applied.

Taking the well-known form of the tower-flanked entrance to the temple of Dekkeh, Nubia,—a form nearly as common in Egypt and Nubia, as that of the Parthenon in Greece,—let us see how it corresponds to our view of its artistical meaning.

The cone would be the simplest possible form of mere weight; it is that which any compact mass of solid matter would assume were the attraction of adhesion to be destroyed from between its particles. The pyramid is the same expression *organized*, made conscious by the addition of a non-natural modification of form, which, far from interfering with, intensifies the original expression. The pyramid, simple or yet further intensified in its expression, is the universal type in Egyptian architecture. In the above named, and in many similar edifices, the first degree of intensification of the pyramidal expression is obtained by truncation, which awakens the activity of the imagination. The head of the pyramid is cut off, and the suggestive power of the remainder is more than the direct power of the total form. The next step in the

growth of the expression is to be found in the addition of the impending cornice, which, vast and insecure as it is, appears a mere trifle in comparison with the enormous and eternal pyramidal mass, to which our attention is called by the juxtaposition of that contradictory member. The third degree of intensification of the pyramidal expression is obtained by its multiplication: a chasm divides the two pyramidal towers, the integrity of the single pyramid being retained by the cessation of that chasm long before it reaches the ground. In the fourth place, the plane of the doorway, in the centre, leaves the plane of the pyramidal building, and approaches to a perpendicular position, and the sides of the doorway are parallel and not converging. The extreme subtilty and power of this method of attracting the attention to the total form of the building, by contrast, appears to us to be one of the most remarkable efforts of architecture. Finally, all the angles, where the form is of course the most conspicuously developed, are bounded by powerfully marked mouldings, directing the eye forcibly to their pyramidal inclination; a similar office being performed by channels which run up the face of the building just where its form is contrasted by the different plane of the doorway. It is further to be observed that the chasm in the pyramid above the doorway serves the second purpose of an ostentation of security and solidity; the mass ceases, where it cannot be continued unbroken to the ground.

Other means of intensifying the pyramidal expression were sometimes introduced in this form of building, particularly a small niche or doorway, which, cut perpendicularly into the face of the tower at its base, vividly contrasted its pyramidal inclination. The huge, spreading edifice, which lay behind this divided pyramid, repeated the pyramidal form, but here the truncation occurred much nearer the ground; the striking cornice everywhere overhung the inclined walls, which were further contrasted by openings filled with vertical colonnades. The form of the Egyptian column merits peculiar attention, in relation to the form subsequently established in Greece. The outline of the shaft immediately suggests the notion of a yielding to vast superincumbent pressure; it bulges out near the base, like the bottom of a mushroom-stalk. Higher up, where the supporting power of the column comes into conflict with the weight of the entablature, the capital is usually expressive of violent energy, the power of the shaft becoming concentrated by a rapid taper as it approaches the top, is checked, for a moment, immediately below the capital; after which it expands again, and shoots in right and converging lines against the massive abacus. The number of these columns always seemed to express an extraordinary weight in the masonry under which they were placed. They were

often set in squadrons, as thick almost as they could stand, and thus they admirably carried out the fundamental sentiment of Egyptian architecture, by recognising no proportion of power to the superimposed mass. An Egyptian colonnade seemed fitted to bear any or all weight. It might take the place of granitic formation, the basis of the earth, without requiring any increment of power. Vast faces of wall were sculptured all over, but so extremely superficially that the decoration, instead of diminishing the notion of solidity, directed the attention to it by contrast. In frequent neighbourhood to these temple-palaces, whose totality and details were, with one or two exceptions, invariably and elaborately expressive of huge, self-supported weight,—for the colonnades were as heavy as the masses above them,—stood the simple pyramid, the pure architectural expression of the leading thought, and the guide to, and corroboration of, the suggested pyramid, wherever it occurred. Another equally valuable, and more constant and intentional accompaniment of the Egyptian temple-palace, was the pair of light and lofty obelisks, which were placed at the grand entrance, and which threw the massive pyramidal forms of the whole building into powerful relief by the striking contrast of isolated shafts, of which the taper was really no more than sufficient to give them a secure standing—a fact which is distinctly declared by their termination in *pyramidal* points, contradicting the very slightly and constructively necessary pyramidal form of the whole shaft.

Thus, then, the Egyptian sacred edifice had the effect of being *all base*; supported superstructure was nowhere to be found; colonnades were rather revelations of the weight of the mass, from which they seemed to have been carved, than adequated supports of roof or entablature.

The general expression of the opposite idea by Gothic architecture* has been too well described and accounted for, in other quarters, to need any exposition by us of its causes. And our chief object, in the remainder of this paper, will be to prove the universal prevalence of the intermediate notion, namely, that of weight adequately supported, in the architecture of Greece.

It is worthy of remark, that, in all times, and in the commonest phraseology, the three relations of matter, which we have declared to be, generally, the leading notions, in the only three architectures of artistic integrity which the world has seen, have been employed as the fittest symbols for the sensual, the intel-

* We recommend to our readers the perusal of an essay on "The Æsthetics of Gothic Architecture," in a late number of our contemporary, the *British Quarterly Review*. The author of that essay does, for Northern Medieval Architecture, much the same kind and amount of service as we are attempting, in the present paper, for the Egyptian and Greek art.

lectual, and the spiritual mind. We are not bound to account for this fact, which, being admitted, is, however, of importance, as a confirmation of the extreme appropriateness of the Egyptian, Greek, and Gothic architectures.

In "Courtin's Encyclopédie Moderne," under the head of Architecture, we find the following observation:—"Considérée comme une combinaison des moyens que la nature a offerts à l'homme pour protéger sa faiblesse ou charmer son existence, elle (*Architecture*) demande peut-être plus d'imagination que les autres arts, pour imprimer à ses productions un caractère dont elle ne trouve d'autre exemple dans la nature que l'ordre, l'intelligence, et l'harmonie qui y règnent; tandis que la peinture et la sculpture y puisent non seulement les modèles qu'elles représentent, mais encore l'expression des sentiments dont elles veulent animer leurs sujets." Goethe, also, speaks of "the extreme difficulty of giving character to architecture, of imparting variety and beauty." He might, indeed, have said the *impossibility* of doing so, in the absence of any all-prevalent thought. But this very impossibility of making architecture even tolerable without the highest and most enlightened effort, renders it of all arts, except music, the one which, perhaps, is best fitted for the service of religion. All other arts have necessarily an inferior secondary meaning, by reason of their being imitative; and mere imitation, when it is present, is apt to satisfy common minds wholly, and to divert higher minds from the exclusive contemplation of the properly artistical significance.

Much valuable criticism has been neglected, and more valueless criticism written, for want of a general knowledge of the truth, that in art a single effect may be the intended result of a co-operation of many causes, and a single cause the producer of many effects. Magnitude is not to be regarded as having been the less an intentional, or at least a conscious exponent of a sensual religion, because the flat surface of Egypt required colossal size in her temples to redeem them from insignificance; nor is the artistical effect of the Gothic flying buttress to be denied to have formed part of the architect's intention, because in it he also provided in the best possible manner for a merely mechanical end. Hope gives the old Vitruvian fancies on the origin of certain Greek decorations, in these words:—"Some drops of rain, distilled from the ends of the rafters that projected over an architrave; so pleased an architect that he added them as permanent ornaments to his Doric triglyph;* a few rams' horns,

* This account is quite contradicted by the fact, that the Doric guttae are found where rain could not possibly come; being the inner frieze of the Parthenon, for instance. Kugler thinks, with much more probability, that the guttae were originally wooden nail-heads.

suspended from the top of a pillar, so struck the imagination of another, that he formed out of them the new combination, since called the Ionic capital; * * * and a wild acanthus, accidentally lodged on the top of an ancient sepulchral cippus, and with its foliage embracing a basket placed on the pillar, and compelled to curl down by the tile that covered the basket, so charmed a third, that, without altering essentially the other parts of the Ionic combination, he substituted it as a new capital." Now all this, and a good deal more of the like which has been written, may be quite true, for aught we know or care. Its truth or untruth in no way affects the validity of the views of the significance which we are about to trace in the members said to have originated in this manner. If they so originated, it was because the forms which were detected by the architect, in such accidental juxtapositions, coincided accurately with the spirit of his building. It was the truly, though unintentionally, artistical expression of the architectural idea, which "so pleased" one, "struck" another, and "charmed" a third, that he made a permanent architectural feature of it.

If we contemplate Greek architecture, with reference to Egyptian and Gothic, we shall find that it possesses the great superiority of being absolutely consistent. The latter styles sometimes admitted features which were independently symbolical; such, for example, were the Egyptian lotus-flower capitals, that were so common and so contrary to the artistical type which we have described above. In Greek architecture, every the slightest decoration was subordinated to the one highly symbolical idea of the total work; and, with this view, the hundred-times repeated, and never yet in the smallest degree comprehended, law of architectural unity, which, to use the words of Milizia, "requires that all the parts of an edifice, and all its ornaments, should have reference to the principal object," becomes at once intelligible and practical.

We close this batch of prefatory remarks by reminding the reader, first, that, as we propose to analyze the emotion produced by Greek architecture in its totality and details, our analysis will be interesting and even intelligible only to those—the vast majority, we trust—who are capable of receiving pleasure from the forms described; secondly, that in modern times we are accustomed to see the members of Greek architecture so modified or placed, that their meaning is destroyed, or rendered quite *mal-à-propos*; consequently, in estimating their effect upon the first spectators of the Parthenon or the Erechtheum, great allowance is to be made for their novelty and exclusive employment in appropriate situations; and, lastly, that if our analysis is found to fail in any trifling point, it ought to be inquired whether the

reason of such failure may not probably lie in the impossibility, under present circumstances, of ascertaining what really was the effect of certain members with the complete context which can never be restored.

We proceed to consider the Greek styles of architecture in the usual order: the Doric being the first. In describing and analyzing this style, we describe and analyze the others, in all their most important features, the variations of the styles being modifications of one and the same expression.

The stylobate, or general basement, as a rule, rises in three stages, which, in the larger temples, do not serve as steps; in these stages, steps of a convenient size are cut at the points where the basement is to be mounted. It has been observed that these successive stages afford projections and horizontal lines, which balance the lines and projections of the entablature. This is true; but there are other effects gained by the feature in point. There is, in Greek architecture, a *duality* which is almost as remarkable as the triplicity of Gothic architecture. This duality is violated by the form of the pediment, but it is, in great measure restored, by a corresponding violation in the stages of the basement; such violation also confirms the character of the stylobate as essential basement, separating it from the general character of the temple;—an emphasis very necessary in the first stage of a building, which is to express adequate support and conscious security at every point. When the body of the temple is constructed upon a second basement, as in the Parthenon, the stages being essentially a part of the temple, exhibit the general duality. The stages of the general basement are frequently undercut; the number of horizontal lines being thus doubled. These lines of the stylobate answer another and very important purpose. Mr. C. F. Penrose has recently determined, by careful measurements, that the entablature and stylobate deviate very considerably from horizontality. In his examination of the Parthenon, he proves that the curves which are formed by the lines of these members are maintained with extreme care. Each abacus is cut into the form of a nail-head, to suit the inclination of the stones of the architrave, and even the junctions of the stones of the basement are not perpendicular to the truly horizontal line of the ground of masonry from which they rise, but are normals, or at right angles to the curve of the upper stage, like the stones of an arch. These curves do more than merely correct the concavity which a truly horizontal line assumes, when it is seen from above, and its convexity, when regarded from below: A straight line of any considerable extent is an essentially displeasing and insignificant object. It nowhere exists in nature, and ought never to be found in art. We have

not space to examine the reasons of its ugliness; it is enough that its inadmissibility has been practically acknowledged by all great architects, ancient and modern; the lines of every good Gothic spire, the surfaces of all Greek and Gothic walls are curves, and half of the immense superiority of the Italian architects of the Renaissance over the generally far *better informed* architects of the present day, seems to us to consist in their finer sense of the necessity of avoiding straight lines and exactly plane and perpendicular surfaces. Now, if we are not mistaken, the most important service performed by the numerous lines of the Greek basement, is the division and repetition of its beautiful parabolic curve, which is thus rendered softer, and, at the same time, more palpable than it would have been without them. We regret that our limits forbid us to express all that occurs to our mind in connexion with this curious and unexamined subject; we can only say that we perfectly agree with Mr. Penrose, who, in his brief and most interesting letters concerning the point in question, and certain other curious "irregularities" in Greek architecture, which we shall notice in due course, writes, "I am quite satisfied that the neglect of these small adjustments has given such a dry character to the greater part of the experiments which have been made in England in Greek architecture, and have brought the style into discredit *with those persons who have not had the advantage of seeing the glorious originals.*"*

W. Reveley, in his preface to the third volume of Stuart and Revett, says justly that the Doric column "has no base, because its great breadth at the bottom of the shaft is sufficient to overcome the idea of its sinking into its supporting bed." The immediate origin of the Doric column in the ground, is also an important element in its expression of vigorous and active support. A base may be a very beautiful feature in itself, and even an harmonious adjunct to a style of avowedly less decision and power than the Doric, but it is impossible not to perceive how vastly the upward stream of power in the Doric shaft would be diminished by any such interposition between it and the general basement. Kugler's profound remark concerning the flutings, which invariably decorate the shafts in Greek architecture, has been already given by us; that this expression of *facile concentration of form*, where, from the superimposed weight of the entablature, the opposite expression would be expected, is really the grand motive of the feature in question, may be sufficiently proved by comparing its effect with the effect of its absence in the mock-simple "Roman Doric," which always seems to *suffer*

* Probably the irregularities in question ought to be considerably exaggerated in modern and northern buildings, to suit our less cultivated and less subtle perceptive powers.

from the burthen it is made to bear. The Greek architects attached so much importance to the fluting of their shafts, that when the completion of the building had to be postponed for want of funds, or for any other reason, the flutes were *registered*; that is to say, a short space, at top and bottom of the shaft, was fluted, and the rest left plain. Thus the expression of concentration was given at the points where it was most required, and the intended continuation of the flutes along the rest of the shaft was distinctly implied. The only instance known of Doric shafts without fluting, is in the temple at Ægea; here, however, spaces at top and bottom are chiselled; doubtless for the reception of the registered flutes, the addition of which may have been prevented by some accident.

The Doric shaft diminishes rapidly as it approaches the weight of the entablature, but this diminution does not take place in a right line. A gentle swell, which is called the *entasis*, accompanies the taper, and is productive of the most striking and refined effects, which may be thus described. The entasis, by occurring higher up in the shaft than it would, were it produced, as the low swell of the Egyptian shaft seems to be by superincumbent weight, distinctly negatives the notion of sufferance from its burthen. Again, the entasis does away with the stiff, mechanical character of the straight taper, which would appear extremely harsh when repeated throughout an entire colonnade; whereas the repetition of an organic curve is a multiplication of its beauty. The active entasis, moreover, assists and is assisted by the flutes, the upward power of which is pronounced by the curve, while by them the curve is multiplied. Finally, the total form of the Doric shaft, as is well known to students of mechanics, is the best possible for the support of weight—a fact of which the eye probably becomes sensible, before the principle is comprehended by the understanding. W. Jenkins, jun., in his “Further Elucidations” of Stuart and Revett’s *Antiquities of Athens*, writes, “The entasis of columns has not till lately formed a part of the critical study and observation of the student of Grecian architecture, and had escaped even the exact and minute attention of Stuart and Revett; yet of its importance no one will doubt who considers but for a moment how much of beauty depends upon the nicely executed contour of the shaft of the column. * * * Vitruvius, in noticing the diminution of columns is very concise, and has evidently laid down rules rather coinciding with his own ideas of their fitness than with the precedents in Grecian architecture.” Mr. Jenkins proceeds to say that the Greeks intended to produce the effect of a right line in all known instances, except that of one of the temples at Pæstum; as a corroborating authority he quotes W. Wilkins, who

writes, however, of entasis in the *Ionic* stylo, in which probably it served chiefly the purpose, stated by Mr. Jenkins, of correcting the tendency to hollowness in the middle; for the *Ionic* entasis is much less perceptible than the *Doric*. That this reason should ever have been given and accepted for the *Doric* entasis, is only to be explained by the fact, that most people will put up with a wrong rationale rather than hold none at all. No eye but such as had been previously half-blinded by the false doctrine that the lines of the *Doric* shaft were right lines, could fail to miss the entasis in any good specimen; the existence of the error in question is, however, settled by the circumstance of the continual and immediate juxtaposition of the *antæ*, or decorated pilaster-like wall terminations, which are perpendicular and have no entasis, with the *Doric* shaft, whereby the eye is forcibly directed to the contrasted peculiarities of the latter. E. Dodwell, (*Tour in Greece*, i. p. 543,) says, that the shafts at Sunium have no entasis; but more elaborate admeasurements than he had leisure to make will be required to convince us that this noble temple is without the feature that constitutes so large a portion of the beauty of the Parthenon and Theseum.

The deep groove, or grooves, cut in the *Doric* shaft a little way below the ovolo, is the feature next to be considered. As usual, the true reason of its existence having been overlooked, false ones have been suggested and accepted. Aikin, in his valuable *Essay on the Doric Style*, says, "In the great majority of instances there is a kind of necking formed below the annulets, by one or three narrow grooves. I suppose that this may have been intended originally for the purpose of concealing the joint formed by the meeting of the capital and shaft. * * * At the same time, it is a real beauty, by adding height to the capital, which would otherwise appear rather low." Now, the *Doric* capital does not begin at the groove—it begins at the annulets; the continuation of the fluting, after its momentary interruption by the groove, marking the continuation of the shaft up to that point. Another and a much more plausible reason for this feature is the mechanical provision which it makes against the liability of stones to crush and splinter at the edges, under a great weight; but that this was not the only or chief motive with the Greek architects, is shewn by the fact, that in the earliest examples there are *three* grooves, where only one for the above was demanded. There can be no doubt that its extreme beauty was the main motive for the introduction of this peculiar and almost invariable feature of the *Doric* shaft. As we have shewn to be the case with the entasis, more than one æsthetic end is attained by these cuttings. The most striking effect is that of competence of power, which is suggested by its slight and volun-

tary waste just where it is most tried, in the narrowest part of the shaft immediately below the great burthen of the entablature. Again, the interruption which is suffered and overcome by the flutings, greatly increases their effect of active and forcible ascension. Lastly, while the channel increases the effect of the flutings, it also prepares the eye for their final and otherwise too sudden check, by the annulets at the bottom of the ovolo. As was to be expected, with these motives for the Doric grooves, their conspicuousness is always in proportion to the force expressed by the thickness, and rapidity of diminution of the shaft. The following facts are interesting corroborations of these views. I. In the Temple of Apollo at Bassæ, the shafts have three channels, one of which is cut much deeper than the rest,—manifestly for the constructive purpose. II. In two of the temples at Paestum, the Doric shafts have a broad neck, cut in immediately under the ovolo; here the channel is omitted, as artistically unnecessary. III. In the interior of the largest temple at Paestum, the upper tier of Doric columns have no trace of the channel, their inferiority of power, compared with the great channelled shafts upon which they stand, being thus pronounced.

We now come to the Doric capital. Its commencement is marked by the band of narrow rings which bind the lower rim of the great parabolic ovolo, and give a decisive and final check to the free motive power of the shaft. Kugler, the only writer who has attempted to account for this feature, traces in its formation the same notion of concentration as that which is manifested by the flutings of the shaft; but to satisfy our readers that he is in error, we need only mention that the annulets are often merely angular notches; and that they are always so small and close together that their true form, whatever it may be, can only be descried within the distance of a few feet. A decisive band of shadow is their only appearance, when viewed from the distances at which they are intended to be seen. The whole breadth occupied by the four annulets, in the capitals of the Thicseum, is less than two inches. Moreover, these annulets are not sunk in the body of the ovolo, as they ought to be, in order to carry out Kugler's view, but form projections from it. That the band of shadow, serving as a check and boundary to the flutes, (which seem to strike against the bottom of the ovolo, and to become flattened by the force with which they do so,) is the motive for the annulets, is further proved, by the circumstance that their number and arrangement are variously adapted, in different situations, to that result. For instance, the capitals of the external portico of the Parthenon, which are exposed to bright light, exhibit five annulets close together, while the more dimly lighted capitals behind have but three annulets, placed comparatively widely apart.

Directly above the band of annulets the magnificent form of the Doric ovolo, or echinus, expands to meet the entablature. Its powerful parabolic curve provides and expresses the requisite distribution of the force of the shaft, at the point of conflict between the weight and the active support. In the best age of the art the ovolo became so straight that it might almost be regarded as a quirked chamfer. Kugler prefers the earlier bulging curve. We differ from him, believing that this form is not free from an appearance of labour and compression, which is at variance with the spirit of the style. It would require more space than we can spare to do justice to this member of the Doric order. If, as has been doubted, *sublimity* is anywhere to be found in Greek architecture, it is in the shape of the Doric echinus, and, in a less degree, in the *curves* of mouldings, entasis, &c., all of which are formed from conic sections; unlike the stupidly "symmetrical" Roman curves, which are all developed from the most insignificant and material figure in nature, the perfect sphere. The Greek ovolo, at its greatest breadth, nearly equals the breadth of the plain square abacus which rests upon it, but instead of meeting the abacus at this greatest breadth, that breadth is again diminished, by what is called the *quirk*, and thus is obtained, perhaps, the most striking effect of competence of power to be detected in the whole system of Greek architecture.

In the simple abacus we behold an emphatic separation of the two grand portions of the building, namely, the supporting part and the part supported. Artistically the abacus belongs to neither. It has no *active* expression of any sort. The ignorant Roman architecture converted it into a part of the capital, by crowning it with a small moulding expressive of support, and thus destroying its efficacy as a distinguishing member. In the Greek Doric, it becomes a *passive* vehicle of the general idea, by a slight projection beyond the face of the architrave, indicating once more, by apparent waste, (like the groove of the shaft and the quirk of the ovolo,) the constant superabundance of the transmitted force.

We now come to the entablature, or the general mass which is borne by the columns. As hitherto, each element of form and decoration has been an active revelation of *support*, we shall now find a no less various and lively expression of the *weight supported*.

The entablature is made up of three quite distinct parts, namely, the architrave, the frieze, and the cornice; and in each part the idea of weight is expressed in a different manner. In showing the truth of this assertion, we shall show, for the first time, that the distinction universally observed between these members is real and not arbitrary.

The architrave is a perfectly plain course of stone, resting

on the abaci, and, in the best specimens, projecting beyond the neck of the shaft so far that its face coincides nearly with a perpendicular line drawn from the base of the shaft; the mass is thus truly poised upon the supporting power, and the weight is left, in the first instance, to express itself.

In the architectural decorations of the frieze gravitation is no longer tacit. The triglyphs are projections from the face of the frieze, carved with vertical channels, and terminated below by rows of guttæ. The triglyphs of themselves are inexpressive, but a depending effect is at once conferred upon them by the juxtaposition of the guttæ which hang above and below them, like drops of rain at the point of falling. This effect, by a mode of operation precisely similar to that of the groove upon the ascending effect of the flutings, is greatly increased by the interposition of a fillet, called the *tænia*, between the triglyphs and the lower guttæ; the descending tendency of the triglyphs is continued, in spite of the interruption. Of the guttæ it is to be remarked, that their number, below the triglyphs, is commonly double the number of the vertical bars above them. This multiplication, in the direction of the earth, is a chief cause of the effect of the lower guttæ. The guttæ contain another element of effect which is quite independent of the triglyphs; by the expression of gravitation in these small depending particles the mind is forcibly referred to the vast mass of which they are the accompaniment. Throughout all modifications of Doric architecture these seeming trifles were never lost sight of, in fact, the effect of the entablature depends upon them more, perhaps, than upon any other feature. The importance of the guttæ, and the nature of their importance, as we have described it, may be seen at once by any one who will be at the pains to refer to Wilkins' Restoration of the Hexastyle Temple at Pæstum, in which the guttæ are absent. In addition to these means of producing what Kugler vaguely calls the "triglyphic character," little pendants were sometimes placed at the top of the chamfered sides of the triglyphs. It is also not unworthy of remark, that, at most times, the deep shadow of the cornice would fall across the triglyphs, causing a horizontal division of their forms, which would certainly be an addition to their expressive power. The total effect of the architectural members of the frieze is thus simply and decidedly *depending*; and it is important to observe, that the language of the triglyphs and guttæ, though uttered in the frieze, must be regarded as applying to the whole entablature; it is as effective an expression of the weight of the unadorned architrave below as of that of the frieze itself; for frieze and architrave are really but one mass. "That the plain architrave, when juxtaposed with its interpreter, (so to speak,) the frieze,

conveys, of the two members, the greatest notion of weight, is shown by the fact that, in the earliest temples, which are the mightiest expressions of gravitation and support, the breadth of the architrave exceeds that of the frieze. In the best age, when an expression of admirable ease and grace was added to that of gross power, the breadth of the two members is pretty equal, and, in the last period, when the Doric order was applied to secular purposes, and less gravity was demanded, the breadth of the frieze became increased beyond that of the architrave. The depending frieze attracts attention less to its own weight than to that of the bare architrave.

From a passage in Euripides, it appears that the metopæ, or spaces between the triglyphs, were originally open; they were subsequently closed up by slabs of stone—sculptured or plain, probably to do away with the appearance which the triglyphs must have had of supporting the cornice; an appearance ruinous to the all-important effect of simple depension.*

The effect of the cornice is distinguished from that of the simple architrave and depending frieze by being powerfully *impending*. The Germans expressively name the massive projecting corona, which constitutes the principle bulk of the cornice, the *Hängplatte*. Above the corona is a second projection, called the cymatium. The naturally impending effect of this arrangement is increased in various ways, the most ordinary being the following:—The corona is always deeply undercut, producing a mass of black shadow which throws the face of the member forward, and causing the greatest weight to occur at the greatest distance from its support in the frieze. Upon the undercut surface are placed square slabs, declining forwards, and covered with rows of guttæ, which resemble rain-drops gliding down the slanting surface, to fall off at its edge. The double duty, which is thus performed by the guttæ, of producing a depending effect in the frieze and an impending one in the cornice, is a great addition to the unity and harmony of the composition. In the exquisite Temple of Theseus at Athens, the corona terminates above in an undercut moulding, which operates powerfully in throwing forward the cymatium, with its fillets.

* Any person possessed of moderate perceptive power may convince himself experimentally of the justice of these views of the intention and effect of the triglyphs and guttæ by paying a visit to the Waterloo Road, London, where there is a large church having a portico completely Doric in every thing but in the disposition of these features. The result is, that the entablature, which had good proportions, appears to be much too light to justify the active supporting power expressed by the columns, with their flutes and strong entasis. The grossest architectural blunder we have ever met with is to be seen in one of the new public buildings of Berlin, by the eminent architect Schinkel. The portico, otherwise purely Doric, exhibits a row of winged and ascending angels in the place of the weighty and depending triglyphs.

In the Doric cymatium, which is the crowning member of the whole entablature, another very subtle and decided effect is called into play. We have said and shown that the entablature, generally, is an unmixed, though various expression of weight: in the final cymatium, however, we have once more an expression of support. This moulding is almost always the same powerfully supporting ovolo which we have described in speaking of the capital. Aikin mentions the late and degraded "Portico of Philip," which has the *cyma recta*, as a striking exception to the rule, and he complains, erroneously, as we shall shew, of the continual repetition of the ovolo in early and good examples. Now, the meaning, that is to say, the effect, of this moulding, is to declare an amount of weight in the very thin slab above it sufficient to justify the sub-position of a powerful support; a declaration which applies, by inference, to every equal breadth of the entablature, of which this ultimate slab or fillet constitutes an extremely small compartment. Thus, while the entablature generally expresses, in all possible ways, the fact and character of weight, the cymatium, by a mechanical hyperbole, calls attention to its intensity. This, and some other equally subtle methods of effect, which, by reason of their ignorant misuse by the moderns, and our comparatively sluggish imagination, are not generally efficient with us, were, no doubt, at once appreciated by the rapid perception of the Greeks. Two of the, in many respects extraordinary and exceptional, edifices at Paestum, substitute, for the above form of cymatium, the impending moulding called the *caretto*, or hollow, which is that of the great Egyptian cornices already described, and which, if we dispense with the idea of the fillet-bearing ovolo, is the best possible finish to this portion of the entablature. The more obvious effect of the *caretto* ought, perhaps, to give it the preference over the ovolo, for the cymatium of modern Doric buildings.

At each end of the Temple, above the entablature, appears the pediment. The architectural fitness of this member depends upon the symbolization of weight by pyramidal forms, which we have before asserted: but this fitness would scarcely be sufficient to justify so conspicuous a feature, if it did not also serve as the frame-work for important sculptures. The massive *acroteria* which rest upon the angles of the pediment, are usually believed to have been intended merely as supports for statues; but late investigations have shown that the ornaments carried by these slabs of stone were of an extremely light, and commonly insignificant character, and therefore quite disproportioned to these great angular masses, when regarded as pedestals. It is, therefore, to be inferred that these ornaments were put upon the *acroteria* for the express purpose of denying the natural notion that they were

intended for bearing statues, and thereby to induce the attention to their true meaning, as corrections of the apparent tendency of the inclined pedimental cornices to slide into a horizontal position. The *antefixæ*, or erect, foliated ornaments, that rose from the horizontal cornices of the sides of the Temple, performed a similar office for the slanting roof-lines. They are commonly explained as covering the terminations of the joints of the bulky marble tiling, but unfortunately for the satisfactoriness of this account, we have, among other records of like tendency, the following description of the *antefixæ* of the Parthenon, by the excellent annotator of Stuart and Revett, Mr. Kinnaird:—"The *antefixæ* appear to have been placed on the cornice, one over each metopa and one over each triglyph; and those of the triglyphs only correspond with every third joint of the marble tiling; the others are simply ornamental, and are placed between the joints." It is therefore certain that the original object of the *antefixæ* was the introduction of an additional expression of the general idea, by affording a conspicuous stay and support to the roof-lines, which were not pitched high enough for self-support.

The inclined cornices of the pediment were generally, but by no means always, crowned by a moulding, called the *sima*. "The *sima*," writes Kinnaird, "seem to have originated from the termination of the fictile tiles over the pediments of the early structures, which were probably turned up in a graceful form to a continued line, in order to conceal the broken and jagged appearance of the outline formed by the end laps of the tegulæ next the most ornamental fronts." We have endeavoured all along to impress our readers with the truth, that something more than utility, or mere decoration, is to be sought for in every the slightest member of a truly artistical work, like a Doric temple. There can be little doubt, we think, that the continuance, if not the origin, of the *sima*, as the crowning member of the Doric pediment, is to be accounted for by the loss of meaning, which is suffered by the usual cymatium, when it is placed in a slanting position. The nature of the pediment required the repetition of the form of the horizontal in the slanting cornices; consequently the ovolo could not be got rid off; but its conspicuousness could be, and was, abolished by the superposition of the *sima*, the form of which has no relation to other weight than its own. This beautiful curved moulding is essentially *self-supporting** in its appearance, and it therefore constitutes an excellent termination where reference to superincumbent weight is inadmissible.

* In speaking of the forms of mouldings as naturally expressive of support, sufficient from weight, &c., we are inventing no new phraseology. Even the matter of Mr. Gwilt alludes in his "Encyclopædia" to those essential characteristics of the few and simple Greek mouldings.

The sima, carved or painted, as it was, with a light aspiring ornament, also afforded a strong contrast with the forms of the column-borne mass, of which it was the ultimate termination. This view of part of its intention seems to be borne out by its superposition on the Ionic pediment, where the idea of the ovolo was absent, and therefore had not to be counteracted. We frankly confess, however, that all that we have said goes rather to excuse the sima than fully to justify it. It is not improbable that its original effect, with its unrestorable context of colour, &c., may have been other than we imagine it to have been. The termination of the sima at the lower angles of the pediment were covered by lions' heads, which served, or seemed to serve as water-spouts, their position being, in some measure, though, it must be allowed, not wholly redeemed by their symbolism, which, according to Dodwell, originated in the overflow of the Nile, when the Sun was in the constellation *Leo*.

The lateral walls are commonly continued beyond the terminal walls of the naos, to form the pronaos and the posticum; the ends of the walls receiving an additional breadth, and a peculiar capital and base, which constitute the antæ. The management of the walls and their terminations is extremely interesting. To use the words of Kinnaird, in describing a Greek temple, "The margins of the joints of the columns from 5 to 9 inches within the circumference, and those of the vertical joints of the masonry of the walls and steps from $2\frac{1}{4}$ to 3 inches within, are united together with polished surfaces. * * * The horizontal beds (of the wall masonry) are worked smooth and not polished." These curious facts are quite explicable in the light of the views which we are engaged in establishing. It is of the highest importance that the ascending lines of the shaft should suffer no check until they reach the groove at the neck; consequently the junctions of the frustra are rendered invisible, and the active energy of the form of the shaft is preserved unimpaired. It is also of importance that *active vigour* in the shafts should be contrasted by *passive opposition* to superincumbent weight in the walls. Passivity is therefore pronounced, in a decided manner, by strong horizontal lines, their effect being much increased by the absence of visible vertical lines. The horizontal lines of the walls are continued in the antæ, which, so far from being of the same nature as the columns, as the Roman and the late Italian architects imagined, are exactly the opposite in character. The antæ being the most important and serviceable parts of the walls, are merely intensifications of their passive expression. Unlike the Doric columns, the antæ often have bases; and these, unlike the base of the Ionic column, which we shall presently describe, express *infirmitas* from weight. Such also, in

a most striking manner, is the expression of the capitals of the antæ, corresponding in position, but powerfully contrasting, with the capitals of the columns. Instead of the diminished neck, and the weakening groove, at that point of the shaft where the conflict of weight and support is most conspicuous, we have in the antæ a sudden and decided increase of breadth and strength by means of cappings, which rise in one or two deep faces, and of projecting bands, which, in real and apparent operation are precisely the reverse of the groove of the shaft. Besides these characteristics, which are as universally present in the antæ as the contrasting characteristics are in the columns, various other means are adopted for the development of the idea, by a declaration of the weight which the antæ, in common with the walls, support, and by an exhibition of a (for the most part) passive resistance. Laborious *tiers* of supporting mouldings sometimes occupy, in the antæ, the place of the single echinus in the Doric or Ionic capital; and other mouldings are so undercut as to seem to yield beneath their burthen,—*an effect which is never found in any other part of the building*, except sometimes, as in the Temple of Theseus, under the *final* cymatium of the cornice, where, it will be remembered, such an exhibition of sufferance from weight is in peculiar keeping. The antæ have no diminution, and no entasis but the slight one which they share with the walls: the connexion of walls and antæ is further marked by a partial or entire continuation of the base and capital mouldings of the latter along the top and foot of the former. Thus, then, Mr. Ruskin is mistaken when he affirms, that “In the Greek temple the wall is as nothing; the entire interest is in the detached columns and the frieze they bear.” And Kugler is equally wrong in describing the cap-mouldings of antæ and walls as “mere decoration.” There is no such thing in Greek architecture. It must be borne in mind that, at the basis of the artistical expression of the walls, is the *assumption* of their competence to support the weight which is placed upon them; such competence is the necessary result of commonly good masonry; and it would be absurd to give them that ostentation of active energy which is appropriate in the comparatively small mass of the column. This *natural* competence of the walls, taken for granted, or at least expressed only by a general inclination inwards, making it obviously impossible that they should fall, except in a direction in which they would be mutually propped, enables them to *afford*, for the sake of contrast, a display of sufferance and of laboriousness which would shock the eye if found in the smaller columnar masses. Of the antæ, generally, it is to be observed that they appear whenever an unusual stress is, or seems to be laid upon the

walls. Their ordinary positions are at the projecting ends of walls, in the pronaos, and posticum, and at the *corners* of the building; sometimes the door-posts exhibit the form of antæ. The fullest effect of the admirable contrasts of columns and antæ is obtained by the usual introduction of two or more of the former between a pair of the latter. And here, it may be remarked, by the way, that the Greek architects never employed contrast for the mere sake of contrast. The legitimate object of contrast in art is the introduction of an additional emphasis into the expression of the principal idea.

Of Greek doorways and windows (which seem to have been very rarely introduced) the most striking peculiarity is a rapid diminution in width towards the top. The expression of resistance to the tendency of the mass of the wall to crush in, which is thus obtained, needs not to be pointed out or described. The smaller the aperture the greater is the amount of diminution; and when the height of doorways exceeds about 30 feet, the sides become parallel. This is to be accounted for by the effect produced by so large an opening of diminishing the mass and pressure of the wall; and by the effect of *perspective* in creating the slight apparent diminution of width which is still necessary. It is a fact, first noticed, we believe, by Mr. Inwood,* and most interesting in connexion with the present views, "that the diminution of doors and windows originated with the Greeks." "Those of the Egyptians appear to have been perfectly upright."

The effect of the deeply recessed *lacunaria* of the roof is twofold. They make an ostentation of the mass which is imposed upon wall and column, and, at the same time, lighten it when it is without their support. A curious misunderstanding of the artistical object of these recesses in the ceiling is shown in one of the halls of the New British Museum. A portion of the ceiling is arched, and a portion flat; the *self-supporting arch* exhibits the lacunaria, and the plain surface is without them! The Greek lacunaria were sometimes painted green or blue, and set with golden stars, to imitate the sky—a bold and quite artistical contrivance for distracting the attention from the unavoidable evil of a heavy ceiling with only a distant lateral support.

Having now described and explained the several members and decorations of Doric architecture, we must notice some remarkable rules which are observable in their arrangement and connexion.

The greatest care is taken to give each feature a distinct independent existence. Echinus and shaft are separated by a band

* To whom we are indebted for Saint Peter's Church, the finest restoration of Greek architecture in the world.

of shadow; entablature and column by the abacus; frieze and architrave by the *tænia*; *tænia* and lower *guttæ* by the *regula*; and so on, each separating member being *passive*; and taking, as a rule, no part in the work other than that of separation. The eye is thus directed to a separate though corresponding significance in each part; confusion and consequent obscurity are avoided; and an important effect of deliberate and conscious intention is obtained in the entire work.

Extremely subtle and effective means are taken to confer an appearance of totality upon the whole building. Abandoning mechanical symmetry whenever a higher object was in view, the Greek architect bound the corners of his frieze with triglyphs, and so violated the rule prevailing throughout the frieze, and requiring that a triglyph should hang its weight above the centre of each supporting column, and that the metopæ should constitute equal rectangular spaces. It may be said, indeed, that apart from the object, the very fact of the violation is here an excellence, as conferring a terminal effect at the points of its occurrence. The same thing is true of the irregularities of angular intercolumniation; the additional thickness and closeness of the corner columns having, however, for their primary object a correspondence to the apparently greater amount of weight to be supported at the angles of the entablature.

We must here notice a most remarkable instance of adaptation of intercolumniation to real or apparent irregularity of superincumbent weight. It is obvious, that the longer an even colonnade is, the better does the middle portion of the entablature appear to be supported, and the more therefore does weight appear to be concentrated at the corners, where consequently the unusual closeness and thickness of the columns is generally found; but where the columns are few, as in tetrastyle porticos, the chief weight appears to occur in the middle; and, accordingly, we discover that the central intervals of the tetrastyle portico of the Erechthion, and of the portico of the temple near the Ilyssus, were actually made less than the outer intervals; a fact which would quite overthrow the Vitruvian rationale, which attributed columnar irregularities to the necessity of correcting certain optical illusions connected with isolated columns, were that explanation not sufficiently refuted by the circumstance that these irregularities are always too conspicuous for the purpose stated.

The *antæ* are, in all respects, to the corners of the *della* what the columnar irregularities are to the corners of the entablature: in each case, developments of increased power of support correspond to the really or apparently increased proportion of weight; and an appearance of finish and determinateness is obtained, by

a concentration of effects which are common to the whole building, at the points of the cessation of the colonnades and surfaces of wall.

The effect of totality in the building must, however, have received its most important aids from the delicate curves formed by the *lines* of the entire basement and entablature, and from the *inward inclination* of the axes of the whole of the outer columns, and the slightly pyramidal slope of all the outer walls; the inclination of the latter being about parallel to the axes of the former. And here, by the way, let us again assert the essential hideousness of straight lines and truly plane and perpendicular surfaces in architecture. In good works we are firmly persuaded that such things will never be found: the magnificent surfaces of Italian palatial, as well as of Greek and Gothic, architecture, exhibit the sweep of delicate, but very palpable curves. Let our readers compare the perpendicular planes of the new Law Buildings, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, with the curved and inwardly inclined face of the Reform Club, and they will feel the importance of the difference. No style of architecture can require or excuse flat and perpendicular walls of any considerable extent; for an appearance of security, which is part of the main expression of Greek architecture, is also an essential *condition* of expression in every other style.

Of the obscure system of architectural colouring enough is understood to enable us to conclude that it assisted the development of the idea of the building. We give a passage from Kinnaid, describing the remains of colour in the Parthenon:—

“A remarkable decoration of this temple, as well as of others of the age of Pericles, was the painting, the remains of which are still distinctly perceptible on various parts of the building, *of a character corresponding with early Greek ornament*; and in some places, where the colours have fled, the outlines of the ornament graven on the marble still indicates the place of their application. The nearest parts painted, now perceptible to the eye, are the capitals of the antæ; the *tenia* and *regula* of the external architrave; the *fascia* underneath the *mutules*; the *fascia* and *ogee* beneath it over the *frieze* within the *peristylum*; the *fascia* and *moulding* above it within the *posticum*; the *frieze* of the *posticum*; the *raking bed-mouldings* and *cymatium* of the *pediment*. The *tenia* and *fascias* are each painted with an example of the *fret* ornament, called the *meander* and *labyrinth*; the *regula* with a *pendent palmette* or *honeysuckle* and *husk*; the *ogees* with a *flat leaf*; the *cymatium* of the *pediment* with an *egg and dart*. The *frieze* of the *posticum* was decorated with two *zigzag* stripes, apparently of *green* on a *red* ground. The colours remaining at the other parts now appear of an *opaque* or *brownish red*. The *simas* were ornamentally painted, as in other monuments of *Grecian* architecture, when they were highly enriched with painted decoration, as particu-

larly observed at Solinus and Ægina. The lacunaria, as usual in other temples of that age, were doubtless decorated with gilding and colours."

These and all other facts connected with ancient architectural painting go to confirm Kugler's remark, that the figures painted, and subsequently carved, on Greek mouldings and fascias, served to *bring out* the forms of their ground. We need not call the reader's attention to the great importance which this remark acquires in the light which we have now thrown upon the architectural significance of those forms. But other offices than this seem to have been fulfilled by painting in Greek architecture. For instance, the character of triglyph and guttæ was intensified by a pendent palmette on the interposed regula; the unavoidable defect of the continuation of the forms of the horizontal in the slanting cornices of the pediment seems to have been softened by peculiar colouring in the temple of Theseus; the soffit of the mutules, or slabs from which the upper guttæ hung, was painted light blue, while the guttæ were dark red—a contrast which must have greatly intensified their natural expression. A dull, heavy red and a light blue appear to have been the prevalent colours, and they seem to have been always so employed as to aid the expression of weight and of active supporting energy.

From a mass of about ten times the amount of the materials which we have had space to employ, an analysis of Doric architecture has now been sketched which we feel confident will be regarded as possessing an interest neither slight, doubtful, impermanent, nor deficient in novelty. We must be allowed the pleasure of appending, by way of foil, a piece of criticism in the old but still prevalent style. It is from Aikin's *Essay on Doric Architecture*, and, *as far as it goes*, is just and true.

"The original type, as explained by Vitruvius, and confirmed by the examination of the specimens of the order, is to be found in the wooden hut, or rather in the principles of timber-building. * * * The trunk of a tree placed upright, as a support, indicates a column, and is diminished by nature. The square capping of whatever kind, which would be placed upon the top of the post to shelter it, and to afford a firmer bed for the horizontal timbers, presents the elements of a capital; while the architrave, frieze, and cornice are literal transcripts from the timbers of the roof and ceiling. Thus so much was established as to the general design by the original model that it was only necessary to refine and adorn the component parts; to flute the shaft; to obviate the crude appearance of the abacus placed upon the naked shaft, by encircling the upper part of the column with an ovolo and annulet, and thus form a complete capital; to cover the ends of the joints with triglyphs; to convert square edges into mouldings; to ornament mutules with guttæ, and thus form a regular cornice."

We have no space to enter upon the secondary, but for the architect indispensable, considerations of proportion, symmetry, &c., which have hitherto constituted the staple of architectural æsthetics. It must, however, be remarked, that these elements can be treated with success only in the light of the general idea. The single instances of the proportions of frieze and architrave, which we have seen to depend mainly upon particular modifications of that idea, will sufficiently justify our assertion.

Although we have now done the main work of distinctly asserting and proving the idea of Greek architecture, our task cannot be regarded as possessed, in any measure, of the adornment of completeness, if we fail to notice the striking modifications of the treatment of the idea in the Ionic and Corinthian styles, and to attribute to the Roman and late Italian architects whatever merit they may claim as preservers of the Greek tradition, with some slight degree of vitality, among the host of corruptions for the origination of which they have to answer.

In the abstract which we have given of Kugler's views, there is admirably conveyed the general distinction of sentiment between the Ionic and Doric styles. We must give a brief and consequently very imperfect account of the causes of this distinction.

Alison says, "What constitutes an order is its proportions, not its ornaments." This view is now exploded. The gravest Ionic exhibits the general proportions of the lightest Doric. Nor has any tenable view been substituted. There is, however, a real, all-pervading distinction, and it may be defined thus:—*Whereas in the Doric order there occurs, at the point of the abacus, an absolute division and distinction between the two sets of supporting and supported members, in the Ionic order there is no such separation, each member being expressive of weight with respect to those below it, and of support with respect to those above it.*

A greater degree of general animation in the Ionic style is the obvious result of this law; and in harmony with this peculiarity is the introduction, in the base and capital, particularly, of the idea of *elasticity*, which is not to be found in any Doric member.

The Ionic shaft, which, on account of the rigid character of the fluting and the absence of diminution towards the top, has, when taken alone, a heavier character than the Doric shaft, is placed upon a base of very striking construction. It is obvious that a base must express a competence of support for the shaft, and that which the shaft bears. It must therefore have a breadth greater than that of the shaft. But when breadth only is given, as in a plain square plinth, the effect is inorganic and unarchitectural. When the utter simplicity of the square plinth is superseded by the next simplest form of the single torus, as in

"Roman Doric" bases, a most unpleasant appearance of protuberance, compelled by superincumbent weight, is the result. The original Ionic architects placed a *scotia*, or hollow, below the torus, and so contradicted the bad effect just mentioned; but they introduced the almost equal evil of a base that seemed to require another base for its own security. Many other experiments were tried; but it was reserved for the architects of Attica to invent and establish the use of the exquisitely beautiful form which every one knows under the name of the "Attic base." It consists of an upper and a lower torus, and of an intermediate scotia, with separating fillets. The lower torus is larger than the upper one, and the diameter of the scotia, which withdraws itself below the upper torus, is nevertheless greater than the diameter of the shaft, so that the whole form has the unmistakable stability and solidity which are assumed in the idea of a base. The creation of any part of the form by pressure from above is, however, denied by the fact, that the base is narrowest where, if weight had had anything to do in its production, it must have been broadest. It may be said, also, that the bulge of the tori invites the mind to entertain the notion of the operation of weight, only to contradict that notion by the recession of the scotia; a function which is quite in keeping with the elaborately intellectual character of Greek art. Kugler has noticed the elasticity of the Attic base; but we are inclined to think that the Greek architects did not set much value upon that part of its expression. An attempt seems, indeed, to have been made to correct that effect in some cases by the addition of a second scotia, and in others by a peculiar inelastic formation of the curve. Sometimes the idea of the scotia is repeated in the upper torus by a series of horizontal flutings.

The volutes form the principal feature of the Ionic character; they are of a decidedly elastic character. Kugler has only remarked that "they press against the sides of the ovolo in strong elastic curves." This is true of the meagre volutes of the original and *properly* Ionic style; but the *Attic* volutes were as great an improvement upon the original Ionic as the Attic base was upon the bases which are found in the Ionic Islands and in Asia Minor. The *Attic* volutes are apparently formed by compression from the weight of the entablature. The Ionic ovolo is small and deeply carved, in accordance with a law already stated. The abacus, unlike the Doric abacus, is a powerfully supporting member, on account of the smallness of its width and the vigour and depth of its denticular cuttings. The merits of the Ionic capital, which here we hint at rather than describe, are, however, much diminished—at least for the modern eye—by extreme elaborateness, and consequent obscurity, of meaning. Neither in respect

of this nor of any other member can we consent, with Kugler, to regard the Ionic as an improvement upon the Doric order.

The Ionic entablature is divided, like the Doric, into architrave, frieze, and cornice; but the mutual relation of these members is quite new. The architrave is formed of two or (much more commonly) three plain faces, the upper projecting slightly beyond the lower; this arrangement—hitherto generally explained as affording a correction of one of the many “optical illusions” which are supposed to haunt the architect, and which come in so aptly when true rationalia are wanting—gives at the outset an impending effect to the whole entablature. Above the architrave the frieze retires so far as to throw the centre of gravity of the entablature justly over the centre of the shafts, allowing even for the additional impension of the cornice, which projects considerably beyond the upper fascia of the architrave. This pleasing balance of the sentiments of impension and recession, which evidently neutralize each other and produce a conscious security, is the principal characteristic of the Ionic entablature, and gives it no remote resemblance to the usual Ionic base already described. The inferior solemnity of this order rendered the idea of the Doric cymatium, as we have explained it, inappropriate. Accordingly, the whole importance of the cornice is centered in the broad projecting corona. This is a great advantage in the pedimental fronts of the building, for the whole of the horizontal may be continued in the slanting cornices without any such inconsistency as we have detected in the ordinary form of Doric pediment.

The remaining elements of an Ionic temple are too little different in character from the Doric to demand much detailed attention here. Doors are surrounded by mouldings expressive of the power of the jambs and lintel, to resist the mural pressure; a very simple, but most ingenious frame-work gives conscious security to windows; and various isolated developments of the idea of Greek architecture occur where exceptional edifices offer occasion for them; as in the caryatides of the Pandrosium, that express the facility wherewith they carry their burden, by an inclination of one knee, which throws the entire weight upon the leg that retains its perpendicular position.

There is one feature of the Ionic, which is quite absent in the Doric style. It is the employment of ornament, as a means of expressing the leading sentiment. Thus fascias which may be supposed to suffer from weight, declare their competence to resist it with ease, by a series of roses; as in the fascia beneath the ponderous cornice of the Pandrosium, and in the plain portions of door-jambs. A striking instance of this use of ornament is the broad band of foliage below the capitals of the Erechtheion.

The system of carving which was adopted in the Ionic supporting-mouldings, served not only to bring out the essential form, but also to declare their competence (on the principle of the Doric groove) by a voluntary sacrifice of power.*

It is from no more than about half-a-dozen good examples—and some of these are much dilapidated or quite exceptional—that all our conclusions concerning the Ionic style are to be drawn. A careful consideration of these examples is sufficient, however, to enable us to take a middle position between Kugler's excessive admiration and Mr. Ruskin's excessive contempt for this style. Whatever may have been the impression produced upon the ancient Greeks by the Ionic capital, it possesses for us moderns an amount of obscurity which constitutes an almost fatal objection to its extensive use in what ought to be the most popular of the fine arts. All the leading forms of the Doric order are simple and to be generally *felt*, if not to be generally understood. It has its obscurities; but these are not conspicuous enough to stand in the way of the total effect.

Kugler has well remarked, that the Corinthian capital is an easy deduction from the decorated capital of the Eretheion. If the Corinthian style deserves to be ranked as one of the styles of Greek architecture, its claim to that honour results from its having adopted, more fully than the Ionic, the principle of ornamentation as an expression of facility of power. It is important to remark, that the only available examples of the order, of a good Greek date, consist not of original temples, but of secular monuments, devoted to the commemoration of victories in games, or to utilitarian purposes. The Corinthian style first became a distinct order of Temple architecture under the Romans, who, of all the elements of beauty in the Greek art, seem to have understood and heartily adopted only the one which is alone chargeable with a tendency to meretriciousness.

Had the Roman architects, and the Greek architects working under Roman masters, been contented with this showy daughter of their adoption, they would not have been obnoxious to the ridicule which is deserved by all who meddle with things they do not understand. But they must not only imitate the deceased Doric and Ionic architectures, they must add, alter, and "improve" with unheard-of stupidity. Take the best instance of "Roman Doric" which remains to us, the Theatre of Marcellus. The shaft is provided with a base; and, in order to simplify Doric simplicity, the all-important flutings are omitted; instead

* "There are some mouldings whose profile is indicative of bearing weight, as the ovolo and talon which, by being deeply cut, though themselves heavy in character, are thereby susceptible of having great lightness imparted to them, whilst such as the cyma and cavetto should not be ornamented deep in the solid."—Gwilt.

of the groove there is an astragal! the quirk of the ovolo is omitted, and the simpler section of a circle is substituted for the parabola; the abacus is crowned with a mean little supporting moulding, by way of relieving the monotony of the dead square mass; the architrave is a thin strip, and is overhung by a frieze out of all proportion, bearing lanky triglyphs, terminated by triangular guttæ; below the weak corona there are a row of Ionic dentils, &c. &c. Among other pleasantries of Roman architecture, we have columns, with their bases, perched upon high pedestals; antæ reduced to harmony with the columns by the adoption of all their forms; *fluted friezes* (the *Incantada*), arches springing from slices of entablature; and a great deal more of the like, most of which was very religiously adopted by the architects of the *Renaissance*.

The general character of true Greek architecture is now so well understood, and its infinite superiority to all Roman and Romanizing imitations is so widely acknowledged, that there is no reason to fear lest the architects of the present day should commit blunders of this gross kind; but they are constantly falling into errors scarcely less fatal to the total result of their works. The Comic Muse, from her niche in the front of Covent Garden Theatre, laughs at the inappropriateness of its Doric portico; and the omission of one or two of the refined "irregularities" of the Greek art is the omission of half the glory that ought to have sent its subtle beams from the still noble façade of the New British Museum.

Our readers will expect us to say something more than we have yet said concerning the work, the title of which stands at the head of this Article. As is often the case with greatly useful books, Mr. Ruskin's "*Seven Lamps of Architecture*" bears, at the first glance, an unpractical character. His criticism, for the most part, like Wordsworth's poetry, must create the taste by which it is to be appreciated and adopted. Yet the brilliant manner by which the present and other works of the same writer are adorned, have placed them at once among the books that *must* be read. This is a misfortune; for to admire the rhetoric and heartily and practically to adopt the views propounded in them, are two very different things, requiring two very different orders of readers. We confess that we would rather behold verities of such profundity and import clothed more soberly. It would protect them from the praises of the ignorant, and would greatly recommend them to those for whom truth is its own ornament. We know a literary lady, who cannot tell a Doric shaft from a flying buttress, who is nevertheless profound in the "*Seven Lamps*." This kind of popularity ought to be avoided

by a man of science like Mr. Ruskin, even were its attainment not at the sacrifice of space and of permanent utility. There are many passages which, if we had found them in a pulpit exhortation for a mixed multitude, would have impressed us as scarcely inferior to the magnificent strains of Jeremy Taylor; in fact, with the first reading of them we were charmed. The book, however, requires more than a first reading; it is a scientific work, and requires careful study; and ought, therefore, to have been written throughout in a scientific manner: on the second and more studious reading, much that had so delighted us at first, already began to look like "fine writing." Concerning the far more important question of the views broached in Mr. Ruskin's volume, we think that we may safely pronounce them to constitute the most significant piece of criticism which has appeared in the English language for very many years. The indispensable connexion and coincidence of the highest moral activity with the activity of art, has never before been nearly so distinctly or impressively declared; and yet this is the one truth which is demanded for the regeneration of the arts.

We are compelled, by pressure for space, to take the shortest method of giving our readers a notion of the general character of Mr. Ruskin's criticism. We select the following passage, on account of its interest in connexion with the fundamental and now much agitated question of the relationships of art with religion.

"But farther, was it necessary to the carrying out of the Mosaical system that there should be art or splendour in the form or services of the tabernacle or temple? Was it necessary to the perfection of any one of their typical offices, that there should be that hanging of blue and purple and scarlet?—those taches of brass and sockets of silver?—that working in cedar, and overlaying with gold? One thing at least is evident; there was a deep and awful danger in it; a danger that the God whom they so worshipped might be associated in the minds of the serfs of Egypt, with the gods to whom they had seen similar gifts offered, and similar honours paid. The probability in our times of fellowship with the feelings of the idolatrous Romanist is absolutely as nothing, compared with the danger to the Israelite of a sympathy with the idolatrous Egyptian; no speculative, no unproved danger, but proved fatally by their fall, during a month's abandonment to their own will; a fall into the most servile idolatry; yet marked by such offerings to their idol, as their leader was, in the close sequel, instructed to bid them offer to God. This danger was imminent, perpetual, and of the most awful kind: it was the one against which God made provision, not only by commandments, by threatenings, by promises, the most urgent, repeated, and impressive; but by temporary ordinances of a severity so terrible as almost to dim for a time, in the eyes of his people, his attributes of mercy. The principal

object of every instituted law of that Theocracy, of every judgment sent forth in its vindication, was to mark to his people, his hatred of idolatry; a hatred written under their advancing steps, in the blood of the Canaanite, and more sternly still in the darkness of their own desolation, when the children and the sucklings swooned in the streets of Jerusalem, and the lion tracked his prey in the dust of Samaria. Yet against this mortal danger, provision was not made in one way (to man's thoughts, the simplest, the most natural, the most effective) by withdrawing from the worship of the Divine Being whatever could delight the sense, or shape the imagination, or limit the idea of Deity to place. Thus one way God refused, demanding for himself such honours, and accepting for himself such local dwelling as had been paid and dedicated to idol gods by heathen worshippers;—and for what reason? Was the glory of the tabernacle necessary to set forth or image his own glory to the minds of his people? What! purple or scarlet necessary to the people who had seen the great river of Egypt run scarlet to the sea under his condemnation? What! golden lamp and cherub necessary, when they had seen the silver waves of the Red Sea clasp in their arched hollows the corpses of the horse and his rider? Nay; not so. There was but one reason, and that an eternal one: that as the covenant which he made with men was accompanied with some external sign of its continuance and his remembrance of it, so the acceptance of that covenant might be marked and signified by men, in some external sign of their love and obedience, and surrender of themselves and theirs to his will; and their gratitude to him, and continual remembrance of him, might have at once their expression and their enduring testimony in the presentation to him, not only of the firstlings of the herd and fold; not only of the fruits of the earth and the tithe of time, but of all treasures of wisdom and beauty; of the thought that invents, and the hand that labours; of wealth of wood, and weight of stone; of the strength of iron, and of the light of gold."

Every one must be alive to the justice of Mr. Ruskin's censure of the modern system of domestic decoration. His comments upon railway architecture are perhaps more amusing than just.

"Hence, then, a general law of singular importance in the present day, a law of simple common sense—not to decorate things belonging to purposes of active and occupied life. Wherever you can rest, then decorate; where rest is forbidden, so is beauty. You must not mix ornament with business, any more than you mix play; work first and then rest, work first and then gaze, but do not use golden ploughshares, nor bind lodgers in enamel. Do not thrash with sculptured flails, nor put bas-reliefs on millstones. What! it will be asked, are we in the habit of doing so? Even so, always and everywhere. The most familiar position of Greek mouldings is in these days on shop-fronts. There is not a tradesman's sign, nor shelf, nor counter, in all the streets of all our cities, which has not upon its ornaments which

were invented to adorn temples, and beautify king's palaces. There is not the smallest advantage in them where they are. Absolutely valueless—utterly without the power of giving pleasure—they only satiate the eye and vulgarize their own forms. Many of these are in themselves good copies of fine things, which things we shall never in consequence enjoy any more. Many a graceful bracket or pretty heading there is in wood over a grocer's, a cheesemonger's, and a hosier's shop. How is it that tradesmen cannot understand that custom is to be had only by selling good tea, and cheese, and cloth, and that people come to them for their honesty, and their readiness, and their right wares, and not because they have Greek cornices over their windows, or their names in large gilt letters over their house-fronts? How pleasurable it would be to have the power of going through London, pulling down those brackets and friezes and large names, restoring to the tradesmen the capitals they spent in architecture, and putting them on honest equal terms, each with his name in black letters over his door, not shouted down the street from the upper stories, and each with a plain wooden shop-casement with small panes in it, that people would not think of breaking in order to be sent to prison! How much better for them would it be, how much happier, how much wiser, to put their trust upon their own truth and industry, and not on the idiocy of their customers. It is curious, and says little for our national probity, on the one hand, or prudence on the other, to see the whole system of our street decoration based on the idea that people must be baited to a shop as moths to a candle. * * * Another of the strange and evil tendencies of the present day is to the decoration of the railway stations. Now, if there be any place in the world in which people are deprived of that portion of temper and discretion which are necessary to the contemplation of beauty, it is there. It is the very temple of discomfort, and the only charity the builder can extend to us is to shew us, plainly as may be, how soonest to escape from it. The whole system of railroad travelling is addressed to people who, being in a hurry, are for the time being miserable. No one would travel in that manner who could help it—who had time to go leisurely over hills and between hedges, instead of through tunnels and between banks; at least those who would have no sense of beauty so acute as that we need consult it at the station. The railroad is, in all its relations, a matter of earnest business, to be got through as soon as possible. It transmutes a man from a traveller into a living parcel. For the time he has parted with the noblest characteristics of humanity, for the sake of a planetary power of locomotion. Do not ask him to admire anything, you might as well ask the wind. Carry him safely, dismiss him soon; he will thank you for nothing else. All attempts to please him in any other way are mere mockery and insult to the things by which you endeavour to do so. There never was more flagrant nor impertinent folly than the smallest portion of ornament in anything concerned with railroads, or near them. Keep them out of the way, take them through the ugliest country you can find, confess them the miserable things they are, and

spend nothing upon them but for safety and speed. Give large salaries to efficient servants, large prices to good manufacturers, large wages to able workmen. Let the iron be tough, the brickwork solid, and the carriages strong. The time is perhaps not far distant when these just measures will not be easily met; and to increase expense in any other direction is madness. Better bury gold in the embankments than put it in ornaments in the stations. Will a single traveller be willing to pay an increased fare on the South Western, because the columns of the terminus are covered with patterns from Nineveh? he will only care the less for the Ninevite ivories in the British Museum;—or on the North Western, because there are old English looking spandrels to the roof of the station at Crewe? he will only have less pleasure in their prototypes at Crewe House. Railroad architecture has, or would have, a dignity of its own, if it were only left to its work. You would not put rings on the finger of a smith at his anvil."

We cannot pretend to do full justice to this remarkable book. Its very fault, however, of unscientific style, must give it that kind and extent of circulation which will render any general account of the work by us unnecessary.

From the series of works upon which it appears that Mr. Ruskin is now engaged, we can scarcely hope too much for Art. We could wish, however, that the title of his forthcoming Essay had been one of more immediate practical promise than "The Stones of Venice." At a time when miles of new streets are being annually added to the English metropolis and to our great provincial cities, "The Bricks of London" would have been a more attractive title. All architectures, hitherto, except the "Elizabethan," have assumed a stone material, and the consequence is that house-builders are induced to imitate stone in miserable plaster, instead of dealing boldly and honestly with the humble baked clay which is the substructure of all their cheap finery. That bricks are not insusceptible of a peculiar and characteristic architectural treatment has been proved in the "Elizabethan style." This style, however, is only very partially fitted for modern use. Schinkel of Berlin has tried his wit at a new brick architecture, but he has failed for want of a sufficiently bold abandonment of the principles of stone construction. Mr. Ruskin might confer a vast benefit upon our cities by showing us what are the essential and peculiar artistical capabilities of brick architecture.

ART. III.—1. *Esame Critico degli Atti e Documenti relativi alla Favola della Papessa Giovanna*. Di A. BIANCHI-GIOVINI. Milano, 1845. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 250.

2. *A Critical Examination of the Facts and Documents relative to the Fable of Pope Joan*.

SIGNOR BIANCHI-GIOVINI has placed, in the above quoted title-page of his very curious and able little work, a word which possibly might have with propriety appeared on its colophon, but which certainly has no business to occupy the position it does. The crier of a court of justice does not call on the trial of "Richard Roe, guilty of felony," &c. The "guilty" or "not guilty" is to be the *result* of the trial. And the "critical examination" of Signor Bianchi-Giovini is instituted by him expressly to investigate whether the strange accounts of a female Pope, found in the medieval historians, be or be not "*fabulous*." The foregone conclusion therefore involved in terming the whole matter "a fable" in the title-page should have been avoided. The author, it may be replied, had of course concluded his own investigations, and made up his mind on the question at issue, before he sat down to write his book. But he should have conducted scrupulously the mind of the reader along the path which his own had followed, without showing him beforehand the conclusion he was about to arrive at. This should have been so managed with as much care as a novel writer uses to prevent his reader from penetrating too soon the secret of the *dénouement* on which his interest depends. For as this concealment is essential to the amusement of the novel-reader, so would the analogous reserve which we have been recommending have been useful in imparting to the historical student the full appreciation of the most important part of the instruction this curious examination is calculated to afford.

What this lesson is in our opinion, we will point out presently. For the moment, we will endeavour to do by our reader as we have said our author ought to have done by his. We will endeavour to lay the case unprejudged before him, and leave him to form his own conclusions as he goes. The only further profutatory remark we shall make is, that the reader may truly look on the question under examination as still undecided, notwithstanding the conclusion to which our author has come, has been disclosed to him. For if Signor Bianchi-Giovini deems the story of the Popess to be a fable, such men as Lenfant, Spanheim, and in a great degree, Basnage, believed it to be true history.

We will now relate, as succinctly as may be, the history of

Pope Joan, as found in many historians of the Middle Ages. Some variations may be observed in many of these writers, it is true. We will not, however, trouble the reader with these immaterial discrepancies, but will give the story as told in the main by most of them.

Pope Leo the Fourth died in the year 855; and Benedict the Third stands in the catalogue of popes as his successor. But between these two, the throne of St. Peter was occupied for more than two years by a woman. She does not appear in the list of popes, because it was wished by the Church and its historians to throw the veil of oblivion over so great a sacrilege and scandal. The fact, however, was, that on the death of Leo the Fourth, the clergy and people of Rome met to elect his successor, when their choice fell on a young priest, a stranger in Rome, who during the period of his stay there had acquired an immense reputation for learning and virtue, and who became Pope, with the title of John the Eighth. This supposed priest was, however, in reality a female; and her previous history was as follows:—An English missionary priest was travelling in Saxony with his wife, who at Ingelheim was brought to bed, and gave birth to a daughter. The missionary, with his family thus increased, travelled onwards on his vocation; and after a while, established himself permanently at Fulda. There he found time, amid the occupations occasioned by his newly-formed congregation, to bestow much care and labour on the education of his daughter. She rewarded his pains by the most remarkable progress in all the learning of that day. Nor was she less richly endowed in person than in intellect; and at twelve years old, she was a prodigy of beauty and of learning.

At this early age, a monk of the convent at Fulda having chanced to become acquainted with her, fell violently in love with her. The beautiful Giovanna was, it would seem, less remarkable for virtue and prudence than for other high qualities; for she appears to have made little or no difficulty in returning the monk's passion. A guilty commerce commenced between them, and was for a while, carried on by stealth beneath her father's roof. The meetings, however, which they were thus able to contrive, were too few and far between, and attended with too great risk to satisfy the lovers. In order therefore to be wholly and securely together, it was determined between them, that Giovanna should secretly leave her father's house, should assume male attire, and thus introduced by her lover, should desire of the Abbot admission into his convent. This scheme was put into execution accordingly; and the Abbot, charmed with the learning and talent of the young postulant, readily received her among his flock. And so well did she maintain the part she

had assumed, and so cautious were the lovers in their conduct, that during her stay in the convent no suspicion was ever raised of the real state of the case.

However, be the cause what it might, they soon became tired of their convent life, and concerted a plan of flight. They got safe out of the monastery, changed their conventual dresses for lay costumes, and thus escaped to England, of which country the monk also was a native. Having tarried there awhile, they passed thence into France; from France into Italy, and from Italy to Greece. During all these wanderings, they halted wherever they found learned men and learning. Thus gathering erudition from all the most celebrated seats of learning in Europe, they became profoundly versed in all the science of their age. In Greece, they fixed their quarters at Athens, that being the best residence for the purpose of studying the Grecian language. There, however, the wanderings of the lover monk were brought to a conclusion; for he was seized with a sudden malady, which at the end of a few days caused his death.

Giovanna thus left alone, determined on quitting Greece and returning to Italy. She started accordingly, still dressed as ever in male attire, and arrived safely at Rome. There the reputation of her learning, and the fame of her virtue—for she now led a most exemplary life—were soon spread over the whole city. She immediately commenced a course of public lectures, and disputations after the manner of that day, which instantly attracted an immense crowd of hearers. All the students in Rome flocked to her school, and even the most celebrated professors were seen on the benches. At the same time, her exemplary piety won as much admiration as her matchless learning.

At this juncture Leo the Fourth died, and the people and the clergy forthwith assembled to choose his successor. On whom could their choice more worthily fall than on this stranger, with whose varied excellencies all Rome was ringing? There was, as contemporary historians assure us, no lack of men remarkable for their virtue, wisdom, and learning at Rome in those days. So pre-eminent, however, was the merit of Giovanna above all others, that she was unanimously chosen Pope, and enthroned as John the Eighth. In her new position Giovanna attracted no less admiration and praise from all men, than she had previously done in her more humble station. The weighty cares of government were borne by her with surprising wisdom and judgment. It was not long, however, before she fell into the same sin that had before ensnared her. An old historian attributes this fall to her, "*aver cominciato a mangiare cibi troppo delicatichi non aveva costumato prima di allora.*" However this might be, Giovanna fell, and the result of her back-

sliding was, ere long, a Pope in the family way! Some of the chroniclers relate, that while in this condition she, on one occasion, undertook to exorcise a person possessed of an evil spirit; and that on her demanding of the devil when he would go out from the possessed person's body, the evil one replied in the following verses:—

“Papa pater patrum peperisse pandito partum
Et tibi tunc edam, quando de corpore cedam.”

That is to say,—“Oh, Pope, thou father of the fathers, declare the time of the Popess's parturition, and I will then tell you when I will go out from this body.”

No suspicion was, however, raised in the minds of the bystanders by this sally of the foul fiend. They thought that if it meant anything more than mere devilish impudence, it signified that the devil refused *ever* to yield. And so Giovanna approached the critical period without any suspicion of the truth being yet awakened. At length it came to the time of the Rogation days, a period of much solemn processioning in Rome. And it came to pass, that the Pope, not aware how near she was to her time, and unwilling to appear remiss in her religious duties, left the church of the Vatican, at the head of all her clergy, to walk in procession to the Lateran. The solemn pageant proceeded with all due ceremony and decorum, till it arrived at that spot in its road which lies between the church of St. Clement and the Coliseum. When suddenly seized with the pains of labour, there in the open street, amid all the astounded cardinals and clergy, to the confusion of herself, to the horror of all the assembled multitude, and the sad disgrace of the entire Church, the infallible head thereof gave birth to a child! The circumstances, however, of such an accouchement were fatal to both mother and child. As a mark of the horror felt by the Church for so dreadful a sacrilege, it was determined that the Pontiff in procession should never again pass by that desecrated spot. A statue was raised there to perpetuate the infamy of the fact; and a ceremony, minutely described by successive historians, was ordained to be observed at the consecration of all future Popes, for the purpose of preventing the possibility of a recurrence of a similar scandal. Theodore of Niem, who lived long at Rome in the position of secretary to two Popes, testifies to the existence of a statue of the female Pope. And Mabillon, in his “*Iter Italicum*,” tells us of the portrait of Pope Joan, occupying its place between those of Leo the Fourth and Benedict the Third, in the cathedral of Siena.

Such is the story of the female Pope,—a history related and handed down during a period of six hundred years by more than

two hundred writers, among whom are to be found popes, cardinals, bishops, theologians, inquisitors, priests, friars, laymen, historians, moralists, orthodox catholics, and heretics. "Is it possible," asks Signor Bianchi-Giovini, "for a tradition to be better supported?" The nature of the subject, too, is such as to exclude effectually, we would think, all possibility of mistake or falsification. The main facts of the story took place in a spot then the very centre of the civilized world—in a city which was not, as most other cities at that day were, isolated in a great degree from the rest of Europe, but which was in constant relation with all Christendom. The catastrophe is represented to have happened under the eyes of a vast multitude, including all the most instructed and pen-handling men in Rome. The principal personage of the extraordinary scene, too, was that one of all the human beings in the world most certain of being minutely and carefully chronicled. Of interest to all Europe, the Pope was especially interesting to that class who alone were capable of recording facts, and who were in the habit of registering all such as appeared to them important. Any mistake or falsification respecting such an event, happening under such a combination of circumstances, does most assuredly appear impossible.

Many of the other tests usually adopted by critics in determining the value of historical evidence will, if applied to the narration in question, still farther tend to the conviction, that, however strange it may appear that such a story should be true, it would be far stranger, nay incredible, that it should be false. In the first place, what would be the natural bias of those who have recorded the facts? Can we discover any motive which might have led them to invent such a story? The contrary is most palpably and notoriously the case. The chroniclers who have recorded and perpetuated this story were telling that which all their prejudices, interests, feelings, and desires would have naturally led them to wish suppressed, hidden, and forgotten for ever. They were putting arms into the hands of their enemies. It is most evident that they wrote such things only because they deemed them too true and too well known to be suppressed.

Again, is it a story likely to have been invented as falling in with any popular delusion or superstition, or hope or fear, of that day? Have we other instances of similar fictions? Were any of the circumstances of those times calculated to generate such an invention in the imagination? Nothing of the sort. Nothing can appear more improbable than the first conception of such a fable. Indeed, it may be thought that the first inventor and publisher of such a scandalous story, supposing it to be an invention, would have been in imminent danger from the indignation of his ecclesiastical superiors, and of the Church in general.

Then, again, consider the circumstantial minuteness of the narration. Even supposing that in some inconceivable manner a strange unfounded idea had been generated, that a female had once upon a time occupied the chair of St. Peter, would not the most credulous chronicler, or the most audacious fabler, have contented himself with recording or inventing that one naked circumstance? Do we not invariably find that the fables, which have had their origin amid the darkness of antehistorical times, and have foisted themselves, amid truths and half truths, into the page of history, are mere vague statements of isolated facts, the skeletons of a story rather than the true body of one clothed with its flesh and blood of circumstance, and due sequence of antecedent and result? Is it to be supposed, that if the story had been absolutely void of foundation we should have had recorded the birth and parentage of the false Popess—a complete and intelligible account of all her previous adventures—an entire and consistent biography in short!—a biography, too, in which all the facts are consistent not only with themselves but with the history and condition of the times when they are supposed to have taken place. And, truly, the story of Giovanna is nothing less than all this. The married Romanist English missionary travelling in Saxony, learned in the learning of those times—the immoral and unprincipled, yet studious and learning-loving lover monk—the thronging Roman scholars, eager after the teaching of the newly arrived stranger doctor from foreign countries, are all “*dramatis personæ*” true to the history of the period, genuine excerpts from the real world of that day. Then the itinerant pursuit of erudition, and of the fame thereof, the suddenly acquired reputation, &c., are all in true keeping. Can we refuse to admit all these facts to be strong presumptions in favour of the story? Must we not confess that many of the usual and well-known characteristics of fabulous narration are wanting here?

Does it appear credible, we ask, that such a story, so related, and so long received by those who had most interest to reject it, should be absolutely and entirely false? Does it not seem impossible? Yet, in one word, such is the case. Few of those who have ever examined the question will, at the present-day, we believe, be inclined to impugn our assertion, if we pronounce unhesitatingly the entire story to be a pure and unmixed fabrication! This is the curiosity of the thing; and herein lies the instruction to be drawn from the story, and from Signor Bianchi-Giovini's very able investigation of it.

Before, however, pointing out more specially the lessons it affords, and the rules it illustrates in that science which teaches the weighing and due estimation of historical evidence, it will not

be uninteresting to sketch very briefly the rise and progress of the tradition, as we find it recorded in the pages of a long series of chroniclers.

The first writer, in point of date, who mentions the Popess, is Marianus Scotus, who was born in 1028, became a monk in 1052, went from Scotland to Germany in 1058, remained several years in the monastery of Fulda, wrote an Universal Chronicle, which comes down to 1083, and died at Mayence in 1086. In this monk's Chronicle it stands written:—"Leo the Pope died on the 1st of August. To him succeeded John, who was a woman, and sat for two years, five months, and four days." And this is all. Not a word of her parents, her loves, her peregrinations, or the circumstances of her death. It appears, therefore, that this strange history did not rise perfect from the brain of its inventor, like Minerva from that of Jove, but that it was, as we shall further see presently, the produce of a long and gradual growth, and due to the genius of a lengthy series of inventive historians. There is another important remark, however, to be made, before quitting Marianus, on a circumstance which meets us thus at the outset of our path, and which continually recurs during its whole course. It is the gross and disgraceful dishonesty and ill-faith of writers on both sides, as soon as Church interests and polemical feelings are involved in the matter, and the *odium theologicum* is aroused. Old Marianus lived in days which were not controversial, and he, no doubt, tells the matter as he heard it. But it so happens that the editor of his Chronicle, when it was printed for the first time at Bâle, in 1559, was John Herold, a Calvinist. Consequently, in printing the above passage respecting the sho Pope, he quietly leaves out the words "*ut asseritur*," which stand in the MS., and thus alters the old monk's hearsay to a direct and positive assertion.

Pass we on, however, to the builders on this promising foundation.

Leaving on one side one or two authors, who merely mention the fact that a female-Pope was said to have succeeded Leo IV., and a few of whom it is doubtful whether they speak of her at all, we come to an anonymous unedited Chronicle in the library of St. Paul, at Leipsic, which comes down to 1261. The writer of this, under the year 900, after saying that Sergius III. was, for his vices, by some considered a pseudo-Pope, goes on thus:—"There was another false Pope, the name and date of whom are unknown; since she was a woman, as the Romans confess, of great beauty and of great learning, but who always concealed her sex under a male costume, till she was elected Pope. She became with child in her papacy, and the demon, in a consistory, made the fact known to all, by crying out to the Pope, '*Papa*

puter patrum Papiæ pandito partum." Here we have the fact of her bearing a child, and the circumstances of her beauty and learning, in addition to the more naked notice of the earlier writer.

As we come down the stream of time, however, but a few years further, we come to an author who appears to have contributed a handsome addition to our fabric. This is Martinus Polaccus, who was a fiar-penitentiary of Pope Nicholas III., archbishop of Cosenza, and author of a Chronicle of the Popes and Emperors, which comes down to 1277. He writes as follows:—

"After this Leo sat John of England, by nation of Mayence, by some writers said to be Benedict III. He sat two years, five months, and four days: and the Pontificate was vacant a month. He died at Rome. It is said that this Pope was a woman, and that having been taken in her youth to Athens, in male attire, by one who was her lover, she acquired such proficiency in various sciences, that her equal was not to be found. And having afterwards come to Rome to teach the Trivium,* she had among her hearers many very learned men, and having gained for herself in that city a great reputation for purity of life and learning, was unanimously elected Pope. But in her papacy she became with child by one of her servants; and being ignorant of the time when the birth should be, she was overtaken by the pains of childbirth as she was going from the church of St. Peter to that of the Lateran, and gave birth to a child between the Coliseum and the church of St. Clement. It is said that she was buried there. And as our lord the Pope does not pass by that road, it is thought by some that he avoids it from detestation of that event. She is not placed in the Catalogue of Holy Pontiffs, both because of her sex and because of the atrocity of the circumstances."

Such is the narration of the worthy Archbishop of Cosenza, who, as a sometime resident at Rome, ought to have had ample means of inquiring into the foundation and authenticity of the tradition. It will be observed that many fresh particularities are here met with for the first time, though the lady's biography is not yet complete. In later days, when the question of Popess or no Popess became a debated matter between Romanists and Protestants, and a common tilting ground for polemical champions of either faith, and every circumstance of the story was contested, and each fragment of authority sifted with unsparing erudition, it was attempted to be shewn that the above passage was spuriously introduced into the work of Martinus Polaccus. Some manuscripts, it was shewn, do not contain it. But as Signor Bianchi-Giovini truly and candidly remarks, this fact would prove nothing; for it is just as likely that it should have been designedly omitted from those which have it not as inserted in

* The Trivium, as is well known, comprised grammar, rhetoric, and logic. The Quadrivium consisted of arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy.

those which contain it. Moreover, it is proved, that the copies of the archbishop's Chronicle, which circulated in Italy shortly after his own time, contained the passage in question, from the circumstance of Fra Tolomeo, a Dominican of Lucca, having remarked in a work of his that he had met with no author who spoke of the Popess except Martinus.

As we advance into the fourteenth century, the number of writers who speak of Giovanna rapidly increase. The legend is evidently consolidating quickly into history. At all events, the belief that such a thing had happened is by that time evidently very general, though still perhaps somewhat vague and unsettled. The tradition, still partially in the embryo state, is not yet fully incarnate in its consistent flesh and blood, body of circumstances and life-like particulars. The work, however, now goes rapidly on.

Siegfried, the priest, who finished his "Epitomes" in 1306, contributes his quota of new matter, adding to what we have already, that "at Rome in a certain spot of the city is still shewn her statue in pontifical dress, together with the image of her child, cut in marble in a wall." Thanks! good Siegfried! "the smallest contributions being thankfully received," as truly they seem to have been by each successive compiler, the entire edifice will soon be completed.

Amalric di Angier, Prior of the Augustins, who wrote in 1362, contributes the new circumstance, that Giovanna taught three years in Rome previous to her election. We are also indebted to him for originating the suggestion as to the high feeding being the primary cause of her backsliding.

We have now arrived at the age of Petrarch and Boccaccio. Of the first, Signor Bianchi-Giovini writes in words which we quote, as containing a curious notice of the estimation in which Petrarch is held at the present day among his countrymen, thus:—"The singer of Monna Laura, whose verses—the delight of our fathers—are so wearisome to us, Francesca Petrarca, writing about 1370, repeats the story of Martinus Polaccus." He says nothing, however, about the pregnancy, merely remarking that the sex was discovered afterwards.

Not so the gentle Ser Giovanni da Certaldo. The story was too good a one for him to refrain from making the most of in his book of "celebrated women." Here, as elsewhere, our good Boccaccio shews himself more fitted as well as more inclined to hold the pen of a novelist, than that of an historian. And in truth he wields the former so frankly as to dispense an historical investigator from the necessity of examining his account of the matter very strictly. His account, moreover, is too long, as well as here and there too highly coloured to adapt it for citation in

our pages. We may remark, however, that he is the first to assert that her original real name was not known, but that some thought that it was Gilberta.

Hermann Körner, a German Dominican, author of a chronicle which comes down to 1435, speaks at length of the Popess, and adds the new facts, that the line of procession adopted by the Popes in passing from the Vatican to the Lateran, was changed by the decree of a Council; and that a usage was thereafter established to verify the sex of the Popes at the time of their election.

Contemporary with Körner was the French poet Martin Franc, who speaks at length of Giovanna in a poem in the form of a dialogue between a champion of women and an accuser of them. We will quote two or three stanzas as an interesting specimen of the poetry of that day, and of the feeling then prevalent anent the Popess. The verses are, as may be supposed, a part of the pleading of the woman-hater.

“ Tu sçais qu'elle scent tant des lettres
Que pour son sens on la crea
Papesse et prestresse des prestres.
O ! comme bien estudia !
O grand louange si a !
Femme se dissimula homme,
Et sa nature renia
Pour devenir Pape de Rome.

“ O benoist Dieu ! comme osa femme
Vestir chasuble et chanter messe !
O femme outrageuse et infame !
Comment eust elle la hardiesse
De se faire Pape et Papesse ?
Comment endura Dieu, comment
Que femme ribaulde et prestresse
Eust l'eglise en gouvernement ?”

The defender afterwards making the best he can of so bad a case, concludes :—

“ Or laissons les pechez, disans
Qu'elle estait clergesse lettrée,
Quand devant le pûs souffisans
De Rome eut l'issue et l'entré.
Encor te peut estre monstree
Mainte préface que dicta
Bien et sainctement accoustree
Ou en la foi point n'hésita.”

Thus it seems that Martin Franc believed that there were writings of her extant, of which the orthodoxy was irreproachable.

But a poet's authority must not pass for more than it is worth; and no other writer speaks on this subject.

In the middle of the fifteenth century Felix Hammerlein, a canon of Constance, relates at full length the story as it then stood, and adds, that the manner of her death was that she had chosen for herself for the remission of her sins. This alludes to a legend which seems to have been current at that period—for it is mentioned at length by other writers of the latter half of the fifteenth century—that an angel appeared to Pope Giovauna, and proposed to her this choice; either to carry on and finish her papacy with glory, and be punished eternally, or to die disgraced publicly as she did, and be pardoned.

Nearly about the same time the English author of two centuries of "*Scriptores Majoris Britanniae*," whom Signor Bianchi-Giovini styles "*Giovanni Baleo di Suffolk*," writes at length of the female Pope, and pretty well completes the tale; adding, moreover, that she ordained bishops, priests, deacons, and abbots, consecrated altars and churches, administered sacraments, and gave the monastic tonsure to the Emperor Lothaire. Thus our countryman John Bayley may be deemed to have put the last stone to this most extraordinary edifice, which it has therefore taken six hundred years to rear,—that being about the space of time which elapsed from the date assigned to Giovanna to that of our countryman John Bayley.

But if this worthy may be considered the last of the framers of the story, with his name begins a new phase in the history of the tradition. Hitherto we have had a succession of writers more or less credulous, more or less conscientious in examining the authorities for the facts they related, more or less scrupulous in eking out meagre information with guesses, supposed probabilities or pure invention. But they cannot be supposed to have had any other motive for falsifying history than such as arose from such defects as these. They were mere chroniclers relating their stories without passion or bias. Henceforward this is no longer the case. Our relators now are no longer chroniclers but controversialists; no longer quiet annalists copying each other in peaceful succession, but polemical champions tilting at each other with all the hatred of rival Churches, and availing themselves of every vantage ground which a subtle quibble or an opponent's oversight might afford.

The first doubt cast upon the story seems to have been by the celebrated Æneas Silvius Piccolomini, who became Pope, with the name of Pius the Second. In a conference which he held with the Taborites of Bohemia in 1451, their spokesman urged the history of the Popess as a proof of the fallibility of the Church. The Pope replied, that this proved no error in faith or doctrine, but

merely ignorance of fact ;—besides, that the story was a doubtful one.

The heretics begin to avail themselves of the story as an argument against their mighty enemy. Mother Church then, for the first time, finds the story of sufficient importance to be worth a denial.

Now, worthy John Bayley was first Bishop of Ossory ; then became Protestant, retired into Germany, and there wrote his work. Hence his anxiety to make out—which he does in the shortest manner, by simply asserting the fact—that the false pope *had created bishops*, &c, and thenceforward the literary history of the legend and its fortunes is the history of one long battle. It is not our intention to inflict upon our readers a detailed account of all the alternate successes and defeats in this long war, with the prowess of the successive champions, or even the “names, weights, and colours of the writers.” “*Summa sequamur fastigia rerum.*”

After one or two Romanist skirmishers, who appear not to have excited much attention, the French Jesuit, Richeome, published, first in Latin, then in French, under the name of “Florimond Raymond, Councillor of the Parliament of Bourdeaux,” a volume of considerable power and acuteness of argument, against Bayley and his predecessors. This was published in 1567, and seems to have been rather a stunning blow ; for we have to go on till 1598 before we meet with any reply, and then one William Perkins fires off a quarto in favour of the Popess. But what could a poor William Perkins do against the three gigantic champions who then came forth and threatened to crush her out of sight for ever beneath the colossal folios of their erudition—Baronius, Binius, and Bellarmine ! a doughty trio !

The reputation, learning, and burning zeal of these mighty pillars of Mother Church, however, served but to awake the counter zeal and vigilance of a host of adversaries. One German writes an “*Assertio veritatis Historię de Papa Johanne VIII., quod fuit mulier, et puerpera*,” published at Oppenheim in 1612 ; and another in 1616, puts forth at the same place, “*Papissę Johanna toto orbi Manifestata.*” More remarkable for erudition, and for the assistance they contributed to the establishment of Pope Joan in the general belief, were the works of an Englishman and a Dutchman, who advanced into the lists much about the same time—Alexander Cooke, the one, and Egbert Grim, the other. Mighty was the list of authorities—portentous the bulk of citations amassed by these worthies in their corpulent quartos—a show of evidence which seems to have produced no inconsiderable effect on the minds of the literary world of

that day. And yet truly all their learned labour produced a *show* of evidence only; for of what value as testimony are the assertions of whole catalogues of authors, were they yet twenty times more numerous than they are, if it so be that they but copy each other? What more conclusive proof do they afford of the truth of the statement in question, than that by which it is sought to establish the doubted existence of an individual from a great variety of portraits of him, all—as Archbishop Whately so well says, in his admirable “Historic doubts concerning Napoleon Bonaparte,”—all striking likenesses of each other.

Messieurs Cooke and Grim, however, produced so strong an impression in favour of the Popess, that Urban the Eighth thought it necessary to commission the Domenican monk, Leone Allacci, to controvert them. In addition to the arguments adduced by his predecessors, he endeavoured to show the great presumption against the truth of any such story, arising from the silence of the Greek writers of the period, who from the hostile feelings of rivalry existing between the Churches, would have been only too glad to have got hold of such a scandal, and from the presence of Grecians at Rome at that period, would have been sure to hear of it.

Allacci thus did good service; and so did the celebrated Sorbonist Launoy, who broke a spear in the same quarrel. But the most damaging enemy that Giovanna had yet had to contend against was the Protestant minister, David Blondel. Hitherto her adversaries had all been Catholics. Her defenders, since the beginning of the controversy, all Protestants. But it was now a case of—*et tu Brute!* And the Protestant’s blow was, not only from this cause, but intrinsically in itself the heaviest of all. With a clearness of logic, and a just appreciation of the real nature of historical evidence, which seems to have been greatly wanting to his predecessors, he demonstrates the absence of all good *foundation* for the story, the utter weakness of its *early* years, the suspicions which stand around its cradle; and instead of disputing how far Pope Joan was believed or generally recognised in this or that century, shews that by her own *contemporaries* she was never heard of at all.

Blondel was an honest man, to whom truth was more dear than any Plato; and who was moreover a sufficiently good Protestant to know, that the good cause needed no such dubious assistance as the tradition in question could afford. The exceedingly anxious of Protestant writers to maintain the existence of this scandal would lead to the inference, that they thought all the huge mass of undoubted abominations with which the papacy is chargeable, were not sufficient to call for; and in God’s good time to ensure its overthrow. And accordingly good David Blon-

del met with the fate of all those who prefer truth to the claims of party. He was bitterly abused by all sections of the reformed Church. Some accused him of wishing to obtain a benefice from the Pope; some that he had sold himself for a pension to the French monarch; while the most moderate blamed him for having banished from history a story favourable to the Protestants, instead of leaving it to the Catholics to rid themselves of it as best they might. So low was in those days the standard of morality, even among the religious world, that it was possible for a man to be openly and avowedly blamed for admitting a truth unfavourable to his party!

Blondel's book called forth a crowd of writers in defence of the Popess, of whom the principal was the celebrated Protestant minister, Samuel Des Marets, better known perhaps under his Latinized name, Maresius. His labours, however, served but to call forward a more powerful champion than he, on the other side; and his "*Joanna Pappissa Restituta*," was answered by the Jesuit Labbe's "*Cenotaphium Papissæ Joannæ*." The celebrity of Labbe's name drew forth a fresh crowd of writers in support of the tradition, among whom the only name of sufficient note to be worth mentioning is Frederick Spanheim, who brought a vast mass of ill-ordered erudition to bear upon the subject. Lenfant produced a more readable French work out of Spanheim's Latin materials; and once more the tide of public opinion seemed to run in favour of the existence of a Popess. But shortly afterwards another Protestant, undeterred by the abuse lavished upon Blondel, gave her what may be deemed the *coup de grâce*. This was the acute and learned Bayle, who with his rigid and judicial impartiality sums up the essence of all that had been advanced on either side, and shows most victoriously the altogether insufficient grounds on which the entire story rests. Two other strong polemical athletes, moreover, were at hand, to finish her if any signs of life yet were seen to remain. These were Leibnitz and Eckhardt; and with their works the long controversy may be said to conclude, and Pope Joan to be finally convicted of being an impostor, or rather a nonentity.

We pointed out, in an earlier part of this Article, the strange amount of probability that might be adduced in favour of this extraordinary legend, from the consenting opinion of a vast number of believers in it, and from the apparent impossibility that fiction should usurp the place of truth, on such a subject. We will now very briefly set before the reader the reasons that must compel every competent judge of historical evidence to reject the entire story, despite all the seemingly strong case that may be made out on the other side.

In the *first* place, from the year 855, the date assigned to the

supposed Popess, to the time when Marianus Scotus, who *first* mentioned such a tradition, wrote, there is a lapse of 200 years. This alone is very strong against the tale. But the case becomes much stronger as we proceed with our examination. There were at that time, 855, at Rome, four individuals who afterwards became successively Pope, under the names of Benedict the III., Nicholas the I., Adrian the II., and John the VIII. These persons were all either priests or deacons of the Roman Church during the Papacy of Giovanna. They must have taken part in her election, and in all probability have been present at her extraordinary death. Now of all these four Popes we have remaining many and various writings; but not a word or a hint of the Popess. On the contrary, all represent Benedict the III. to have succeeded to Leo the IV.

But it is urged that these writers all agreed in purposely suppressing any allusion to the facts of the female Pope, in obedience to a decree, (supposed, for none such is extant,) consigning Giovanna, and all concerning her, to silence and oblivion. It would be easy to adduce many instances of the violent exertion of authority to enforce absolute secrecy respecting events of which it was wished that no memory should survive—and ever in vain, and that in matters of far less necessarily public notoriety than the accession, reign, and death of a Pope. It is extravagant to suppose that such a suppression could have been attained, even by all the power and influence of the Church. But even if we admit that the Church accomplished then an object, which she evidently could not accomplish 200 years later, when her despotic power was far more consolidated and complete,—even if we grant that all Romanists for 200 years avoided all allusion to the Popess, because the subject was a prohibited one, it will still remain to be shewn, why others, to whom this reason for silence did not extend, were equally mute. The Greek writers would only have been too glad to have propagated such a tale of scandal against their rival. Polemical controversy and hostile feeling ran high at that time between the western and eastern Churches. A paper war raged between Pope Nicholas the I. and Photius the Patriarch of Constantinople. There were plenty of Greeks at Rome at the time assigned for the reign of the Popess, learned Greeks too, and exceedingly hostile to the Church of Rome and the pretensions of her Pontiffs. Yet not only do we find no allusion to any such history in any Greek writer till more than 400 years afterwards, but we do find in Photius himself no less than three positive assertions in different parts of his writings, that Benedict the III. succeeded Leo the IV.

Ado, Archbishop of Vienne in France, who was at Rome in

the year 866,—about ten years, that is, after the reign of the supposed Popess, has left us a chronicle, in which he says, that Benedict succeeded immediately to Leo. Prudentius, Bishop of Troyes, living at the same time, testifies the same thing. The Council of Toul, held in the year 859, in a letter to the Bishops of Brittany, speaks of Leo, and his successor Benedict. Iupo, Abbat of Ferrières, in a letter to Pope Benedict, says that he, the Abbot, had been kindly received at Rome by his predecessor Leo the IV. In a Council held at Rome in the year 863, under the presidency of Pope Nicholas the I., that Pontiff speaks of his predecessors Leo and Benedict. Hincmar, Archbishop of Rheims, writing to Nicholas the I., says that certain messengers whom he had sent to Pope Leo the IV., had been met on their journey by the news of that Pontiff's death, and had on their arrival in Rome found Benedict on the throne. And Signor Bianchi-Giovini cites no less than ten other contemporary writers, who all testify to the same immediate succession, and afford not the slightest hint of any story or tradition that can throw the least light on that of the female Pope.

Must we then conclude that the long believed story which has exercised the critical acumen of so many scholars, had absolutely *no* foundation—that Pope Joan was in truth an exception to the immutable “*ex nihilo nihil fit*,”—that here at least was a case of a very large body of smoke where there was no fire? Not so! doubtless there was *some* origin for the story. And several conjectures have been advanced upon the subject; among them, that which Signor Bianchi-Giovini prefers, seems to us also so very much the most probable, as to leave very little doubt upon the subject.

Pope John the X., elected in 914, was raised to the Papal throne, entirely by the power and influence of his mistress,—that well-known Theodora, whose beauty, talents, and unscrupulous intrigues made her well-nigh absolute mistress of Rome in the beginning of the tenth century. As Pontiff he was little more than an instrument in her hands. In 931, the equally celebrated daughter of Theodora, Marozia, caused her son, by Pope Sergius the III., to be placed in the chair of St. Peter, with the title of John the XI.; and this Pope was yet more a mere puppet in the hands of his mother, than John the X. had been in those of his mistress. Again, in 956, a grandson of the same Marozia, the son of her son Alberio, by her first husband, Guido Marquis of Tuscany, was raised to the Papacy, with the title of John the XII. This Pope had many concubines, and was much governed by some among them, especially by one Raineria, of whom a contemporary chronicler tells us, that he was so blindly enamoured, that he made over to her the government of several

cities, and gave her the gold vessels and ornaments belonging to the Church of St. Peter.

Now, it seems exceedingly probable, that it may have been satirically said by the Romans of one or all three of these Popes John, that Rome had a Popess instead of a Pope—that the chair of St. Peter was (virtually) occupied by a female. And it is very easy to conceive, how such things, repeated from mouth to mouth, with a variety probably of bitter and irreverent scoffs and sneers, and jocose addition of buffoonery and ribald circumstances, might have been received as matter of fact assertions by German strangers in Rome, ignorant, credulous, and well disposed to carry back to their own country any marvellous tale respecting that far city, to which all men's eyes were turned with awe and interest. For it must be observed, that it is quite clear that the tale was first manufactured into history in Germany; that no such story was believed or known in Italy till after it had found a place in the works of German chroniclers. It is also to be remarked, that even thus the absurdity was too monstrous to pass into *contemporary* history even in a distant country. The wandering monks or soldiers who first brought back the tale, spread it gradually among the people, among whom it, in the course of time, assumed the form of a substantial and accredited tradition. Thus a small spring bubbles up unseen among the turf, first spreads itself abroad over the low ground of the neighbouring meadow, and *then* finds for itself a channel and becomes a visible stream, noted by geographers, and furnished with a name.

Observe, too, that the stream is sure to find material of increase as it pursues its course onwards. The first small nucleus of the story of the Popess, made its earliest appearance in history as the naked fact, that a female had sat in St. Peter's chair. And the gradual agglomeration of circumstances around this nucleus, is perhaps the most curious part of the whole matter. No portion of Signor Bianchi-Giovini's work is more able and ingenious, than his examination of each of these added circumstances successively, and the conjectures he offers to account for the origin of each new invention. He is so happy in most of these as to leave small doubt on the mind of his reader, that the fable really did grow in the manner, and from the causes, which he suggests. It would, however, take a much larger space than we can spare to the subject, to transfer this mass of curious historical speculation at all adequately to our pages. We can only advise those who are curious to investigate the growth of falsehood,—to catch it in the process of transforming itself into apparent truth,—to read for themselves Signor Bianchi-Giovini's unpretending little duodecimo of 250 pages.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*. Edited by his Son, The Rev. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, M.A. Vol. 1. 1849.
 2. *Memoir of the Life and Writings of the late William Taylor of Norwich*. By J. W. ROBBERTS. 1843.
 3. *Early Recollections*. By JOSEPH COTTLE. 1837.

FOR a period of more than fifty years the writings of Southey were among those which, in England, most contributed to create or to modify public opinion. His first published poem was written in the year 1791; and from the date of its publication till the close of his life, there was not, we believe, a year in which he did not hold communication with the minds of others, in almost every form which a retired student can employ. Literature was not alone his one absorbing passion, but it was also his professional occupation. Southey, when speaking of Spenser, describes him as

“Sweetest bard, yet not more sweet
 Than pure was he, and not more pure than wise;
 High-priest of all the Muses’ mysteries.”

At the same altar, and with the same purity of heart, and with the same wisdom, he too served. It may seem to be regretted, that they who serve the altar have to live by the altar; but to the necessity in which he found himself, of working out a livelihood by unwearied industry in the occupations to which the higher instincts of his nature called him, we no doubt owe much of what is most genial in the works of this true poet. To this alone—such at least seems the probability—was it owing that he became a prose writer at all, for none of his prose writings have that unity of purpose and design which distinguishes the works of pure imagination; and yet there can be no doubt that, as a prose writer, he is one of the most graceful in our language. It is, however, as a poet that we think Southey must be most remembered. It is not depreciating Goldsmith’s unequalled prose works, to say, that it is as a poet he takes highest rank. Had he not been a poet, he could not have written those prose works, and so with Southey. Dispose, however, of this question as the reader may, the earlier portion of his biography with which we have to deal will compel us rather to think of him in that character in which he first appeared before the public. Through both his poems and his prose works, his individual character so distinctly appears, that it would be scarce possible to mistake a page of his writing for that of any other man. He has not avoided imitation. On the contrary, his early poems are too often echoes

of Cowper and Akenside: and the quaintnesses which appear more conspicuously in his prose works, are in kind identical with those of Fuller and Sir Thomas Browne. We feel that he is writing in the midst of his books; and that his essays on topics of present interest are always affected by his throwing his mind into the way of thinking of an age that has passed away. Still there is everywhere a definiteness and decision of purpose, which is that which constitutes true originality; and *his* thoughts it is which are expressed in a dialect which he feels to be common property, and of which he as little remembers how each particular phrase or cadence has been formed, as we can determine how we have learned the words of the language we speak. Everywhere, even in his earliest writings, his own mind makes itself distinctly felt. Of this the strongest evidence is, that where its expression is not subdued by the higher tones of elevated poetry, we have always an under-current of quiet humour that exhibits a man happy himself, or, if unhappiness comes, who feels himself blameless for what he cannot avert, and who is disposed at all times to view surrounding things in a spirit of kindliness.

How such a mind was originally formed, and how it was not spoiled by the wear and tear of life—how the purity and single-mindedness of childhood was preserved through manhood and to age, and this by a man frequently writing on the most exciting political topics, is surely a subject well worth studying, with such aids as we can find.

Among those aids we find a series of letters written by Southey in the forty-sixth or forty-seventh year of his age, in which he relates all he can remember of the first fifteen years of his life. With these letters, his "*Life and Correspondence*, edited by his son, the Reverend Cuthbert Southey," opens. They were addressed to Mr. May, an old friend. Their publication at some future time was no doubt contemplated by the writer. About half a volume of the work is filled by this autobiography. A selection of such of his letters as could be recovered, connected, and elucidated by some interspersed narrative, carries us on to the poet's twenty-fifth year, and concludes the first volume of the work—the only part yet published. The "*Life of William Taylor of Norwich*" supplies us with another very interesting series of his letters, which, it so happens, commencing just where the other closes, enables us to trace the progress of the poet for seventeen years more—and those the years in which his greatest works were written. This part of Southey's correspondence was published with his own sanction, by Mr. Robberds, the biographer of Taylor. The *Reminiscences* of Mr. Cottle of Bristol, give us some further help in bringing Southey distinctly before the mind at the period of early manhood. We

feel, therefore, that while to ourselves it would be pleasant to forbear writing on the subject till the completion of Mr. Cuthbert Southey's book, there is no reasonable ground for such delay.

Of Southey's paternal ancestors we are told, in the autobiography, that the Southseys were a numerous tribe in Somersetshire, one of whom, the sixth in the ascending line from the poet, a great clothier in Wellington, had eleven sons, who peopled that part of the country with Southseys. The poet infers from their having armorial bearings, that they were of gentle birth. "I should like," says he, when describing the chevron and crosslets on his paternal shield, "to believe, that one of my ancestors had served in the crusades, or made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem."

If such fancy were founded in fact, the fact has escaped the chroniclers. Few persons were so well read in the class of books where it would be likely to be found as the poet; and he says he never met the name in a printed book. Family tradition represented one of them as a great soldier. "In the great rebellion, I guess, it must have been, but I neither know his name nor on which side he fought." Another was *out* with Monmouth: his sword was preserved till the time of Southey's father. An uncle of Southey's grandfather was an attorney at Taunton, and was registrar of the Archdeaconry. He married an heiress, and Southey's grandfather settled on the estate in the parish of Lydiard St. Lawrence, about ten miles from Taunton, under the Quantock hills. What is family tradition? Of his grandfather, Southey can find no record, except that he was a subscriber for "Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy," from which he infers that he had some regard for books, and was of a right way of thinking. A maiden sister lived in her brother's house. She had a small estate held on lives. Two dropped, and the last, when he knew the old lady's means of livelihood depended on his continuing to live, determined never to work more, but extort his support from her. Southey says the story is worth insertion in a treatise on English tenures. Cases have occurred in Ireland where murders have been committed to terminate estates so held. Cases have also occurred where a juror has refused to concur in a conviction, because the criminal's life was one on which a lease depended. We have known an incident not unlike that mentioned by Southey:—A profligate fellow proposed to a gentleman who had some property depending on his life, that he should share the property with him, or in the event of that not being acceded to, that he would go abroad and never more be heard of. He kept his word. For a few years, in spite of his efforts for concealment, traces of him sufficient for the purposes of those whose estate depended on his life were found.

At last he succeeded so far in baffling all inquiry, that it was thought more desirable to abandon the property than continue to occupy it on such a tenure.

Southey's grandfather had been a dissenter, but his residence in a lonely hamlet brought him away from the hotbeds of dissent. If dissent, however, did him no other harm than that which the poet records, we think he is not warranted in speaking as he does of the "essential acid of Puritanism." "Aunt Hannah frequently chastised her niece, Mary, for going into the fields with her playmates of a Sunday. She, and her brothers and sisters, she said, had never been suffered to go out of the house on the Sabbath, except to meetings."

His grandfather's children were three sons, John, Robert, and Thomas, and two daughters. John, the eldest son, became an attorney, at Taunton. Robert, the father of the poet, found himself behind the counter of a grocer in London. His heart was in the country, however, and in the rural sports in which his boyhood had been past. His attachment to field sports was an absolute passion. Seeing a porter one day with a hare in his hand, he could not help shedding tears at the sight. His master died, and he was removed to Bristol, and placed there with a linen-draper. An acquaintanceship with a young man of the name of Tyler, introduced him to Tyler's connexions. There is danger of losing our way in the wilderness of first cousins, and uncles and half-uncles, to whom we are now presented, and we shall get out of the jungle as fast as we can. Among the persons to whom Tyler introduced his friend, was Mrs. Margaret Hill. Bradford was her maiden name. She had been first married to a brother of Tyler's, and afterwards to Edward Hill of Bedminster. She was now again a widow, and living in the same house with her were Tylers and Hills, collaterals or descendants. Of the Tylers, uncle William was a fool,* or something not unlike it; and uncle Edward was not a very wise man. From the Tylers the poet passes on to the Hills. But we must hasten on to his mother. Bedminster was but a half-hour's walk from Bristol. Edward Tyler and his friend were constant visitors, and the latter who had, in partnership with a brother, opened a shop in Bristol in the year 1772, married Miss Hill. Signs were then common over shops, and true to his old sports-

* This is too harshly said. Southey speaks of this uncle with great affection, both in his *Autobiography* and in *The Doctor*. "It is common with the country people when they speak of such persons, to point significantly to the head, and say, 'tis not all there,—words denoting a sense of the mysteriousness of our nature, which perhaps they feel more deeply on this than on any other occasion. * * * William's was not a case of fatuity;—though all was not there, there was a great deal. He was what is called *half-witted*."—*The Doctor*, vol. i. p. 115.

man instincts, Southey ornamented his window with a hare as his device. The poet was the second child of this marriage, and born on the 12th of August 1774.

We return to the Tylers. Miss Tyler, the half-sister of Southey's mother, passed the earlier part of her life at Shobdon in Herefordshire, residing in the house of a maternal uncle. Bradford was in orders, and resided on a curacy ;—he had, however, some private property. He appears to have been a generous man, for from him Southey's uncle, Hill, derived the means of support at Oxford. On his death he gave the greater part of his property to Miss Tyler, who then began to "live at large, and frequent watering-places." A fashionable physician ordered her to Lisbon. She went, taking with her her half-brother, Herbert Hill, who had lately gone into orders. From this accidental visit arose Hill's connexion with Lisbon, as chaplain of the British factory, and Southey's own in after years. But of this hereafter.

She past but a year in Lisbon, and on her return settled in the neighbourhood of Bath.

"The house was in Walcot parish, in which five-and-forty years ago were the skirts of the city. It stood alone in a walled garden, and the entrance was from a lane. The situation was thought a bad one, because of the approach, and because the nearest houses were of a mean description; in other respects it was a very desirable residence. The house had been quite in the country when it was built. One of its fronts looked into the garden, the other into a lower garden and over other garden grounds to the river, Bathwick Fields, which are now covered with streets, and Claverton Hill, with a grove of firs along its brow, and a sham castle in the midst of their long dark line. I have not a stronger desire to see the pyramids than I had to visit that sham castle during the first years of my life. There was a sort of rural freshness about the place. The dead wall of a dwelling-house (the front of which was in Walcot-street) formed one side of the garden enclosure, and was covered with fine fruit-trees; the way from the garden door to the house was between that long house wall and a row of espaliers, behind which was a grass plat, interspersed with standard trees and flower beds, and having one of those green rotatory garden seats shaped like a tub, where the contemplative person within may, like Diogenes, be as much in the sun as he likes.

"There was a descent by a few steps to another garden, which was chiefly filled with fragrant herbs, and with a long bed of lilies of the valley. Ground-rent had been of little value when the house was built. The kitchen looked into the garden, and opened into it, and near the kitchen door was a pipe supplied from one of the fine springs with which the country about Bath abounds, and a little stone cistern beneath. The parlour door also opened into the garden; it

was bowered with jessamine, and there I often took my seat upon the stone steps.

"My aunt, who had an unlucky taste for such things, fitted up the house at a much greater expense than she was well able to afford. She threw two small rooms into one, and thus made a good parlour, and built a drawing-room over the kitchen. The walls of that drawing-room were covered with a plain green paper, the floor with a Turkey carpet: there hung her own portrait by Gainsborough, with a curtain to preserve the frame from the flies, and the colours from the sun: and there stood one of the most beautiful pieces of old furniture I ever saw,—a cabinet of ivory, ebony, and tortoise-shell, in an ebony frame. It had been left her by a lady of the Sponser family, and was said to have belonged to the great Marlborough. I may mention as part of the parlour furniture, a square screen with a foot-board and a little shelf, because I have always had one of the same fashion myself, for its convenience; a French writing-table, because of its peculiar shape, which was that of a cajou-nut, or a kidney,—the writer sat in the concave, and had a drawer on each side; an arm-chair made of fine cherry wood, which had been Mr. Bradford's, and in which she always sat,—mentionable, because if any visitor who was not in her especial favour sat therein, the leathern cushion was always sent into the garden to be aired, before she would use it again; a mezzotinto print of Pope's Eloisa, in an oval black frame, because of its supposed likeness to herself; two prints in the same kind of engraving, from pictures by Angelica Kauffman; one of Hector and Andromache; the other of Telemachus at the court of Menelaus; these I notice, because they were in frames of Brazilian wood; and the great print of Pompadour, o grande Marquez, in a similar frame, because this was the first portrait of an illustrious man with which I became familiar. The establishment consisted of an old man-servant and a maid-servant, both from Shobdon. The old man used every night to feed the crickets. He died at Bath in her service."—*Life of Southey*, vol. i. pp. 32-34.

Here Southey chiefly lived from the age of two years till six, with many indulgences, but more privations. The privations were such as do a child most mischief. The maiden aunt was above all things afraid of his soiling his clothes, and healthy exercise and play were out of the question. The child slept with his aunt, and as her hour of rising was late, the poor little fellow was obliged to lie in bed till she chose to be broad awake, afraid to stir lest she should be disturbed. Here he lay fancying combinations of figures in the folds of the curtains, watching from daybreak the increasing gleams of light from the window-shutters, and perhaps already creating the habit of thought which distinguishes the poet from other men.

Her acquaintances were numerous; a friend of hers was married to Francis Newberry, son of the Newberry who published *Goody Two-Shoes* and *Giles Gingerbread*. *Goody Two-*

Shoes has acquired a new interest since Mr. Godwin's conjecture of its having been written by Goldsmith,—a conjecture, to the truth of which Mr. Foster, the highest authority on any subject connected with Goldsmith, is disposed to assent. The flowered Dutch paper and gilding in which the little books were issued had for the child a greater charm than any author's name could give. Newberry gave him, as soon as he could read, a set of these books, more than twenty in number. To this rich present Southey traces his love of books, and decided determination to literature. We are glad the incident is recorded; but we do not attach much value to the poet's speculation on its effect. Had the present never been made, to some other circumstance equally accidental would have been given the credit of creating the bias. It is in vain to look for outward accidents to explain what must ultimately be resolved into the original constitution of the mind. It is quite as likely, that the circumstances which Southey regards as injurious—his being a lonely boy without playfellows, or proper companionship, may have had more to do with the early awakening of his powers than Mr. Newberry's sixpenny books. Injurious, no doubt, all this must have been to his general health; but in unhealthy childhood disease seems a sort of hothead in which talents are often almost preternaturally developed.

It was fortunate for the health of the boy that he was by other circumstances compelled to look to the world without. Miss Tyler was acquainted with the proprietors of the Bristol and Bath theatres, and had tickets of free admission. At four years old the child was a constant play-goer. He soon acquired a keen relish for the stage; but his heart was in the fields; and a walk beyond his usual bounds was his greatest luxury. There were three points he had most desire of reaching,—the sham castle on Claverton Hill,—a summer-house on Beccen Cliffs,—and the grave of a young man who had been killed in a duel. His aunt's fears, however, predominated. The points to which his imagination was directed were, she thought, too far for a walk, and it was a long while before he had the opportunity of experiencing, what we all sooner or later experience, how different the Yarrow of reality is from that of imagination. Poor child, his aunt's habits kept him an uneasy prisoner when with her, and he delighted in the occasional release which a summons to his father's house at Bristol gave. He there had some liberty. Though the house was among crowded streets, he got more often into the fields than when with his aunt. His grandmother was still living; and he was much at Badminton. Kingsdown, Brandon Hill, and Clifton, were among his more frequent walks.

An important era is approaching; he is now actually in

breeches; a young man six years of age. In nothing has the fashion of dress been so much improved even since our boyhood as in boy's clothing; but the present dress of boys, compared with that of Southey's time, seems absolutely to change the identity of the young animal, so utterly grotesque was the one, so graceful is the other. At six years old we find the young poet "in a fantastic tunic of nankeen for high days and holidays, trimmed with green fringe,—it was called a vest and tunic, or a jam;" and this he now changed for a coat, waistcoat, and breeches, of forester's green. No intermediate dress had been yet invented for the juvenile world. If it was not for the colour, the little man, in spite of his long attenuated limbs, might be taken for a Dutchman. He is sent to school—a day-school in Bristol.

"Knee breeches are ta'en down to whip the scholar."

At this school he tells us that he learned little, owing to his master's severity—his master dies when he has been about a year there—the establishment passes into better hands, but for some reason or other his father now placed him at a boarding-school. His new abode was in the neighbourhood of Corston, a village about nine miles from Bristol. Southey's school recollections were accompanied with painful feelings. In his *Hymn to the Penates*, he tells us of his removal to school.

" ————— When a child (for still I love
To dwell with fondness on my childish years)
When first a little one I left my home,
I can remember the first grief I felt,
And the first painful smile that clothed my front
With feelings not its own—sadly at night
I sat me down beside a stranger's hearth,
And when the lingering hour of rest was come,
First wet with tears my pillow."

In the *Retrospect*, another of his youthful poems, the place itself is described in lines cast more in the manner of Goldsmith and Rogers, than any other of Southey's poems. The poet was at the time of its composition in his nineteenth or twentieth year. There is no peculiar poetic power indicated in any part of this little copy of verses, but at no period of his life did Southey produce anything more graceful, or anything of which the sober colouring so perfectly suited the subject. A letter of Southey's describes the place. It was the old manorial residence of some decayed family, and retained vestiges of what it had been—walled gardens, gate pillars, surmounted with huge stone balls—everything indicated former opulence; within doors a black oaken staircase leading from the hall was distinctly re-

membered by the poet, and the school-room—such it now became—hung with faded tapestry, “behind which we used to hide our hoard of crabs.”

“ Yet is remembrance sweet, though well I know
 The days of childhood are but days of wo;
 Some rude restraint, some petty tyrant sours
 What else should be our sweetest blythest hours,
 Yet is it sweet to call those hours to mind,
 Those easy hours for ever left behind,
 Ere care began the spirit to oppress,
 When ignorance itself was happiness.
 Such was my state in these remember'd years,
 When two small acres bounded all my fears,
 And therefore still with pleasure I recall
 The tapestried school; the bright brown-boarded hall,
 The walnuts where when favour would allow,
 Full oft I went to search each well-stript bough;
 The crab tree which supplied a secret hoard
 With roasted crabs to deck the wintry board.
 These trifling objects then my heart possess,
 These trifling objects still remain impressed.
 So when with unskilled hand some idle hind
 Carves his rude name within a sapling's rind,
 In after years the peasant lives to see
 The expanding letters grow as grows the tree;
 Though every winter's desolating sway
 Shake the hoarse grove and sweep the leaves away;
 That rude inscription uneffaced will last,
 Unaltered by the storm or wintry blast.”*

At this school he passed a year learning little. The master was a man of some mathematical talents and acquirements, who always looked as if he felt the business of teaching an interruption of his own studies. The school was one for the children of people in business, and writing and arithmetic was all that Mr. Flower professed to teach. A Frenchman came three times a week from Bristol, to instruct in Latin a few of the boys, of whom Southey was one. Duplanier was his name. He returned to France at the commencement of the Revolution; and it was devoutly believed, by all who believed in the Bristol newspapers, that he it was who was afterwards known as General Menou. At this school there were spelling-matches, and unless* the printers of the beautiful volume of Southey's Life are themselves to blame for a misprint, victory seems to have inclined once at least to the wrong side. One of the “longtailed words in *osity* and *ation*,” which won Southey an ovation of which he

* The Retrospect; written at Oxford 1784.—Southey's *Minor Poems*.
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tells exultingly was *chrystalization*—so spelled. The plan of spelling-matches was not a bad one. It saved the master trouble, and the boys learned to spell better by this game of skill than they could in any other way. Flower also made the elder boys instruct the younger ones, and in this way Southey learned Latin by teaching it. The school when he entered was already declining. The elder Flower was a good-natured indolent man, who, had he found a proper position in life, might have lived happily and usefully. For the management of a school he was wholly unfit; he was about fifty, had lost his first wife, and was now married to a drunken slatternly servant-maid. Boys and servants were allowed to do very much what they pleased, and all was going fast down the road to ruin. Personal cleanliness was neglected to an extent scarcely credible, and the food of the boys was dressed filthily. What a change from the purity, propriety, and precision of Miss Tyler's establishment, or even from his father's, must this have been to the poor boy now eight years old! He had a cocked hat for Sundays, but this during the week-days had also its uses. He kept in it sugar and such good things as he had brought from home or bought from the servants. At last the *itch* broke out in the school. The boys contrived to make their parents acquainted with the fact by means of letters, conveyed through Duplanier. Flower and his son actually came to blows, each blaming the other for the destruction of the school. Southey, to his great delight, returned to his father's after a year passed at Corston.

This was in the year 1782. Some change of circumstances arising from the death of Southey's grandmother, which now occurred, made Miss Tyler a resident at Bedminster for a part of the year, and the poet describes with delight the house in which some of the happy days of his childhood had been past. It is impossible by any abridgment to give our readers a conception of the skill with which everything connected with the place in the way either of association or of picture is brought out in Southey's description. Each distinct feature is dwelt on singly, and yet in such a way as that all seems co-present, and each not alone contributes to the general effect, but almost seems that to which the whole effect is owing. Never certainly was there a more perfect painter in words than Southey. This power manifested in a very high degree in his poetry, is yet more so in his prose. In prose he had the advantage of a wider and more varied vocabulary. It was not till he advanced in life that his perfect mastery over language was fully attained, and at that time it was exercised only in prose, or in the less ambitious forms of verse. We must make room for part of his description.

"I have so many vivid feelings connected with this house at Bedminster, that if it had not been in a vile neighbourhood, I believe my heart would have been set upon purchasing it, and fixing my abode there, where the happiest days of my childhood were spent. My grandfather built it, (about the year 1740 I suppose,) and had made it what was then thought a thoroughly commodious and good house for one in his rank of life. It stood in a lane, some two or three hundred yards from the great western road. You ascended by several semicircular steps into what was called the fore-court, but was in fact a flower-garden, with a broad pavement from the gate to the porch. That porch was in a great part lined as well as covered with white jessamines, and many a time have I sat there with my poor sisters, threading the fallen blossoms upon grass stalks. It opened into a little hall, paved with diamond-shaped flags. On the right hand was the parlour, which had a brown or black-boarded floor, covered with a Lisbon mat, and a handsome time-piece over the fire-place: on the left was the best kitchen, in which the family lived. The best kitchen is an apartment that belongs to other days, and is now no longer to be seen, except in houses which having remained unaltered for the last half century, are inhabited by persons a degree lower in society than their former possessors. The one which I am now calling to mind after an interval of more than forty years, was a cheerful room, with an air of such country comfort about it that my little heart was always gladdened when I entered it during my grandmother's life. It had a stone floor, which I believe was the chief distinction between a best kitchen and a parlour. The furniture consisted of a clock, a large oval oak table with two flaps, (over which two or three fowling-pieces had their place,) a round tea-table of cherry wood, Windsor chairs of the same, and two large arm ones of that easy make, (of all makes it is the easiest,) in one of which my grandmother always sat. On one side of the fire-place the china was displayed in a buffet—that is, a cupboard with glass-doors; on the other were closets for articles less ornamental, but more in use. The room was wainscotted and ornamented with some old maps, and with a long looking-glass over the chimney-piece, and a tall one between the windows, both in white frames. The windows opened into the fore-court, and were as cheerful and fragrant in the season of flowers, as roses and jessamine, which grew luxuriantly without, could make them. There was a passage between this apartment and the kitchen, long enough to admit a large airy pantry, and a larder on the left hand, the windows of both opening into the barton, as did those of the kitchen; on the right hand was a door into the back-court. There was a rack in the kitchen, well garnished with bacon, and a mistletoe bush always suspended from the ceiling."

His delight was in the garden, in the flowers, and in observing insects. Luckily no botanist or entomologist was in the neighbourhood, or a poet might have been led astray. Wordsworth, Southey takes occasion to tell us, is without the sense of smell.

"Once, and once only in his life, the dormant power was awakened; it was by a bed of stocks in full bloom, at a house which he inhabited in Dorsetshire some five-and-twenty years ago; and he says it was like a vision of paradise to him, but it lasted only a few minutes, and the faculty has continued torpid from that time. I, on the contrary," adds Southey, "possess the sense in such acuteness, that I can remember an odour, and call up the ghost of one that is departed." Through life three flowers reminded Southey of Bedminster,—the Roman jessamine, the everlasting pea, and the evening primrose. "My grandmother loved to watch the opening of this singularly delicate flower—a flower, indeed, which in purity and delicacy seems to me to exceed all others. She called it Mortality, because these beauties pass away so soon, and because in the briefness of its continuance, (living only for a night,) it reminded her of human life."

The interval between Southey's leaving Corston and being placed as a day pupil at a school in Bristol, was passed chiefly at Bedminster. That school was kept by a Welshman of the name of Williams. This school like the last was for the education of boys intended for mercantile life, and Latin was a luxury enjoyed but by few. Southey, however, had more of it than at Corston, as he had a lesson every day. He remained at the school four or five years, and managed to get through Cornelius Nepos and Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. He did not please his writing master, yet somehow or other he contrived to write a good hand in after life. As to dancing, his dancing master pronounced him an incorrigible dunce.

"Alas! poor Bruin! how he foots the pole,
And waddles round it with unwieldy steps,
Swaying from side to side. The dancing master
Hath had as profitless a pupil in him,
As when he would have tortured my poor toes
To minuet grace, and made them move like clockwork,
In musical obedience. Bruin! Bruin!
Thou art but a clumsy biped!"*

The house at Bedminster, meanwhile, had become the property of a stranger, and its inmates of the Tyler dynasty dispersed. Miss Tyler became a resident at Bristol in the house of Mrs. Bartlett and Miss Palmer, whose property was vested in the Bath and Bristol theatres; and thus Southey, at this susceptible age, had the opportunity of frequent visits to the theatre. He was too old to be put to bed before the play began, and was

* *Minor Poems.*—*The Dancing Bear*, 1799.

taken to the theatre as something better than being left to the servants.

"It is impossible to describe the thorough delight which I felt from this habitual indulgence. No after enjoyment could equal or approach it. I was sensible of no defects either in the dramas or the representation: better acting, indeed, could nowhere have been found. Mrs. Siddons was the heroine; Dimond and Murray would have done credit to any stage; and among the comic actors were Edwin and Blanchard—and Blisset, who, though never known to a London audience, was, of all comic actors whom I have ever seen, the most perfect. But I was happily insensible to that difference between good and bad acting which, in riper years, takes off so much from the pleasure of dramatic representation; every thing answered the height of my expectations and desires. And I saw it in perfect comfort, in a small theatre, from the front row of a box, not too far from the centre. The Bath theatre was said to be the most comfortable in England; and no expense was spared in the scenery and decorations."

Miss Tyler was regarded as a patroness of the theatre, and was acquainted with all the stars. It was something to a schoolboy to be intimate with people whose names were in everybody's mouth—with people who personated kings and queens,—as Crabbe says, "'twas feeling like a king." But it was soon found that the actors themselves, superior as they were to ordinary mortals, were of an inferior class to authors. Many a work which, had Southey's intimacies been with any other set of people, would never have been heard of by him, was the subject of perpetual conversation during its day of notoriety. The ephemeral in literature had here its one bright day of glittering life. Southey had already begun to write verses; and now that the passion of authorship was awakened by the players, it is no marvel that he began to write dramas. Whatever he read for awhile was sure to represent itself in a dramatic shape. The *Continence of Scipio* was his first attempt. The characters were planned to suit the actors and actresses on the Bath stage. How this was managed we are not told. The *Wife of Bath*—had our young dramatist been a reader of Chaucer—would have done better for some of the ladies. When he went to school he endeavoured to persuade more than one of his school-fellows to write tragedies, and could not understand how, subject and situation being supplied, there could be any difficulty in finding dialogue.

The peculiarities of Miss Tyler's temper were trying to her friends, and Miss Palmer adopted sullenness in self-defence, and used to sit for days with an apron over her face. "'You will injure your eyes by this," Miss Palmer, said I; "you know that every thing gets out of order if it is not used; a book, if it is not

opened, becomes damp and mouldy; and a key, if never turned in the lock, gets rusty.' My aunt entered the room. 'Do you know what this child has been saying?' said Miss Palmer. 'He has been comparing my eyes to a rusty key and a mouldy book.' Miss Palmer seems to have engaged the young poet's imagination in a very remarkable degree: the earliest night-dream he could in after years bring to his memory related to her.

"I thought I was sitting with her in her drawing-room, (chairs, carpet, and every thing are now visibly present to my mind's eye,) when the devil was introduced as a morning visitor. Such an appearance, for he was in full costume of horns, black bat-wings, tail, and cloven feet, put me in ghostly and bodily fear; but she received him with perfect politeness, called him dear Mr. Devil, desired the servant to give him a chair, and expressed her delight at being favoured with a call."

There is no author in whose works, both prose and verse, we have the devil so often portrayed. The pious Painter, and the Old Women of Berkeley, and the Devil's Walk, are in the memory of half our readers; but in some dozens of ballads, less known, and in every form of allusion through his prose works, Southey has again and again worked the hoofs and horns into rhyme or rant, and described the tail curling like the tendrils of the vine, or wagging like a dog's. His devil is the old nursery devil, not the Satan of Milton, or the Mephistopheles of Goethe; and we suspect that his aunt and Miss Palmer sometimes rose up in his mind when he was describing his witches, whom "power had made haughty," and the feebler natures which could not resist their sorceries. This would imply no want of proper respect and affection for either lady, for his witches and their slaves are manifestly favourites with him. In the last edition of the Devil's Walk, we find something to confirm this notion.

"A lady drove by in her pride,
In whose face an expression he [the devil] spied,
For which he could have kissed her;
Such a flourishing fine clever creature was she,
With an eye as wicked as wicked could be,
I should take her for my aunt says he,
If my dam had had a sister."

His holidays were sometimes past at Weymouth. Here he first saw the sea, and here he first read Tasso in Hoole's version, and here he became acquainted with the Fairy Queen. In a year or two after, he met with Mickle's *Lusiad* and Pope's *Homer*. His playgoing habits had led him at an earlier day to read Beaumont and Fletcher, and Shakespear. Chatterton's story was then fresh in the recollection of every one in Bristol; and the Rowley poems were among Southey's early

studies. A circulating library gave him Hoole's Ariosto, and then his epic ambition awoke. It would be tedious to tell of all the heroes he meant to immortalize—in blank verse, chosen, “not because it was easier than rhyme, for rhyme was easy enough, but because I felt in it a greater freedom and range of language.” The passion for fame was strong enough to give character and colour to his dreams. In a dream he once saw the great epic poets assembled—Fame came hurrying by, with her arm full of laurels, which he reached at, and in the act of grasping awoke.

One of his juvenile efforts was a drama on the Trojan war. The scene was in Elysium, and the spirits of the heroes related their adventures on earth. He tells of others of his heroic poems. He was now thirteen years of age. One of his manuscripts had, on some accidental visit, been found by a visitor of his aunt's, and read. This incident set him upon inventing a cipher for the purpose of concealing what he might write. At school he had no opportunity of continuing to practise the use of his cabalistical characters, and finding a difficulty in deciphering what he had written, he burned his manuscripts in vexation.

He tells us that at this period he had no conception of the arrangement of plot or purpose in these narrative poems. Incidents rose up unexpectedly, and without any forethought or consideration of their effect with reference to any general plan; and his impression is, that in the Italian romantic poems the same defect of constructive talent is observable, and that many of their most ambitious works were composed with as little premeditation as the dream-poems of a schoolboy's childhood. In the Spanish and Portuguese poets he speaks of the same defect. It would be rash on a subject of this kind to express a difference of opinion with Southey, but we think that through the Orlando Furioso as distinct a thread of purpose can be traced connecting the several adventures as in the Iliad or Odyssey, though the suddenness with which the heroes and heroines reappear, at times when they are least expected, produces an effect on the reader's mind as if the author was moving capriciously, or as if his course was varied by every breath of accident, while further examination of the poem shows in every particular subdivision of it a design never absent from the writer's mind. The length of these poems has prevented their being the subject of study, except in fragments, and this has led to what we regard as Southey's mistake. With the Italian poets, anxious as was their execution of details, and exquisitely wrought out as these details are, the general conception of the story, and the adjustment of its parts in symmetrical relation to each other and to the whole, was felt to be the poet's most important work. The constructive talent was

that which distinguished the poet more than all else. So much was this the case, that in all these poems the class of incidents—the temptations which the hero resisted or to which he yielded—were almost common property. The originality of the poet was much more shown in the structure of his poem than in the details. In the classical models, the lucid arrangement of incident, and the apparent simplicity of the design, was the chief grace aimed at. The successive adventures of a single hero in removing the obstacles to some pre-appointed purpose are exhibited by the classic poet. This is the unity at which he aims. The contemporaneous adventures of many heroes whose adventures are connected by their relation to some common object, form, for the most part, the theme of the romantic poet. The fact of contemporaneity could scarcely be exhibited, except by those sudden surprises and abruptnesses which disturb the inexperienced reader of the Italian poets; and as each hero is consciously, or unconsciously, to contribute his share to the final event, the poet can scarcely allow any of the streams of narrative to be seen approaching its destined termination till he is prepared to take the spectator to a point of view in which he can contemplate all as they flow to one central point, towards which, through their whole course, they have been tending. The most patient reader will, however, at times, refuse to be the slave of the romancer. He will cease to follow, and then, of course, all that he has read of such a poem will appear purposeless and accidental—an abuse of perverted power.

The constructive talent which Southey tells us he knew nothing of at first, was afterwards that which most distinguished him. He was proud of it, and he well might, for he certainly possessed it in a very eminent degree.

“The progress of my own mind towards attaining it (so far as I may be thought to have attained it) I am able to trace distinctly, not merely by the works themselves, and by my own recollections of the views with which they were undertaken and composed, but by the various sketches and memoranda for four long narrative poems, made during their progress from the first conception of each till its completion. At present the facility and pleasure with which I can plan an heroic poem, a drama, or biographical and historical work, however comprehensive, is even a temptation to me. It seems as if I caught the bearings of a subject at first sight, just as Telford sees from an eminence with a glance in which direction his road must be carried. But it was long before I acquired this power—not fairly, indeed, till I was about five or six-and-thirty; and it was gained by practice, in the course of which I learnt to perceive wherein I was deficient.”

The notes to Southey's poems show with what diligence he laboured to acquire whatever information could be had from any

source within his reach that might be of service to his purposes ; and tastes that otherwise would have only led to an indulgence in desultory reading—the most vicious and debilitating mischief to which young men of talents expose themselves, from not having any perception of its danger—this became, when directed to a particular object, the means of invigorating the mind. Everything that Southey in any way learned was, in some shape or other, reproduced in his verses, and the necessity of studying all that bore on a particular subject gave a fixed direction to what would otherwise have been the sport of every idle accident.

The next change in Southey's life is his being placed at Westminster school ; but before we accompany him thither we must let our readers see more of Miss Tyler, the aunt under whose especial care he appears to have been till then.

The first appearance of Miss Tyler occurs in the antenatal portion of the biography. It was then the visit to Lisbon occurred which we have before described. At the time of the poet's birth Miss Tyler was thirty-four. "She was remarkably beautiful, as far as any face can be called beautiful in which the indications of a violent temper are strongly marked." We have already seen her at Bedminster and at Weymouth. When she finally fixed at Bristol "she brought with her a proud contempt of Bristol society." She declined all acquaintanceships except with the occasional visitors of Clifton and the theatrical folk. When any strangers dined with her, or when she went out, Miss Tyler's manners and appearance were those of a woman accustomed to the best society. Caught by a visitor in her ordinary apparel she was as confused "as Diana when Actæon came on her bathing-place," and with almost as much reason, for she was always in a bed-gown, and in rags. She wore her old clothes till they seemed to be a part of herself, but she was scrupulously clean in them. The whole business of her household was keeping the house clean. Dust was what above all things she abhorred. Her eccentricities made her very troublesome to everybody. The only thing about her that was allied to good was this abhorrence of dust, but her scrupulosity on the subject was not unlike insanity.

"The discomfort which Miss Tyler's passion for cleanliness produced to herself as well as to her little household was truly curious ; to herself, indeed, it was a perpetual torment ; to the two servants a perpetual vexation,—and so it would have been to me if nature had not blessed me with an innate hilarity of spirit which nothing but real affliction can overcome. That the better rooms might be kept clean she took possession of the kitchen, sending the servants to one which was under ground ; and in this little, dark, confined place, with a rough stone floor and a sky-light, (for it must not be supposed that it

was a best kitchen, which was always, as it was intended to be, a comfortable sitting-room—this was more like a scullery,) we always took our meals, and generally lived. The best room was never opened but for company, except now and then on a fine day to be aired and dusted, if dust could be detected there. In the other parlour I was allowed sometimes to read, and she wrote her letters there, for she had many correspondents; and we sat there sometimes in summer, when a fire was not needed, for fire produced ashes, and ashes occasioned dust, and dust, visible or invisible, was the plague of her life. I have seen her order the tea-kettle to be emptied and refilled because some one had passed across the hearth while it was on the fire preparing for her breakfast. She had indulged these humours till she had formed for herself notions of uncleanness almost as irrational and inconvenient as those of the Hindoos. She had a cup once buried for six weeks, to purify it from the lips of one whom she accounted unclean; all who were not her favourites were included in that class. A chair in which an unclean person had sat was put out in the garden to be aired; and I never saw her more annoyed than on one occasion when a man, who called upon business, seated himself in her own chair; how the cushion was ever again to be rendered fit for her use, she knew not! On such occasions, her fine features assumed a character either fierce or tragic; her expressions were vehement even to irreverence; and her gesticulations those of the deepest and wildest distress,—hands and eyes uplifted, as if she was in hopeless misery, or in a paroxysm of mental anguish.”

Never was there a more ill-regulated mind than that of this haughty spinster. Her temper was violent. To her servants she was capriciously indulgent and tyrannical. They did not dislike her, nor do such persons in general dislike passionate masters and mistresses. Faults of this kind in their superiors assist servants in the process of self-justification in which the half-educated moral being is for ever occupied. They were disposed to bear a great deal too from their mistress, because she often let them go to the play—being able to do so for nothing—and because her perpetual altercations with them were more palatable than the stately reserve which would seem to deny servants the rights of a common nature with their masters. She herself had a theory not very uncommon, that “a bad temper was connected with a good understanding and a commanding mind,” and so she was on very good terms with herself. She was parsimonious at the same time that she lived beyond her means. Her nephew, from whom we have this account of her oddities, seems to remember her in spite of them with affection. The elastic spirit of childhood resisted the worst effects of this strange tyranny; but Miss Tyler had in Miss Palmer, and in Southey's mother, passive natures, which dared not to give battle. Miss Tyler, fortunately for the peace of the rest of the family, fell out with

a brother of Southey's, and so she never entered the door of Southey's father. Southey, who lived with his aunt, was under her control, and could only get to his father's in short and hurried visits. Her horror at the thought of his soiling his clothes prevented him from having any proper play-fellow. In these circumstances, he and his aunt's servant boy were constant companions. They worked together in the garden, flew kites, went into the country to look for flowers, and—greatest work of all—actually constructed a theatre for puppets. At last, Southey goes to Westminster. We looked with anxiety to the letters which describe his recollections of Westminster school. They are in every respect unimportant. He remained too short a time there to have his stay produce much effect in one way or other. His passion for early authorship, was encouraged by the remuneration of which Cowper speaks:

“ At Westminster, where little poets strive
To set a distich upon six and five;
Where discipline helps opening buds of sense,
And makes his pupils proud with silver pence,—
I was a poet too.”

It would have been well if Southey had been contented, like Cowper, “with seeing his exercise sent from form to form for the admiration of all who were able to understand it;” but Southey was born in a later day, and this description of publication was not sufficient for the spreading ambition of the ardent boy. He would be an author on a larger scale, and so he published some numbers of a periodical called the *Flagellant*, in which the masters feared to see themselves flagellated, and so they commenced actions of libel against the publishers, and compelled Southey, who acknowledged himself the writer of a paper on corporal punishment, which gave them offence, to leave the school. At this time the affairs of his father were so involved that bankruptcy became inevitable. Southey went to Oxford, was refused admission at Christ Church on account of the *Flagellant* affair, and was admitted at Balliol.

Of his college life the records are few and unimportant. The letters preserved of this period are described by his son as “exercises in composition.” There is not much evidence of his having pursued the prescribed studies of his college, nor any of irregularities or rebellion against discipline. He would wear his hair in flowing ringlets, in proud opposition to the paste and pomatum which the fashion of the day required; and in spite of academic regulations which forbade boots, he appears to have worn them. It was in 1793 that he entered college, and he past the August of that year at Brixton Causeway, four miles on the

Surrey side of London, with his friend Grosvenor Bedford,—the friend to whom, some thirty years afterwards, his "*Roderick*" was dedicated. Before this visit he had commenced the poem of *Joan of Arc*; and here, on the day on which he entered his twentieth year, he resumed, and in six weeks completed the work.

"My progress," says Southey,* "would not have been so rapid, had it not been for the opportunity of retirement which I enjoyed there, and the encouragement I received. In those days, London had not extended in that direction farther than Kennington, beyond which place the scene suddenly changed, and there was an air and appearance of country which might now be sought in vain at a far greater distance from town. There was nothing indeed to remind one that London was so near, except the smoke which overhung it."

"Mr. Bedford's residence was situated upon the edge of a common, on which shady lanes opened leading to neighbouring villages; (for such they were then,) Camberwell, Dulwich, and Clapham, and to Norwood. The view in front was bounded by the Surrey hills. Its size and structure showed it to be one of those good houses built in the early part of the last century, by persons who, having realized a respectable fortune in trade, were wise enough to be contented with it, and retire to pass the evening of their lives in the enjoyment of leisure and tranquillity."

"Tranquil indeed the place was, for the neighbourhood did not extend beyond half-a-dozen families, and the London style and habits of visiting had not obtained among them. Uncle Toby himself might have enjoyed his rood and a half of ground there, and not have it known. A fore-court separated the house from the footpath and the road in front, behind there was a large and well-stocked garden with other spacious premises, in which utility and ornament were in some degree combined. At the extremity of the garden, and under the shade of four linden trees, was a summer-house looking on an ornamented grass-plot, and fitted up as a conveniently habitable room,—that summer-house was allotted to me, and there my mornings were passed at the desk. Whether it exists now or not I am ignorant. The property has long since passed into other hands. The common is enclosed and divided by rectangular hedges and palings; rows of brick houses have supplanted the shade of oaks and elms; the brows of the Surrey hills bear a parapet of modern villas, and the face of the whole district is changed."

In Southey's letters of 1793, we find strong expressions of sympathy with republican feelings. But the fervour is that of a boy inspired by his classics rather than by the newspapers of the day. Of modern books, *Glover's Leonidas* was now his favourite; and the contrast of Greece in the days of old and its then degradation—"What a republic!—What a province!"

—awakes a wish strongly expressed, perhaps ardently conceived.

“If this world did but contain 10,000 people of both sexes, visionary as myself, how delightfully would we repeople Greece and turn out the Moslem. I would turn crusader, and make a pilgrimage to Parnassus at the head of my republicans, and there reinstate the Muses in their original splendour. We would build a temple to Eleutherian Jove from the quarries of Paros, replant the grove of Academus—ay, and the garden of Epicurus, where your brother and I would commence teachers.”

But in all Southey's visions of the future, domestic comfort finds its place, and we have him, at the close of his letter to Horace Bedford, from which we are quoting, building his house in the prettiest Doric style—planting his garden, and managing his family group,—

“when here comes a rascal, crying, ‘hare skins and rabbit skins,’ and my poor house, which was built in the air, falls to pieces and leaves me like most visionary projectors staring at disappointment. * * * It was the favourite intention of Cowley to retire with books to a cottage in America, and seek that happiness in solitude which he could not find in society. My asylum there would be sought for different reasons, (and no prospect in life gives me half the pleasure this visionary one affords.) I should be pleased to reside in a country where men's abilities would ensure respect; where society was on a proper footing, and man was considered more valuable than money; and where I could till the earth and provide by honest industry the meat which my wife would dress with pleasing care.”*

In another letter (December 14, 1793) he says,—

“The wants of man are so very few, that they must be attainable somewhere, and whether here or in America matters little. I have long learnt to look on the world as my country. Now, if you are in the mood for a reverie, fancy me only in America: imagine my ground uncultivated since the creation, and see me wielding the axe, now to cut down the tree, and now the snakes that nestled in it. Then see me grubbing up the roots, and building a nice snug little dairy with them: three rooms in my cottage, and my only companion some poor negro whom I have bought on purpose to emancipate. After a hard day's toil, see me sleep upon rushes; and in very bad weather take out my cassette, and write to you; for you shall positively write to me in America. Do not imagine that I shall leave rhyming or philosophizing; so thus your friend will realize the romance of Cowley, and even outdo the seclusion of Rousseau; till at last comes an ill-looking Indian with a tomahawk, and scalps me.”

In another letter of the same year, he says,—

“The more I see of this strange world, the more I am convinced that society requires desperate remedies. The friends I have (and you know me to be cautious in choosing them) are many of them struggling with obstacles which never could happen were man what nature intended him. A torrent of ideas bursts into my mind when I reflect on this subject. In the hours of sanguine expectation, these reveries are agreeable, but more frequently the visions are dark and gloomy, and the only ray that enlivens the scene beams on America.”

On religious subjects, Southey's notions were confused. It is scarcely just to designate opinions so vague as his, by classing him with any sect, but it became impossible for him to continue to entertain the thought of taking orders in the Church of England, and thus the object with which he came to Oxford was altogether frustrated. In devising means of support, some clerkship in one of the Government offices occurred to him, and he wrote to a friend on the subject; but here his Republicanism was an insuperable bar. He attended a few lectures on chemistry and anatomy, and soon found that medicine was not the thing for him. At this time he became acquainted with Coleridge.

Coleridge was a student at Jesus College, Cambridge. In his first year he obtained the distinction of a gold medal for a Greek ode on the slave-trade. He is described by his contemporaries as desirous of college honours; but his strength was in classics; and the condition of being even examined for classical honours, was having attained some knowledge of mathematics; and this Coleridge never attained. While Middleton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, was at college, he and Coleridge appear to have studied together. Middleton belonged to Pembroke College, and Coleridge read at Middleton's rooms. They had been at Christ's Hospital together; and Middleton, the elder boy, was both at school and afterwards at the university—to use Coleridge's own language—his “patron and protector.” Middleton failed in obtaining a Fellowship at Pembroke, and left the place. With him went all Coleridge's industry and college hopes. “Coleridge was,” we are told, “very studious; but his reading was desultory and capricious. He took little exercise; was always ready to unbend his mind in conversation; and for the sake of this, his room (the ground-floor room on the right hand of the staircase facing the great gate) was a constant rendezvous of conversation-loving friends. I will not call them loungers,” says the writer from whom we quote, “for they did not call to kill time, but to enjoy it. What evenings have I spent in those rooms! What little suppers, or *sittings* as

they were called, have I enjoyed.”* These were the days of political trials, and the French revolution, and Burke’s pamphlets, and Coleridge night and day declaimed on all. This could not but have ended in distraction and debt. In a state of mind bordering on madness, he left Cambridge for London, and listed in a dragoon regiment. He was popular among his fellow-soldiers; and if he could not clean his horse, he could be of use in writing letters; so he wrote the love-letters of the regiment, and his brothers-in-arms did most of his duties. He had changed his name, and his friends for some five or six months knew nothing of him. At last he was recognised, and his discharge obtained through their friendly intervention. He returned to Cambridge. A minute account of this passage in Coleridge’s life is given by Mr. Bowles, who adds to his narrative,—“It should be mentioned, that by far the most correct, sublime, chaste, and beautiful of his poems, *meo judicio*, the ‘Religious Musings’ was written *non inter sylvas Academi*, but in the tap-room, at Reading; a fine subject for a painting by Wilkie.” There is some confusion of dates in the account of this poem; Coleridge’s own date of the poem is Christmas, 1794. Mr. Cottle refers its production to the June of the following year. Bowles’s account of its having been written while he was serving in Elliot’s dragoons is irreconcilable with either Coleridge’s or Cottle’s account. The date of Coleridge’s enlistment was December 3, 1793, and of his discharge 10th of April 1794.†

Coleridge’s stay at Cambridge was not long. In June 1794, he went to Oxford on a visit to an old school-fellow, and there became acquainted with Southey. They were each attracted by the other; and their participation in the same views of society, and very much, too, of religion, became a strong bond of union. Southey, we have seen, had already determined against taking orders; and Coleridge must, we think, be regarded as having little hope of doing any thing through his college. To neither did the sacrifice appear a severe one, of leaving their respective universities without waiting for degrees. England did not seem to promise them means of support; and emigration to America, which had been, as we have seen, long before Southey’s mind as an object, became the subject of their thoughts and conversation;—of their conversation, rather than their thoughts, if we are to judge of the matter by the account which Mr. Gill-

* We transcribe from a letter in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for December 1834, signed CANGIEL, i.e., LE GRICE. Gillman describes the author as a first-form boy with Coleridge at Christ’s Hospital; his statement we may therefore assume to be accurate, as Middleton and Coleridge were his school-fellows, and also his fellow-students at the University.

† From the War-Office Books. Gillman’s *Life of Coleridge*, p. 61.

man gives in his *Life of Coleridge*; but in this account, we think, he underrates the feelings by which Coleridge and the young friend whom he chiefly influenced, were actuated. "Much," says Gillman, "has been written on the proposed scheme of settling in the wilds of America; the spot chosen was Susquehanah;—this spot, Coleridge has often said, was selected on account of the name being pretty and metrical; indeed he could never forbear a smile when relating the story. This day-dream was a subject in which it is doubtful whether he or Mr. Southey were really in earnest at the time it was planned." We think the evidence decisive of their having been perfectly in earnest.

"Their plan," says Cuthbert Southey, "was to collect as many brother adventurers as they could, and to establish a community in the New World on the most thoroughly social basis. Land was to be purchased by their common contributions, and to be cultivated by their common labour. Each was to have his portion of work assigned him; and they calculated that a large part of their time would still remain for social converse and literary pursuits. The females of the party,—for all were to be married men,—were to work and perform all domestic offices; and having gone so far as to plan the architecture of their cottages and the form of their settlement, they had pictured as pleasant an Utopia as ever entered an ardent mind. To this scheme of emigration they gave the euphonious name of *Pantisocracy*."

Coleridge, in his published works, now and then speaks of the plan—never as one that he and his friends did not do what they could to realize at the time it was contemplated—and to it and the speculations on government, which the administration of the projected colony suggested, he regarded himself as owing his "clearest insight into the nature of individual man"—his views of "social relations—of the true uses of trade and commerce, and how far the *wealth* and relative *power* of nations promote or impede their *welfare* and inherent *strength*." In imagination they were the rulers of an empire—an empire in which they too were the sole labourers. Coleridge had a theme for perpetual argumentation, and it is not improbable that the discipline of defending their project against all assailants, gave him some readiness in the use of language as an instrument. Coleridge left Oxford for Wales, and in the winter of that year we find him and Southey at Bristol.

From Mr. Cottle we have an account of their Bristol life and plans. Cottle was established as a bookseller in Bristol—an accomplished and an amiable man, the author of some very pleasing poems. Some time towards the close of the year 1794, Robert Lovel, a young Quaker, who had lately married a Bris-

tol young lady, called on Cottle—told him of the plan of emigration proposed by Southey and Coleridge. Their project, he said, was to have entire community of property. None were to be admitted into the proposed colony but persons of incorruptible virtue. Some two hours of labour would be sufficient for each to produce his share of the common store. Ample time would thus remain for study and the production of literary works. It might not be possible to remove from the first generation—the settlers from Europe—all the evils attending their vicious education; but in the second generation, children born in the colony, who could only hear of “war and crime in Transatlantic story,” would combine the “innocence of the patriarchal age with the knowledge and genuine refinements of European culture.” Was it a real knowledge of Cottle’s kindness of nature that made them propose to him to become one of the founders of the new society? or was it that the “sires of empire yet to be” did after all think of themselves as communicating with the world around and beyond them chiefly through their literary productions, and imagined the new colony could not do without its bookseller? Was Cottle to be introduced into their paradise in the character of the cormorant sitting on the tree of knowledge?*

Cottle was lost in amazement; the splendour of the plan, as well as its simplicity, left him for a while without a word—at last he asks the young Quaker, “How do you go?”—“We freight a ship, carrying with us ploughs and all other implements of husbandry.” At this time Lovell and three others had joined in the adventure—Coleridge from Cambridge, Southey and Burnett from Oxford.

Lovell was a poet; his verses, like those of Southey and Cottle, were an echo of Cowper and Hurdis. They were not unpleasing—but he came as the herald of Coleridge and Southey, and delighted the young and ardent bookseller by quotations from the poems of his friends. A live poet was then something to look at,—and in a short time after Lovell came again, bringing Southey with him. “Never,” says Cottle, “will the impression be effaced. Tall, dignified, possessing great suavity of manners, an eye piercing, with a countenance full of genius, kindness, and intelligence, I gave him at once the right hand of friendship, and to the present moment never has it been withdrawn.”

In a few days after, Coleridge rose in the eye of the delighted

* “The devil peeped into a publisher’s shop,
Quoth he, we are both of one college,
For I ate myself like a cormorant once
Upon the tree of Knowledge.”—*Devil’s Walk*.

bookseller. Cottle formed parties where Pantisocracy was discussed, objections started, objections obviated, and quarto volumes announced as forthcoming to advance arguments too recondite for conversation. Still no ship was engaged—no preparation made for the actual voyage; Cottle had a prophetic misgiving that the scheme was about to be abandoned. He was unable, to be sure, to interpose a word in the torrents of argument that for ever flowed from the eloquent lips of the future patriarchs, but he found himself at night sleepless with anxiety at men of such genius throwing themselves away in pursuit of what he regarded as a delusion. Of their pecuniary means he as yet knew nothing, nor till he was asked for the loan of a few pounds to discharge their lodging-bill, had he any notion of there being difficulties of that kind in their way. Cottle was a generous man, and gave Southey and Coleridge thirty guineas each for the copyright of their poems. Coleridge had in vain tried to sell his in London. To Southey also he gave fifty guineas for *Joan of Arc*, and gave him fifty copies for himself. "It can rarely happen," says Southey, in a preface to a late reprint of the poem, "that a young author should meet with a bookseller as inexperienced and as ardent as himself, and it would be still more extraordinary if such mutual indiscretion did not bring with it cause of regret to both. But this transaction was the commencement of an intimacy which has continued without the slightest shade of displeasure at any time on either side to the present day." The expedition to America was not yet abandoned in thought by the adventurous poets, and Coleridge and Southey delivered lectures in Bristol, in order to raise the necessary funds. Southey's lectures were on history: they were greatly admired. Cottle tells us of the graceful self-possession of the lecturer.

The subject of emigration for awhile continues to occupy Southey's letters. In one to his brother Thomas Southey, he tells of two new associates, Favell and Le Grice—and quotes a poem of Favell's, on the subject of the intended colony.

"No more my visionary soul shall dwell
On joys that were, no more endure to weigh
The shame and anguish of the evil day,
Wisely forgetful—o'er the ocean swell
Sublime of hope I seek the cottaged dell,
Where virtue calm with careless step may stray;
And dancing to the moonlight roundelay,
The wizard passion wears a holy spell.
Eyes that have sated with anguish I ye shall weep
Tears of doubt-mingled joy, as those who start
From precipices of discontented sleep,
On which the fierce-eyed bands their revel keep,

And see the rising sun, and find it dart
Now rays of pleasure trembling to the heart."

"This is," says Southey, "a very beautiful piece of poetry; and we may form a very fair opinion of Favell from it." With respect to this sonnet, there is somehow or other a mistake, as the first eight lines are printed as his own in Coleridge's monody on the death of Chatterton. Could Southey have made some mistake? and is the poem Coleridge's? In the monody on the death of Chatterton, the eighth line is—

"The wizard passions weaye a holy spell,"

which is no doubt the true reading, though something of meaning can be also forced out of the other.

Of Southey's lectures, we regret that his son has been unable to find any trace. Ardent and enthusiastic as he was, and hoping too much from change in the institutions of society, we have no doubt that they would altogether disprove the charges made against him of wishing to disturb rights of property, or to effect any changes whatever by violence. A single sentence of Southey's lectures we have met, and this proves what he thought must be the inevitable result of successful violence—"The temple of despotism, like that of the Mexican god, would be re-built with human skulls, and more firmly, though in a different order of architecture." In a letter to Grosvenor Bedford (*February 8, 1795*) he writes of himself, and his prospects, and his opinions—surely anything but revolutionary in the sense imputed to him:—

"There is the strangest mixture of cloud and of sunshine! an out-cast in the world! an adventurer! living by his wits! yet happy, in the full conviction of rectitude, in integrity, and in the affection of a mild and lovely woman; at once the object of hatred and admiration; wondered at by all; hated by the aristocrats; the very oracle of my own party. Bedford! Bedford! mine are the principles of peace and non-resistance; you cannot burst our bonds of affection. Do not grieve that circumstances have made me thus; you ought to rejoice that your friend acts up to his principles, though you think them wrong. * * * I am in treaty with the *Telegraph*, and hope to be their correspondent. Hiring to a newspaper! 'Sdeath! 'tis an ugly title; but, *importe*, I shall write truth and only truth. You will be melancholy at all this, Bedford. I am so at times; but what can I do? I could not enter the Church, nor had I finances to study physic; for public offices I am too notorious. I have not the gift of making shoes, nor the happy art of mending them. Education has unfitted me for trade, and I must perforce enter the muster roll of authors. * * * If Coleridge and I can get £150 a-year between us, we purpose marrying, and retreating into the country, as our literary business can be carried on there, and practising agriculture, till we can raise money for a nation—still the grand object in view."

The next letter, from which we shall make an extract, is dated May 27, 1795. His marriage is now determined on:—

"I asked the question. Grosvenor, you will love your sister, Edith. I look forward with feelings of delight that dim my eyes to the day she will expect you as her brother to visit us. Brown bread, wild Welsh raspberries; heigh, ho! * * * Poetry softens the heart, Grosvenor. No man ever tagged rhyme, without being the better for it. I write but little. The task of correcting Joan [of Arc] is a very great one; but as the plan is fundamentally bad, it is necessary that the poetry should be good. If I could be with you another eight weeks, I believe I should write another poem, so essential is it to be happily situated. I shall copy out what I have done of Madoc, and send you ere long. You will find more simplicity in it than in any of my pieces, and of course it is the best. I shall study three works to write it—the Bible, Homer, and Ossian."

The plan of Pantisocracy was now formally abandoned. Southey was the first to awake from the wild dream; and some temporary estrangement arose between the friends on this occasion. Southey's giving up the project, "disturbed and excited Mr. Coleridge. He manifested, by the vehemence of his language, that he must have felt at the time no common disappointment."

Southey's mind was gradually working itself clear of the errors and mistakes of his boyhood. To the effect of Bowles's poems, and to the constant company of Coleridge, he ascribes "the amelioration of his poetical taste." He says of Godwin,—"I read, and all but worshipped. I have since seen his fundamental error—that he theorizes for another state, not for the rule of conduct in the present. * * * For religion, I can confute the atheist, and baffle him with his own weapons; and can at least teach the deist, that the arguments in favour of Christianity are not to be despised. Metaphysics I know enough to use them as defensive armour, and to deem them otherwise difficult trifles."

His uncle, Mr. Hill, now returned from Lisbon. Southey dreaded a meeting with this affectionate man, all whose plans for his nephew's advancement or even support in life had been so strangely and unexpectedly frustrated. His separation from college—his determination not to enter the Church—his political misbeliefs—his projected marriage—his apparently desperate hope of supporting a family by writing for newspapers and magazines, and lecturing to such audiences as could be collected in places of commercial resort—all might well try the temper of a man who looked upon him with love and with hope, but who saw only ruin in every one of the plans on which his nephew's heart seemed fixed. To break the bonds between him and his political associates, and if possible to interrupt the marriage project, his uncle determined on getting him out of England. The

gods granted half the uncle's wishes; the political bondage was snapped asunder, when the vessel, which conveyed him and his nephew to Lisbon, left the English shore. Before sailing, however, and on the very day of the commencement of his voyage, Southey was married to Edith Fricker—one of whose sisters had been married to Lovell, and another to Coleridge. "Immediately after the ceremony," says Cuthbert Southey, "they parted. My mother wore her wedding ring hung round her neck, and preserved her maiden name until the report of her marriage had spread abroad."

In the next letter, we find Southey in Cornwall, and telling Bedford—"This is a foul country; the tinmen inhabit the most agreeable part of it, for they live under ground. Above it is most dreary, desolate. My *sans-culotte*, like Johnson's in Scotland, becomes a valuable piece of timber, and I a most dull and sullenly silent fellow; such effects has place." Cuthbert Southey tells us that the *sans-culotte* was a walking stick; but thanks to kind-hearted Joseph Cottle, and his book of Recollections, we can tell our readers something more of it:—

"At the instant Mr. Southey was about to set off on his travels, I observed he had no stick, and lent him a stout holly of my own. In the next year, on his return to Bristol, 'here,' said Mr. S., exciting great surprise, 'here is the holly you were kind enough to lend me!' I have since then looked with additional respect on my old ligneous traveller, and remitted a portion of his accustomed labour. It was a source of some amusement, when in November of the past year 1836, Mr. Southey, in his Journey to the West, to my great gratification spent a few days with me; and in talking of Spain and Portugal, I showed him his companion, the old holly! Though somewhat bent with age, the servant (after an interval of forty years) was immediately recognised by his master; and with additional interest, as this stick he thought on one occasion had been the means of saving his purse, if not his life, from the sight of so efficient an instrument of defence having intimidated a Spanish robber."—*Cottle's Early Recollections*, vol. ii. p. 2.

Of Southey's rambles in Portugal and Spain we have little mention in his son's work. It is probable that the letters he wrote from abroad were recalled by him, and formed the substance of his travels published within the next year. He returned after a visit of six months, and with his wife fixed himself for a while in lodgings in Bristol. Lovell his brother-in-law had died during his absence, and his first letters on his return exhibit him devising plans for the widow's support. "She," says Cuthbert Southey, "who during my father's life found a home with him, and who now, at an advanced age, is a member of my household, is the sole survivor of those whose eager hopes, once centered in

Southey's first volume relates, the most important is "*Joan of Arc*;" and we think it would be desirable, in some future edition of that poem, to note the variations which it underwent since it was first placed before the public. In the first edition a considerable portion of the second book of the poem was supplied by Coleridge. This part was afterwards separated from Southey's poem, and, with very considerable additions, was printed by Mr. Coleridge under the title of "*The Destiny of Nations*."

In the poem, as originally conceived, there was a sort of miraculous interference of guardian angels, and epic machinery of the old accredited character. All this was removed in the new editions,—and with Coleridge's part of the work much of Southey's own also went. It is seldom wise to vary the original structure of a poem, and we are averse even to changes of words. The precise state of feeling in which a passage has been written cannot be recalled, and additions made at a different time of life seldom entirely harmonize with the colour of the original texture. Readers who have admired a poem in its first form are but ill satisfied with an author who impliedly tells them their admiration was misplaced. Scott was, we think, wise, who, when a poem was once given to the world, left it to its fate.

The first and second editions of "*Joan of Arc*" are before us, and also the edition of 1837, with his final corrections. In the remarkable scene where the Maid proves her divine mission by the grave rendering up to her the consecrated sword, we are prepared for miracle. In the first edition we have the scene described :

"A trophied tomb

Close to the altar rear'd its antique bulk;
Two pointless javelins, and a broken sword,
Time-mouldering now, proclaim'd some warrior slept
The sleep of death beneath. A massy stone,
And rude ensculptur'd effigy o'erlaid
The sepulchre. Above stood VICTORY,
With lifted arm and trump, as she would blow
The blast of Fame; but on her outstretch'd arm
DEATH laid his ebony rod.

The maid approach'd—

DEATH dropp'd his ebony rod—the lifted trump
Pour'd forth a blast, whose sound miraculous
Burst the rude tomb. Within the arms appear'd,
The crested helm, the massy bauldrick's strength,
The oval shield, the magic-temper'd blade.

* * * *

She spoke, and lo! again the magic trump
Breath'd forth the notes of conquest."

In the second edition, the "pointless javelins and the broken sword," distinguishing the fallen warrior's tomb, remain; but Victory with the trump, and Death with his ebony rod, are re-

moved. In the final edition, the pointless javelins and broken sword, and all that in the emblem either pointed to the warrior who slept beneath, or to the delegated maiden, disappear. The grave does not open miraculously at the appointed hour to the blast of, as it would seem, an angelic trumpet; but instead of the legend, which it is not unlikely was popularly believed, and which, at all events, does not make any unreasonable demand on the spirit of willing credulity in which poetry is read, we have a picture, no doubt, much more consistent with every-day experience, but, if we do not greatly mistake, much less so with the probabilities which the occasion requires. The assumed fact of the divine mission of the Maid of Orleans is that by which everything else is to be measured; and while perhaps the VICTORY and DEATH have not been conceived in a very elevated style of fiction, yet surely they were better than what is substituted—

“ In silent wonderment,
The expectant multitude, with eager eye,
Gaze listening, as the mattock's heavy stroke
Invades the tomb's repose,” &c.

In the first book of “Joan of Arc,” are passages which Southey never in after life exceeded—never indeed we think quite equalled. Of these passages the germ existed in the first edition; but, perhaps, the necessity of finding, in the influences of human passion excited to the highest state of feeling, a substitute for the miraculous guidance under which he had at first represented his heroine as acting, rendered it desirable to dwell upon the passages which described her communion with outward nature, and the intense enthusiasm which, in the language of Saint Teresa, “suspends the Soul in such a sort that she seems to be wholly out of herself.” The inspiration of the Maid of Orleans is, in Southey's conception of the character, produced by strong feelings of natural religion, influenced and coloured by the legendary tales and traditions of Lorraine. With the enthusiasm of the Maid of Arc the poet's mind seems more entirely identified than with the passions ascribed to any other of his heroes and heroines. We find in one of his letters to Taylor something like this said. He has been speaking of Thalaba with at least a parent's love. “The poem compares more fairly with ‘Vathek’ than with any existing work, and I think may stand by its side for invention. There are parts of the poetry which I cannot hope to surpass. Yet I look with more pride to the truth and the soul that animates ‘Joan of Arc.’ There is the individual Robert Southey there, and only his imagination in the enchanted fabric.” Indeed to us the individual Robert Southey is present more in “Joan of Arc” than in any of his after poems. Of Southey's larger poems it has been truly said, by an English commentator on Goethe,

that "the object is to exhibit the position of man in a world which, if considered by itself, is insufficient for him. Freedom and happiness, broken and interrupted by surrounding circumstances, are represented as at last secured. 'The last best friend is Death.' In Southey the triumph is everywhere anticipated;—of the life, which is to be for immortality, the birth has already commenced; the poet expresses his own faith not alone in the ultimate predominance of Good—for this who can disbelieve?—but in its present predominance; so that the disturbing mysteries of sin and pain, and all that haunts and disquiets us in the contemplation and the experience of life, while they still remain unexplained, seem as if their very existence was but some strange delusion—a something to pass away. The witchcraft of *Thalaba* is a dream—the faith of the hero is an enduring thing; the thrones of penal fire in *Kehama* are felt to be but unsubstantial pageantry; but is there not a life permanent, enduring, eternal, for the constancy of *Ladurlad* and the love of *Kailyal*? In all there is the same struggle for life in an element felt not to be the natural one; in all Death comes as the reconciling angel—to every one of his heroes is the same support given—in every one of his poems is the same lesson taught."* So similar in conception are his poems, that we are not surprised that he was simultaneously engaged with all. All except "*Roderick*" are mentioned as subjects with which he was occupied in his correspondence with Taylor; and the story of Count Julian's daughter, on which he afterwards framed his poem of *Roderick*, is the subject of an early monodrama. In a letter of 1805 to Mr. Wynn, we have the subject of "*Roderick*" announced as occupying his thoughts, and an outline of the poem communicated. Of "*Madoc*," the conception, he tells us, was formed in his fourteenth year, though the poem was not published for nineteen years afterwards. He writes to his friend Bedford, whose life appears to have been clouded with ennui, and whom Southey was always endeavouring to excite to exertion of some kind:—"The want of a favourite pursuit is your greatest source of discomfort and discontent. It is the pleasure of *pursuit* that makes every man happy; whethof the merchant, or the sportsman, or the collector, the philobibl, or the *reader-o-bibl*, and maker-o-bibl, like me. Pursuit at once supplies employment and hope. This is that I have often preached to you; but perhaps I have never told you what benefit I have derived from resolute employment. When Joan of Arc was in the press, I had as many legitimate causes of unhappiness as any man need have—uncertainty for the future, and immediate want, in the literal and plain meaning of the word. I often walked the streets at

* *Faustus*.—A dramatic Mystery from Goethe. Longman, 1835.

dinner-time for want of a dinner, when I had not eighteenpence for the ordinary; nor bread and cheese at my lodgings. But do not suppose that I thought of my dinner when I was walking—my head was full of what I was composing. When I lay down at night, I was planning my poem; and when I rose in the morning, the poem was the first thought to which I was awake. The scanty profits of that poem I was then anticipating in my lodging-house bills for tea, bread, and butter, and those little *et ceteras*, which amount to a formidable sum when a man has no resources; but that poem, faulty as it is, has given me a Baxter's shove into my right place in the world." Never, perhaps, before was there an instance of a man whose profession was literature having past the whole of life in carrying out into distinct realization the projects of his early boyhood. He somewhere speaks of an intention formed while yet at school, of writing an epic poem on each of the great religious systems that have obtained on earth—and something like this he has done with respect to Mahommedanism, to the Hindoo mythology, and to the forms of Christianity that prevailed on the Continent, and in Spain, at the periods of Joan of Arc, and of Roderick. Thalaba, he tells William Taylor, "was meant to embody the more poetical parts of Islam. * * * By the blessing of God you will see my hippogryff touch at Hindostan, fly back to Scandinavia, and then carry me among the fire-worshippers of Istakhar; you will see him take a peep at the Jews, a flight to Japan, and an excursion among the saints and martyrs of Catholicism. Only let me live long enough, and earn leisure enough, and I will do for each of these mythologies what I have done for the Mohammedan." In Southey's mind there does not appear to have been the growth which one would anticipate. We see little difference of power, except as far as mere readiness of hand and mechanical execution is concerned, in the works of his early manhood, and in those of his mature age. There is no wider range of thought—no more clear insight into principle—scarcely any increased power of illustration. As against, however, any unfavourable inference that may be deduced from this, we must remember that high powers they were which were so early developed—that the works of few men were equal to those of his boyhood, and that in some classes of poetry, and those of a character in which his originality is undoubted—we speak of such poems as "The Holly Tree," "The Spider," "The Cataract of Lodore"—he has never been surpassed by either man or boy:—we should also remember, if we miss in his poetry the exquisiteness of finish which we find in Coleridge and Landor, the unceasing occupations of Southey, which left no time for touching and retouching. This realization in after life, of what was happily imagined in boyhood, is to us the most beau-

tiful thing in Southey's life. He himself is fond of telling us of having preserved the gaiety of childhood to advanced life.

"Time that matures the intellectual part,
Hath tinged my hairs with grey, but left untouched my heart.

Scoff ye who will ! but let me, gracious Heaven,
Preserve this boyish heart till life's last day ;
For so that inward light by nature given,
Shall still direct and guide me on my way,
And brightening as the shades of age descend,
Shine forth with heavenly radiance at the end.

This was the morning light vouchsafed, which led
My favoured footsteps to the Muses' hill,
Whose arduous steep I have not ceased to tread."

Southey's life reminds us, in some respects, of Wordsworth's conception of the Happy Warrior.

"Who is the Happy Warrior ? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be ?
It is the generous spirit *who when brought
Among the tasks of real life hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his infant thought :*
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright :
Who with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn ;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care ;
Who doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, (miserable train,)
Turns his necessity to glorious gain.
In face of those does exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower ;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives :
By objects which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate.
Is placable, because occasions *fit*
So often that demand such sacrifice.
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure
As tempted more ; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress ;
Hence also more alive to tenderness.
'Tis he—
Whose powers shad round him in the common strife
Or mild concerns of ordinary life—
A constant influence, a peculiar grace."

In his poetry was Southey's great refuge from everything

that distressed or afflicted him. Poetry was to him at first a religion; "one overwhelming propensity," he says, "has formed my destiny and marred all prospects of rank or wealth, but it has made me happy, and will make me immortal." Madoc was completed on the 12th of July 1799, at Kingsdown, Bristol. "In those days," says Southey, "I was an early riser. The time so gained was employed in carrying on the poem which I had in hand; and when Charles Danvers"—Southey was on a visit with him—"came down to breakfast on the morning after Madoc was completed, I had the first hundred lines of *Thalaba* to shew him fresh from the mint." During this period Southey's means of support were derived almost entirely from the payment which he received for his contributions to *Reviews* and *Magazines*. From the house of Longman he also obtained some occasional employment in translating from the French. His health broke down under the continual task-work, and Beddoes ordered him to the south of Europe. He was detained by contrary winds at Falmouth:—"Six days we watched the weather-cock and sighed for north-easters. I walked on the beach, caught soldier-crabs, admired the sea-anemones in their ever-varying shapes of beauty—read *Gebir*, and wrote half a book of *Thalaba*." Southey quotes this passage from an old letter of his in his preface to the last edition of *Thalaba*, because he had introduced the sea-anemones into the part of *Thalaba* then written, and because he wished to record the fact that he "was sensible of having derived great improvement from the frequent perusal of *Gebir* at this time." In a letter to Taylor, (October 22, 1799,) he asks him, "Have you seen a poem called *Gebir*? It appears to me the miraculous work of a madman. Its intelligible passages are flashes of lightning at midnight, like a picture in whose obscure colouring no plan is discoverable, but in every distinct touch you see the master hand." Writing to Coleridge immediately before his voyage, he says, "I take with me for the voyage your poems, the *Lyrics*, the *Lyrical Ballads*, and *Gebir*; and, except a few books designed for presents, these make all my library. I like *Gebir* more and more. If you ever meet the author tell him I took it with me on a voyage."

In July 1800 we have him at Cintra, riding jack-asses, "a fine lazy way of travelling, you have even a boy to beat old Dapple when he is slow. I eat oranges, figs, and delicious pears—drink Colares wine, a sort of half-way excellence between port and claret—read all I can lay my hands on—dream of poem after poem, play after play—take a siesta of two hours, and am as happy as if life were an everlasting to-day, and that to-morrow was not to be provided for." In about a year he returned restored in health and strength, and found a letter from Coleridge awaiting his arrival. For a sentence from that letter we

must make room, as "it describes briefly yet very faithfully," says Mr. Cuthbert Southey, "the place destined to be my father's abode for the longest portion of his life—the birthplace of all his children save one, and the place of his final rest."

"Our house," says Coleridge, "stands on a low hill, the whole front of which is one field, and an enormous garden, nine-tenths of which is a nursery garden. Behind the house is an orchard, and a small wood on a steep slope, at the foot of which flows the river Greta, which winds round, and catches the evening lights in the front of the house. In front we have a giant's camp—an encamped army of tent-like mountains, which, by an inverted arch, gives a view of another vale. On our right the lovely vale, and the wedge-shaped lake of Bassenthwaite, and on our left, Derwentwater and Lodore full in view, and the fantastic mountains of Borrowdale. Behind us the massy Skiddaw, smooth, green, high, with two chasms, and a tent-like ridge in the larger.—A fairer scene you have not seen in all your wanderings: without going from our own grounds, we have all that can please a human being. As to books, my landlord, who dwells next door, has a respectable library, which he has put with mine—histories, encyclopædias, and all the modern gentry. But then I can have, when I choose, free access to the princely library of Sir Guilford Lawson, which contains the noblest collection of travels and natural history, of perhaps any private library in England: besides this, there is the cathedral library of Carlisle, from which I can have any books sent me that I wish; in short, I can truly say that I command all the libraries in the county."

Southey still wished for a warm climate. Portugal would be the place which he himself would have chosen, but there seemed to have been some facilities for obtaining for him the office of secretary to an Italian legation, and in expectation of this he exulted;—why, think you? Let his letter to Grosvenor Bedford answer. "It is unfortunate that you cannot come to the sacrifice of my one law book, my whole proper stock, whom I design to take to the top of mount *Ætna*, for the purpose of throwing him down straight to the devil—huzza! Grosvenor, I was once afraid I should have a deadly deal of law to forget whenever I had done with it, but my brains, God bless them! never received any, and I am as ignorant as heart could wish. The tares would not grow." Southey did not go to mount *Ætna* to visit the devil, but to Ireland. FIRE, FAMINE, and SLAUGHTER, had been there a year or two before, and, indeed, every year, for the last five hundred, and it seemed no bad place to go to for the purpose of burning his law books. Well, away he goes. "I saw," says he, "the sun set behind Anglesea, and the mountains of Caernarvonshire rose so beautifully before us, that though at sea, it was delightful—the sun-rise was magnificent." Then comes a storm. At last they land at Balbriggan:

Mr. Corry was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland, and

Southey was appointed his private secretary, with a salary of £400 a-year. But before Southey reached Dublin, whom did he meet? "A man whose name is as widely known as that of any human being, except, perhaps, Bonaparte. He is not above five feet, but notwithstanding his figure, he soon became the most important personage of the party. 'Sir,' said he, as soon as he set foot in the vessel, 'I am a unique; I go anywhere, just as the whim takes me; this morning, Sir, I had no idea whatever of going to Dublin; I did not think of it when I left home, my wife and family knew nothing of the trip. I have only one shirt with me, besides what I have on; my nephew here, Sir, has not another shirt to his back; but money, Sir, money—anything may be had in Dublin.' Who the devil is this fellow, thought I. We talked of rum—he had just bought a hundred punchcons, the weakest drop fifteen above proof—of the west of England, and out he pulls an Exeter newspaper from his pocket—of bank paper, his pocket-book was stuffed full of notes, Scotch, Irish, and English; and I really am obliged to him for some clues to discover forged paper. Talk, talk, everlasting; he could draw for money on any town in the United Kingdom—aye, or America. At last he was made known for Dr. Solomon. At night I set upon the doctor, talking of disease in general, beginning with the Liverpool flux—which remedy had proved most effectual—nothing like the cordial balm of Gilead. At last I ventured to touch upon a tender subject—did he conceive Dr. Brodum's medicine to be analogous to his own? 'Not in the least, Sir—colour, smell, all totally different; as for Dr. Brodum, Sir, all the world knows it, it is manifest to everybody, that his advertisements are all stolen, *verbatim et literatim*, from mine. Sir, I don't think it worth while to notice such a fellow.' But enough of Solomon and his nephew, and successor that is to be—the Rehoboam of Gilead—a cub in training."

On their route from Balbriggan to Dublin they saw no trees, all had been cut down for pike-handles.

On being installed in his office, Southey found he had but little to do in what he regarded as his proper business, as secretary, but Corry expected him to act as private tutor to his children, and this did not answer the poet's purposes; so they parted company, and Southey took up his tent at Greta Hall. Coleridge went to Malta, as secretary to Sir Alexander Ball. "Mr. Smith says, 'Coleridge is making a fortune in his present situation, or at least, that any one but a poet would make one in it.' How amusing, that the author of 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter,' should be a commissary fattening under war and Pitt!"*

* Taylor to Southey, Oct. 1804.

Southey speaks with impatience of his weary, weary work of criticism :—

Solemn as lead,
Judge of the dead,
Stern foe to witticism,
By men called Criticism !

" This vile reviewing still bird-limes me. I do it slower than anything else, yawning over tiresome work ;" yet, in the midst of the rubbish which he had to clear away, as he best could, amid all his dreary journey-work, he never lost sight of the better purposes for which his nature fitted him ; and he was wise enough also in his dealings with the booksellers, to reserve some share to himself of the future copyright in most of what he published. In 1807 we find him mentioning his history of Brazil, and his determination to print it at his own risk, rather than part with the copyright, for which he says he might obtain five hundred guineas ; " but I will not sell the chance of greater eventual profit. This work will supply a chasm in history. *This is not all—I cannot do one thing at a time ;* so sure as I attempt it, my health suffers. The business of the day haunts me in the night, and though a sound sleeper otherwise, my dreams partake so much of it as to harass and disturb me. I must always, therefore, have one train of thoughts for the morning, another for the evening, and a book not relating to either, for half-an-hour after supper, and thus neutralizing one set of associations by another, and having (God be thanked !) a heart at ease, I continue to keep in order a set of nerves as much disposed to get out of order as any man's can be."*

Of Mr. Cuthbert Southey's work, enough has not been published to enable us to form any very decided opinion. It is written in an unaffected, unambitious tone, and in great kindness of spirit to every one mentioned in it. Indeed, we think that in some cases, at this distance of time, there could scarcely have been occasion for the asterisks and blank lines which we now and then meet, filling up the places of omitted names. The passages should be left out or the names given.

The great admiration with which Southey regarded Coleridge is often expressed in his letters. Of Lamb, too, and Wordsworth, we have frequent mention, and always in language of the strongest affection. It is really wonderful how with his mind engaged in so many projects of his own, he could so fully appreciate the claims of others, and have his heart always awake to their interests. " My father," says Cuthbert Southey, " has yet to be *fully known*, and this I have a good hope will be accomplished by the publication of these volumes."

* Southey to Taylor, April 13, 1807.

We conclude with extracts from two poems of Southey's, describing himself, one in a playful, the other in a serious spirit.

" Robert the rhymers who lives at the Lakes,
Describes himself thus to prevent mistakes.

* * * *

He is lean of body and lank of limb;
The man must walk fast who would overtake him.
His eyes are not yet much the worse for the wear,
And Time has not thinn'd or straighten'd his hair,
Notwithstanding that now he is more than half-way
On the road from Grizzle to Gray.
He hath a long nose with a bending ridge,
It might be worth notice on Strasburg bridge.

* * * *

A man he is by nature merry,
Somewhat Tom-foolish, and comical, very;
Who has gone through the world not mindful of self,
Upon easy terms, thank Heaven, with himself;
Along by-paths and in pleasant ways,
Caring as little for censure as praise."

* * * *

" My days among the Dead are past;
Around me I behold
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they
With whom I converse night and day.

" With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in wo;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

" My thoughts are with the Dead! With them
I live in long past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

" My hopes are with the Dead! anon
My place with them will be;
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name I trust
That will not perish in the dust."

ART. V.—1. *Die Christliche Lehre von der Sünde:* von JULIUS MÜLLER. Breslau, 1844.

2. *Studien und Kritiken.* DE WETTE. Bemerkungen über die Lehre von der Sünde mit Rücksicht auf das Werk von JULIUS MÜLLER. Pp. 539-578. 1849.

THE name of Julius Müller is probably not known beyond the limited circle of our readers who interest themselves in the present movements of German theological literature. In his own country his name is a host; but in ours it is little more as yet than a shadow. He belongs to the same class with Schelling and Hegel among the philosophers, and Schleiermacher among the theologians, whom a British public has punished for the alleged sin of loving the darkness rather than the light by neglecting to translate, and of whose works, except in snatches and fragments, it may still be said,

“ Longa premuntur
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.”

Dr. Beard of Manchester has, we believe, translated his admirable recension of Strauss' “*Leben Jesu*,” in the “*Studien und Kritiken*,” perhaps the most solid, in a brief compass, of the innumerable replies which that notorious work called forth from all sections of the Church, orthodox and heterodox, in Germany. But nothing else as yet has received an English dress. His sermons on the Christian life, the most pleasant specimens we know of Scotch-like preaching in a country where it is very rare, have not made their way to a country which would appreciate them; and his celebrated Treatise on Sin, of which the title stands at the head of this Article, is, so far as translation or even occasional reference is concerned, all but unknown. It must be admitted that the book is thoroughly German in its plan of investigation and cast of style, a little too dark perhaps, and a little too long, and that it takes for granted some familiarity with the last fifty years' struggles of philosophy and theology, in that most revolutionary half century. The author is clad in the panoply of the schools, and is familiar with all their weapons. He is no holiday theologian, to whom religion is but a jousting-field. He displays quite visibly “the dented shield and helmet beat;” and the scars which speculation often leaves are all upon him, though they are not unhealed. Had the book been entirely relative to one-sided and ephemeral German theories, the very earnestness of Christian feeling which pervades it would have redeemed its transcendentalism; but it is far from needing any apology for

its logic with serious thinkers of any country. It goes deep into the heart of universal humanity, and the grand problems of the moral world which are the same for all ages; and though it works its way through a large surface of dry sand and gravel, like the bore of an Artesian well, it opens up fresh fountains in the depths below.

Julius Müller, it may perhaps be necessary to state, is a living author, not much, if anything past his meridian; he is a Silesian by birth, and was educated at Berlin, while yet it shone with the full lustre of the two great orbs Hegel and Schleiermacher, and of a third who has rayed out far less darkness than either, and whose soft and penetrating beams seem to have left upon him a much more genial impression, Neander. After a brief occupation of a country parish, he became University preacher in Göttingen in 1831, which office he combined the following year with a chair in that ancient and still celebrated University. In 1835, he exchanged this sphere for a professorship in Marburg, one of the lesser German seminaries; and for the last seven or eight years he has filled the chair of Dogmatic Theology in Halle, and has divided or more than divided with Tholuck, its well merited fame as a school of divinity. He was, we believe, also a Consistorial Councillor in the ecclesiastical department of the Prussian administration, and mixed up in most of the later attempts of the vacillating Monarch of Prussia at Church union and reform, till the March Revolution came with its sweeping remedy of the separation of Church and State, and sent the whole motley group of kings, consistorial councillors, and knights of the Red Eagle, like the kings, bishops, and knights of an upturned chess-board a-sprawling on the floor.

It is not easy to give a mere English reader more than a glimmering idea of the place which such a writer and Church-leader as Julius Müller holds in the entangled and interlaced movements of German theology and Church government. We shall attempt it, though at the risk of failure. We would divide, then, the whole of the German theologians of our day, including those lately deceased, into three classes, which we may call the Left, the Middle, and the Right. Among the Left we rank the *Deistic* rationalists, whose leaders were such theologians as Bretschneider and Paulus, now becoming rare and uninfluential, and supplanted by popular chiefs such as Uhlich and other champions of the Friends of Light and the German Catholics; and the new school of *Pantheistic* rationalists, whose principal support is in the Hegelian philosophy, still widely diffused through all Germany, though long past its zenith; whose literary stronghold is the University of Tübingen, the seat of Baur, the *Coryphæus* of the party, and the *alma mater* of Strauss, its

finished type, in all but hypocrisy; and whose boast is to exalt Christianity to the sublimity of speculation, as that of the deistic rationalism is to bring it down to the level of vulgar comprehension. Of both these modifications of doctrine, rationalism is the proper name, since reason, the lower and the higher, is all-in-all; and the Bible is at once its product and its subject of criticism.

At the opposite extremity from this party stands the Right, whose watchword is adherence to the symbolical books, for the most part the Lutheran, (for it is a curious fact that orthodoxy has preserved itself better in the Lutheran than in the Reformed section of Protestantism,) and who, after a dreary night, and the breaking of a cloudy and dark day, if indeed the day be come, are again laying open to view the Augsburg formularies, and demanding unconditional subscription to them as the law of the Church. The literary strength of this party is considerable. The late lamented Olshausen might be regarded as coming nearer it than any other; Hävernick was also a prominent name; and its great living ornament and pillar is Hengstenberg, a man of European reputation, though fully more as a scholar than as a thinker, and whom his antagonists not only hate but fear. With this party the orthodox in this country have of course most sympathy, and it deserves all honour for its intrepid protest for the common faith. But it is not without its faults, among which may be mentioned an undue exaltation of Lutheran peculiarities, so as even to imperil the union with the Reformed in Prussia; a certain sectarian harshness which refuses to look genially upon the manifold Christian phenomena beyond its own camp; an unwillingness to conform in tone, if not in doctrine, to the prevailing style of philosophy, and thus to become all things to all men; and what is not the least lamentable, a blind Church and King conservatism, which has exposed it to the merciless blasts of democratic fury in the late commotions.

We next turn to the great Middle party, which, like all composite formations, is most difficult to describe. The other schools have each one principle—the one, Reason—the other, the Bible. This has two, the Bible and Christian consciousness. This great body may be said to owe its foundation to the extraordinary though erratic genius and fervent piety of Schleiermacher. He had no sympathy with dogmatic Christianity in its confessional form, and was willing to surrender much of it to the lower rationalists; on the other hand, he wanted to retain what he considered its essence, the personal glory of Christ as the Word made flesh, and his office as the Redeemer of the world; and despairing of reaching this with the higher rationalists by speculative deduction, he made it an immediate datum of Christian consciousness, furnished and guaranteed by pious feeling, and

that feeling again awakened by Christ in the Word, and Christ in the Church. He thus equally refused to accept the moral religion of Kant and Fichte, and to excogitate for himself a logical religion like Hegel; but took his stand upon traditional Christianity as a fact, with liberty, however, to deal with its most sacred documents according to critical rules; and to mould and fashion all its doctrines in accordance with the above-named central principle,—the validity, importance, and mutual relations of all to each and of each to all, being decided upon by that inward oracle, Christian consciousness. We say nothing here of the results of this method as developed by Schleiermacher himself. We could say little in praise of them, for his finished system by a curious infelicity misses out the holiness of God, the Fall, the proper divinity of Jesus, the true idea of Atonement, the personality and work of the Holy Ghost, and escapes from the self-created difficulties of a Spinozistic fatalism, by the unscriptural expedient of a universal restoration. It is not so much, however, the positive system of this remarkable person, as his method, that has enchained Germany. And its two great laws, of license to the understanding in dealing with the Bible, and assent to its central revelation with the heart, belong more or less to the great school which gathered in spite of himself around his person while living, and cleaves to his memory when dead. To this self-called school of believing theology (*theologia pectoris*,) we may count Twisten, the successor of Schleiermacher in his chair in Berlin, and the author of an important work on Dogmatics; Nitzsch, the author of a still more celebrated system, lately, we rejoice to say, called to the same University; Ullmann of Heidelberg, the writer of the beautiful monograph on the "Sinlessness of Jesus," with his colleague Umbreit, the Old Testament commentator, and also most of the writers in their periodical, the "Studien und Kritiken;" Lücke also, of Göttingen, one of the most influential adherents of this great section, and the author of the famous commentary on John, perhaps the crowning work of German exegesis. It would be endless to recite the younger men of rising name who more or less cleave to this party, such as Dorner, Hundeshagen, Sartorius, and a host of others. But we must add that the greatest religious thinker in Germany still living, (and long may he live!) Neander, though more than all his contemporaries, independent of foreign influence, has not escaped this, and that his towering penitron has visibly wavered, and still wavers before this mighty blast. Almost every one of these distinguished men has improved upon the creed of Schleiermacher, emending it where wrong, and supplementing it where wanting; and this school at the present day has assumed altogether a more Biblical attitude, as well as

a more conciliatory tone towards the dogmas of the Confessions. But the license of Christian consciousness, though restrained, is not abjured, and this principle of subjectivity still waits a mightier influence to purge it out of the system.

There are two groups of theologians still to be provided for: and we cannot do better than adjust them to the meridian of Schleiermacher thus ascertained. The first is intermediate between the Left and the Middle party, though with a greater approach to the latter, and contains such names as Hase, De Wette, Ewald, and others, who adhere in the main to the theology of feeling, but with even less positive and satisfactory results than Schleiermacher himself—not to speak of his more progressive disciples. The second lies somewhere between the Middle party and the Right, though with a greater leaning to the Right. On them the influence of Schleiermacher is visible, though it is not predominant, and is even opposed and overmastered by powerful sympathies that link them to the orthodox Church system. It is somewhere in this quarter that we fix such names as Harless, the author of "Christian Ethics," and of the "Commentary on the Ephesians;" Tholuck, who is of living German theologians the best known and most influential in this country; and with more confidence than either, because a more decided and intrepid thinker, do we assign to this place Julius Müller. In him we see the more speculative element, which in spite of its professions to the contrary, has always appeared in the believing theology, tending to reconcile itself with the dogmatic products of past ages, and to build up out of the data of Bible interpretation, no longer overruled, but only counter-checked by Christian consciousness, a system which may harmonize with the philosophic spirit of the present day. It is a most laudable enterprise, to which we heartily wish success; and we rejoice to see German speculation, after having, as it were, completed its cycle of deviation, returning to the point whence it started, and embracing the essential articles of the Christianity of all ages, with the ardour of a first love and the mastery of a recovered possession.

Few can be more competent than this author to restore the fair form of Christian truth from its torso-like mutilation and defacement. There breathes in his writings a most profound and spiritual piety. He has much of the intuition of genius into the mysteries of human nature. He is at home in every department of Bible interpretation, as is apparent from his skillful efforts in the work before us; and is not only sober-minded, but reverent. He is familiar with the patristic, mediæval, reformation, and more recent theology, and quotes Augustine, Aquinas, and the Lutheran divines of the 17th century, not in the

prevailing German style of commonplace-book erudition, but with the intimacy of one who has sifted the chaff in them from the wheat. He is versed also in the systems of philosophy, and while not unacquainted with the ancient, seems to have given most title to the modern, from Spinoza and Leibnitz downwards. Nor does classical literature come amiss to him; few works so grave are more enlivened by choice apothegms; and many happy sentiments and allusions from Goethe, Jean Paul, and other writers of his own country, diversify the course of his investigations. If he is less original than Schleiermacher, it is because he gives up originality for faith. If his dialectics are less brilliant, they are more effective, as the passes of the short Roman sword were more than a match for the flourishes of the Greek; and if his eloquence is more rare and less fascinating, it burns when it does burn with a steadier flame, and never "leads to bewilder, nor dazzles to blind."

This contrast with Schleiermacher comes unsought. For the work of Müller on Sin, though not without traces of his influence, may be regarded as an instance of strong reaction against the philosophical postulates of his system. He is said, while hearing the lectures of this teacher in the zenith of his fame, to have gone home and sketched a polemic against them, wherever he could find occasion, and much of his book seems only this polemic expanded and fortified. In opposition to Schleiermacher's celebrated definition of religion, as the feeling of absolute dependence on God, this work is a continued defence of human liberty; and there breathes through it a profound sense of the personality of God, like the prolonged and deepened echoes of the protest uttered in the soul of the youthful student against the depreciation of this doctrine by Schleiermacher, not less than its repudiation by Hegel.

The *Treatise on Sin* appeared first in 1838; and the second edition, which is under review, and which is almost a new work, in 1844. It thus tallies in point of time, as in more essential respects, with the admirable writings of Vinet. Both of these writers, though on a very different soil, and in relation to a very different public, have inculcated the same great doctrine—the vital importance of individualism in religion as rested on the personality of God. The same deep appreciation of Christianity has led them to the moral foundations on which alone it can be based; and both deserve the best thanks of the European commonwealth. May we hope that the great Ruler will bless them as the means of staying the course of scepticism and communism in France and Switzerland, and of that pantheism, which is only their ethereal and vaporious form in the more cloudy region of Germany!

We are thus brought to the threshold of our plan, which is to give some brief abstract of this work, interspersed with a few selections and comments on its doctrines. We are not acquainted with any of the German criticisms on it which have appeared, with the exception of the slight one by De Wette, referred to at the head of this Article. Our work must thus partake of what a German would call *Orientirung*, and our notice must be very cursory, since the book is in two volumes; and contains 1000 pages. It surely ought to be translated; for we hope our English tongue is not to be employed only like Charon's boat to bring across the middle-passage the shivering ghosts of scepticism and disembodied atheism; nor do we fear any such result from transporting living Christian flesh and blood as befel the pious Æneas—

• “Gemit sub pondere cymba
Sutilis, et multam accepit rimosa paludem.”

We need such works not only as counteractives to imported German errors, but also to the epidemic thoughtlessness and obduracy of human nature. Every individual and every country must pass through what our old divines called a law-work before grace is realized. Mankind still learn their nakedness by eating this tree of the knowledge of evil. The fountains of this great deep must be broken up, and sweep over the gay scene of moral carelessness, before the rainbow of peace can extend its arch in the sky. The reader will bear to have this repeated in our author's preface:—

“It has been the immovable conviction of the author, ever since he sat at the feet of his beloved and revered teacher, Neander, that Christianity, from first to last, is a *practical* system, in the highest and most intimate sense; that everything about it relates to the great contrast between sin and redemption, and that it is impossible to understand aright the doctrine of redemption, which is its very essence, till we have gained a thorough knowledge of sin. Christian theology here, if anywhere, wages war, *pro aris et focis*, in repelling deistical attempts to extenuate its evil, and pantheistical attempts to attenuate its essence.”—P. vi.

After a tolerably luminous introduction, in which the author attempts to distinguish his plan from the mere history of doctrine respecting sin, on the one hand, and the mere collection and generalization of Biblical propositions respecting it, on the other, and claims the privilege of uniting Bible doctrine with ethical theory according to the principles of scientific method, he proceeds to his first Book, which treats of sin as a fact of human experience, under the title, “The Reality of Sin.” And here he investigates first its *nature*, and then its *guilt*.

Sin is considered in this fundamental discussion in three aspects—as transgression of law—as disobedience to God—as the manifestation of an inner principle of self-seeking. On all these points this treatise, though frequently vague, is solid and instructive. As transgression of law, sin is moral evil; our whole being has a standard or law, departure from which is regarded as disorder, and attended with suffering. But it is to the domain of will that moral disorder belongs, and this is excited by opposition to the moral law. That law is a part of human consciousness, not as Kant teaches, a categorical or unexplained imperative, but *good* in the form of an imperative; not as others teach, a law without, but a law with specific precepts. Into the nature of the moral law at this stage, our author enters no farther than just to affirm, that it is revealed to all men by “a kind of higher rational instinct.” The question of the psychological character of our moral states, as states of perception or sentiment, or both, Dr. Müller nowhere discusses, and indeed seems to attach little importance to what have been the principal matters of debate in our British ethics. On the other hand, he here vindicates the authority of law over the whole field of our voluntary nature, in opposition to Schleiermacher, who restricted it to actions, and the theologians of the Romish Church, who apply the idea of law only to the lower stages of holiness and virtue, and not to the higher, in which lie their works of supererogation. It does not seem perfectly consistent with this, when our author immediately afterwards contends for a difference between opposition to law, and non-conformity to law, the former of which is always sinful, the latter not so, if found in a moral being upright, but not yet perfect. This seems to us to be just re-admitting the Romish doctrine in another form; the perfect work being that of supererogation—the upright that of ordinary virtue. Our author asserts that this distinction is necessary to the idea of moral development in angels, and in the incarnate Saviour—else we must affirm that they were not at every point perfect. But this is a mere ambiguity of language; for perfection lies not in the mass of being, but in the proportion between it at every stage and the moral principle; and this proportion in all holy beings, notwithstanding their development, is ever the same. This false distinction between sinlessness and perfection has led our author to reject what we regard a just principle, viz., that in sinless beings there is no consciousness of law as distinct from their highest motive, the law being only drawn forth from its identity with the will by transgression. Dr. Müller cites Baader, Steffens, and other deep thinkers of Schelling's school, as holding this principle. It has been held by many others, among whom is Isaac Taylor, if we remember rightly, in his preface to Edwards,

But moral evil is not *sin* till it is viewed in relation to God; and this relation Dr. Müller establishes in the strictest sense. He is victorious over Kant, who regards any reference to God as inconsistent with the autonomy of the will; whose whole system is an exaltation of morals at the expense of religion; and who, in fact, though Müller does not charge him with this, has no other use for God than as a *Deus ex machina*, to rectify the disorder arising from the suffering of the good and the prosperity of the bad, and administer a kind of poetical justice at the end of the world-tragedy.

Our author finds the existence of God implied in the very existence of personal beings. Personality is self-consciousness united to self-determination. A limited consciousness is inconceivable without an unlimited, and so of a finite self-determination. The idea of God lies thus at the root of all thought and volition. He must be the infinite self-consciousness and the infinite will in one; and it is in the latter respect that he is intuitively known as the moral lawgiver. We do not stay at present to criticise this deduction on the ground of natural theology. We might object to it in some points, though we agree in thinking that God is intuitively known, and have long ceased to value either *à priori* or *à posteriori* arguments, save as dealing with the materials by which the native idea of God is called forth from the darkness into the light; but we rather call attention to one great merit and advantage of this procedure, that it supersedes the awkward and circuitous attempts to rise to the moral nature of God solely from his moral works, which the argument from causality involves, and brings us face to face with God to hear him testify of himself by his law. On the ground of this immediate revelation of God in the moral law, Dr. Müller, in accommodation to the phrasology of Kant, calls the government under which we live, and in respect of which sin is disobedience, neither *autonomy*, nor *heteronomy*, but *theonomy*. The relation of the moral law to God is thus given with its own existence; and sin is thus a revolt against the "divinity that stirs within us."

It would open a wide door for discussion were we to show how much this vital union of religion and morality has been ignored or discountenanced in our British ethics. We are only beginning to return to the true estimate of conscience, as a law proceeding not from the arbitrary, but the reasonable will of God, and implying a self-revelation of God to his moral creatures. The deep and solemn expressions of our earlier moralists, to the effect that conscience was God's vicegerent, or oracle, or image, written with his own finger on human nature, are again making themselves heard, after long and wearisome debates on the fitness, the utility, the beauty, the sympathetic nature of virtue; and the living God as vindicating to himself the first

writing of his own name in hieratic characters on that palimpsest which has long been scrawled over with the profane.

The inner principle of obedience to such a law thus given from God is *love to God*, and thus subjective and objective virtue fall together, and both coincide with religion as a practical system. If the law of God be the self-revelation of God, and if God be love, then it is plain that the only spring of obedience must be the appreciation of this character; in other words, answering love. On this subject Dr. Müller is everywhere profound and eloquent; and we know not where to look for finer thinking and writing on this delightful subject. The extract which follows will convince every competent reader that this is no extravagant eulogy.

"Love exists only where a being which might be all in all to itself chooses not to be so, but comes out of itself to live in and for another. Hence love can only realize itself in the sphere of personal beings, which have an independent centre of their separate existence in themselves, and that only as the absolute negation of an absolute isolation; and just because this union of personal beings in love presupposes the most distinct and perfect separation—the antithesis of *I* and *thou*—does it manifest itself as the highest form of unity. Whatever resembles love in the sphere of animal nature, where the impulse that unites two creatures acts as instinct and physical necessity, is only its far-off shadow and pregnant omen, standing in connexion with that wonderful gleam of a twilight form of personality and self-consciousness which appears everywhere in this lower department, but it would be too much to call it love; and not only in this limited sphere, but throughout all nature, we find such types and shadows: we pursue these traces of the reigning law of love from the metamorphosis of the smallest plants up to the widest cosmical relations of the heavenly bodies; we see how all life and all order springs out of the union and co-operation of separate forces—a principle to which the mythus even of the early theogony of Hesiod bears witness, since it represents Eros, the healer of discords, as the world-fashioning power. What unconscious nature, fraught with this deep meaning by Divine arrangement, can only prophesy afar off, becomes first exalted into the region of consciousness and perfect reality, in the world of personality, as the fundamental law of the moral system.

"Even here love, in its beginnings, is hidden from itself: it first appears in another and apparently strange shape. The awakening of the sense of justice in human intercourse, even when it demands self-denial at our hands, what is this but an entrance of other persons and their interests into the region of our own personality? The recognition of the moral necessity which exists to limit the pretension of self, and subject it to the law of the whole community, is not this the first escape of man from that selfish isolation in which he is to himself the sole object of regard? The spirit of all order as such is thus nothing else than love; and reverence for law, and subjection to

higher authority, the sacred powers which control the life of man, and assign fixed and impassable boundaries to his activity, are nothing but love in disguise, and hold the same place in the life of the individual which they did in the history of the human race under the Old Testament dispensation, viz., to be *παυδαγγοι* for the kingdom of manifested love. It is only in the soil of moral reverence that love can strike its roots deep; only from the narrow shell of self-denial and subordination that true freedom can spring to light; and yet it is not till love has cast off this disguise, and stood revealed in its own character, that it can become the creative principle of a higher life. This takes place when love becomes conscious of God, its highest object, and of all other beings in their relation to him. Then the heavenly magnet is found which has virtue not only during transient moods of enthusiastic impulse, but for ever to raise human life above those dark depths into which the powers of the abyss, and its own gravitation downwards, tend incessantly to precipitate it."—Vol. i. pp. 112-115.

As the inner principle of obedience is love to God, so that of disobedience is alienation from God; and since life cannot be governed by negations, *self* takes the place of a divinity. Self-seeking becomes the universal root of sin, and all its modifications may be traced to this principle. Some difficulties in the way of this theory will probably strike most of our readers; as, for example, that self-love is a principle sanctioned by Christianity, and that it is dangerous to make the difference between good and evil, self-love and self-seeking, merely one of degree; that this view would oppose the doctrine of universal depravity, since benevolence is an integral part even of our fallen nature; and that sin may spring from the misdirection of our benevolent feelings, as well as from the prevalence of self-regard. The first of these difficulties is well met by our author; who shows that self, in relation to God, is the only object of Christian self-love, and that every other species is immoral. The second difficulty, we regard as evaded by him rather than met; and think he makes far too light of those phenomena of disinterested affection, which have vindicated for themselves a place in every English system of ethics since Hobbes.* And the third difficulty, he almost, in so many words, admits to be fatal, since he does not deny that evil actions spring from preference of other objects, both to self and to the Creator, but regards these as too subordinate materially to affect his deduction. We think differently; but at the same time, cannot but acknowledge the skill and depth with which so much of our particular sinfulness, if not the whole, is traced up to self-assertion. This is easily seen to be the case with the *love of the world*, in both its positive form of sensuality or intemper-

* The first sin on the part of Adam did not spring from self-seeking but mistaken benevolence towards Eve.

ance, and its more negative form of passive ease and sloth. Thus also *falsehood* is but another form of self-assertion. It is a lie in relation to God; and this leads to deception and hypocrisy in relation to man, which is the more inevitable that, in a self-seeking world, every individual must mask his own ends. Again, *pride* is but self-isolation, on the ground of fancied superiority; and its kindred evils—caprice, tyranny, obstinacy—are but forms in which self asserts its power. *Hatred* is but the reaction of thwarted self-will and disappointed self-assertion; and this manifests itself in anger, revenge, envy, malice, cruelty. This last fruit of the selfish principle rises even to hatred of the law, the person, and the very idea of God, which are all so many checks on the infinitude of self. Our author here sternly reprehends the theo-philanthropy of the day, which denies this to be possible; and more mildly than it deserves, the paradoxical assertion of Schelling, that all being, even the highest, next to God, must be covered with a deep melancholy, as overshadowed with a feeling of absolute limitation and dependence upon him. The prevalence of self appears also in our distempered moods of feeling, gloom, despondency, poco-curantism, and other reactions of disappointed desire. The sphere of knowledge is not exempt from its influence; all moral truth being darkened by this exhalation from below, and our estimate of the highest ends, and the best means being one continued display of folly and imprudence. Whatever may be thought of the universality of this deduction, it contains the substance of many beautiful moral essays, and shows a rare knowledge of human nature. What can be finer than this answer to the question, whether there be such a thing as disinterested hatred?—

“We will not here appeal to the observation of the acute Rochefoucault, which Kant appears to sanction, that we find something not altogether displeasing in the misfortunes of our best friends; for even granting that this were universally true, the phenomenon would be ambiguous, and might be accounted for on higher principles; as, for example, from an obscure feeling of joy that an opportunity was given us of binding our friends to us by fresh ties of love and service. But who can banish from daily life the countless manifestations of envy and malicious joy—or from history, the frightful outbreaks of murderous passion and cruelty, which had no other aim than to feast themselves with the tortures of their victims, the horrors of the thirty years’ war, or the campaigns of Tamerlane, or such expressions as that of Caligula, ‘*Utinam populus Romanus unam cervicem haberet.*’ Alas, it cannot be denied, that as there is an inspiration of holy love, so is there an inspiration of hatred or frantic pleasure with which men surrender themselves to the impulses of destructiveness; and when the popular language speaks of possessions of Satan, of incarnate devils, there lies at the bottom of this the grave truth, that men by continued sinning may pass the ordinary limit between human and

diabolic depravity, and lay open in themselves a deep abyss of hatred, which without any mixture of self-interest, finds its gratification in devastation and wo."—Vol. i. p. 198.

Little did Dr. Müller dream of another crisis, which was to open up afresh this horrid pit of Tartarus, and overspread the continent with the monuments of a reckless barbarity, both on the side of the revolution and the counter-revolution, which afford too just a comment on his mournful description!

Our author's remarks on the *guilt* of sin need not detain us long. He protests most justly against the Grecian view of it, as little more than a feeling of disturbed harmony; remarking the two grand distinctions between the beautiful and the holy, that every man must be holy, and that in all things; while only the gifted can reach the beautiful, and that only in one department. Dr. Müller does not deny the æsthetic element in the working of conscience, of which Shaftesbury and Hutcheson in our country have made so much. But he places the essence of the consciousness of guilt in two things—an entire attribution of the sin to self as its cause, and a condemnatory judgment, asserting the loss of God's favour and exposure to punishment. Our English moralists include both under the sense of personal demerit; but Dr. Müller, as his manner is, takes a more theological view of the subject, and asserts what needs very much to be insisted on, the existence of a doom as absolute under the government of God, as the original demand of the law itself. The connexion of guilty men with God is thus strikingly expressed:—

"Evil conscience is the divine bond that links the created spirit, even in deep apostasy, to its original. In the consciousness of guilt, there is revealed, though the revelation is not comprehended till something higher is added, the essential relation of our spirit to God, *γινώσκω τὸν Θεόν*, Acts xvii. 28. The trouble and anguish which the remonstrances of conscience excite; the inward discomposure which sometimes seizes on the slave of sin, is a proof that he has not yet broken quite loose from God. If sin be a struggle of the creature to tear itself from God, this struggle is not only for ever outwardly fruitless, but inwardly it has failed of its aim, so long as the sense of guilt is not utterly extinguished."—Vol. i. pp. 242, 243.

Our author next vindicates the objective validity of our consciousness of guilt against the apologies of a superficial theology, which denies its co-existence with the very principle of created being, (*viz.*) dependence upon God. Deism and pantheism effect no reconciliation of sin with God's power, wisdom, and love, or do so only by abolishing the phenomenon they seek to explain. The consciousness of guilt is a delusion, or at best a transition-mood ordained by God, as a means of development necessary to our extrication from that state of imperfection, otherwise called sin,

which is also of his appointment. We commend the following passage to the notice of Mr. Bailey, and the admirers of the theology of his "Festus," in its cardinal doctrine, "evil and good are God's right hand and left :"—

"What an outlet is this! A dark demon-like power, which leaves the poor sinner first to become guilty, and then to be reproached for being so; which has ordained selfishness, lies, and even hatred as the departing, and yet never departed shadow of good, and which has laid on man the burden of responsibility in his conscience for this phantom, and added to the calamity of sin the weight of remorse. Such a power may have a certain admissibility into systems of polytheism and pantheism; but it is utterly irreconcilable with the first principles of Christian theism, since it not merely denies the truth and holiness of God, and undermines all confidence in his revelations, but places also in the room of his love a despotic cruelty towards his creatures."—Vol. i. pp. 250-252.

Our author effects but little, on the ground of metaphysics, in his solution of the great problem of the harmony of God's holy omnipotence with the existence of a real, and not a shadowy evil. He sums it up himself in the scholastic formula—"Deus concurrit ad *materiale*, non ad *formale* actionis malæ,"—which who-soever can may derive light and comfort from. His defence of the Bible doctrine, from any countenance given to the theory of evil, as ordained and wrought by God, is much more successful. The few passages of the Old Testament which refer sin apparently to God, are satisfactorily accounted for by its general tone being proved inconsistent with a wrong use of them; and the arguments from the New Testament, for the entire exclusion of God from sinful actions, are handled in an admirable manner, by showing how any other view cuts up both the doctrines of Judgment and of Redemption by the roots. We do not recite the errors not yet imported into this country, against which the very idea of judgment needs to be defended. It is enough to give the result, "*Peccati ultor non est peccati auctor.*" The Christian doctrine of redemption is even more decisive. Take away sin, as the act of a relatively independent being, and grace is no more grace; redemption becomes a debt left unpaid from creation; the forgiveness of sins is a nullity; and the atonement of Christ, in relation to sin, becomes a mere show. Thus ends the harmonizing attempt of those who talk of redemption as the true theodiceæ, and balance the universal disease of man by such a remedy. The very ideas of disease and remedy are destroyed; and the cross of Christ, which is designed to make sin exceeding sinful, would rather tend to give it the pleasant interest of an obstacle overcome—"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit." Justly does Dr. Müller add his testimony to that of the ancient Church, "that

the cross is not less a revelation of the wrath, than of the highest love and grace of God ;" though this be in the teeth of Schleiermacher, who expressly says, that the ministers of the gospel have nothing to teach man respecting the wrath of God. And in equal antagonism to the almost fanatical contempt of the latter for the Old Testament, does he set down the admirable words :—

"The conscious separation of Israel from God is often now-a-days given out as a proof of the untrue character of the Old Testament religion. But on the contrary, so long as the consciousness of reconciliation by atonement was unrealized, in this lay its deepest truth. It was the fundamental error of heathenism, especially of the Greek religion, to recognise this severance from God, not as an all-pervading evil, but only in certain incidental and external points of view ; so that it emboldened men to approach the divinity with an unholy confidence, even with all their sins upon them. Judaism, on the contrary, required a mediator ; and there held still good, in a spiritual sense, the rule which the early Church for a time enforced in a literal, that the royal road from all heathenism to Christianity leads through Judaism."—P. 296.

Thus far our author has dealt with sin as a fact of human experience—equally real and formidable ; and before proceeding to lay down his own theory of its origin, he introduces a lengthened critique of the most celebrated systems that have grappled with this mighty problem. This occupies his second Book, and is a most valuable product of well-digested reading and critical judgment. Indeed, we are inclined to regard this as the most successful part of the whole work—another among many proofs how much greater the human mind is in criticism than in creation. Had these speculators succeeded as well in reducing the difficulty, as Dr. Müller in overcoming them, this bow of Ulysses had long ago been bent by every suitor of ethical wisdom. A passing notice is all we can give of this masterly analysis ; which we regret the more, as this department in the ethics and theology of our own country has long been almost a blank.

The *first* great theory considered is that of *privation*, which derives evil from the metaphysical imperfection of mankind. Evil is only good not attained ; and the native tendency of all created being to good is simply hindered by the limitation of its powers. Moral evil arises from the inadequacy of the moral conceptions, by which the will of a finite creature is determined, and through which the less is preferred to the greater good. Evil thus needs a positive origin no more than darkness, cold, inertia ; but is a mere privation of good, and that resting on the necessary difference between the Creator and all creatures. This theory owns Leibnitz for its greatest and most influential advocate in any age or country. Dr. Müller justly remarks the great indecision in his "*Theodicee*," whether it is meant to explain the

necessity, or only the possibility of evil. The former supposition would issue in the horrid consequence of making God the author of sin, and would besides diffuse sin as widely, and continue it as long, as created existence. All creatures would thus, to use Leibnitz's own expression, be asymptotes of the Deity, and that not only in the sense of deficient endowment, but of moral distance. From this interpretation of his system, however, Leibnitz is entitled to be spared, on the ground of the stress which he lays on the free-will of the creature; though it must be acknowledged that it is difficult to see how this can break the fatal circle drawn by the optimism and determinism of his whole theory.

Giving him however the benefit of the doubt, this privative theory is inconsistent with the facts of moral consciousness. The free-will of the creature could not have produced evil merely as a reflex of finitude, a negation of perfect goodness; for this is not evil. Evil is not weakness, but perversion. It is not pitied as ignorance of man's highest good, but loathed as the wilful choice of known error; and it can enlist as much of energy on its side, as is ever evoked by its opposite. To use an illustration borrowed from Leibnitz's favourite science, evil is as much a quantity as good: only it is a negative quantity; it is not a *vis inertiae*, but an elastic centre of repulsion. It need hardly be added, that sin considered in the light of this theory, cannot well be the object of Divine displeasure; nor can a foundation be laid for that dualism of God and Satan, Christ and Belial, that intensely polemical character, in short, which even Schleiermacher in one of his lucid intervals acknowledges to belong to Christianity.

Dr. Müller farther charges on Leibnitz the error of confounding moral with metaphysical good and evil, which latter is neither more nor less than the rise of a being's existence above, or its fall below the zero point. He justly reprehends the false subtlety of those who find some good thing in the bare existence of a being thoroughly depraved. Strange to say, in this metaphysical mist Augustine and Jonathan Edwards lose their way, and stumble on the first principle of Spinoza, that virtue lies in *being*, in power, in quantity of existence—a principle of which practised ears will easily find the echo in Goethe and Carlyle. Moral evil lies in a quite different region. It is not the defect of being; but the alienation of being from God.

It is curious, as our author notices, that the system of St. Augustine at first sight seems identical with that of Leibnitz; and that from him the wide spread view of sin as privative has found its way into all systems of theology. But Dr. Müller acutely remarks, that the idea of Leibnitz is more passive, that of Augustine more active, since the latter insists on sin being a tendency

to non-existence—a force of destruction, a principle of negation or privation, like devouring fire in relation to its object. Whatever defects are in this view, it certainly comes nearer the standard of Christian feeling, and preserves better the antithesis between sin and holiness.

Before leaving this subject, it is but just to add, that many of our English divines have held this theory of Leibnitz with a much more evangelical creed than that great speculator. Edwards, like Augustine, escapes its evil consequences by the depth of his personal religion; and it is curious to see, on the other hand, in Williams' edition of his works, the perpetual struggle of the latter to analyze his system into still greater negativity. Nor does the privative theory seem to have been much more than a dead letter in the theology of Chalmers, who probably transferred it from Leibnitz, through his unbounded, and perhaps extravagant admiration of other parts of his system, especially the doctrine of philosophical necessity. Though not confined to them, this shadowy apparition has always haunted the schools of Calvinism; and while it may have been upon the whole a harmless ghost, it would be better to lay it, since it is apt to give to the whole region of God's decrees and remedial measures in regard to sin, something of its own aerial and phantom-like character.

The next great theory of sin, which has its roots as deep in history as that of privation, is the theory of *sense*, which resolves evil into the insubordination of our lower or animal nature, and explains all by the misapplied words of Scripture, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." It is not, of course, in the mere possession of a body with its animal susceptibilities and desires that sin lies, but in the disproportion of the strength of body and mind, in the false relation of the will to sensuous impulse, by which it yields, when it ought to assert its own supremacy. This is the theory of almost all deists and rationalists; and in every country it is the common refuge of those who gloss over sin by smooth phrases, about the frailty and infirmity of our nature. Nothing is more admirable than our author's exposure of this theory. In fact, it is not an explanation of the phenomena at all, but only a return of the unsolved problem in a disguise. If sin lie in this, that the will should improperly yield to sense, whence this subjection? It cannot be from the pleasure of the lower impulse: for the pleasure of the higher ought to overrule it. The will should be its own law; and if not, this must be owing either to a voluntary perversion, in which case the theory of Sense is abandoned, or to an inherent weakness of the will, in which case this theory runs into that of Privation, and encounters all its difficulties. Sin lies in

the limitation of the human will : and the impulses of sense are only its occasion and not its cause ; for in creatures of higher strength of will, they would be repelled with as much ease as the stings of insects by the hide of the rhinoceros. This difficulty is in no respect diminished by the explanation that sense comes first into possession of the field, and that our moral nature awakes slowly and by degrees. For this pre-occupation has in it nothing of the nature of resistance to the higher principle ; and when this latter appears, it ought as much to rule as man on the last day of creation received the submission of all earlier creatures. The nature-philosophy of Schelling, which identifies soul and body, making the former but the blossom and highest development of the latter, would smooth this difficulty in some measure, as it would account for the impressions of sense on spirit, ere it emerged into its distinctness ; but this theory is inadmissible on philosophical principles, as failing to account for the spiritualism of man, which is not a difference from matter in degree merely, but in kind. On any other supposition, the development of the mental part, which is the higher, would secure a gradual subjection of the domain of sense, until the two forces of spirit and matter were equal, and at length the former supreme—so that youth would be the period of sin, and age of virtue—a result which is contradicted by all experience.

This theory thus not only fails to account for any class of sins, even those which have a sensuous character, without calling in the foreign principle of free-will : it can give no explanation of the most deadly class of sins at all. The sins of the spirit—ambition, envy, malice, and the whole formidable train,—have no root in sense whatever, and it is, as Müller justly remarks, almost ridiculous in the eyes of any one who knows the evils of his own nature, to hear the emphasis with which this theory denounces the more external, while the more internal plagues of humanity escape untouched. The practical consequences of such a theory in all ages have been, on the one hand, to beget a superficial estimate of sin, and to foster a Pharisaic self-righteousness, as if the core of humanity were sound and true ; and, on the other, to engender in more earnest spirits an ascetic contempt of the flesh, and a mechanical practice of holiness, which consisted in nothing more than bridling the innocent impulses of our lower nature. Thus Pelagianism runs over into Manicheanism : and it is an instructive fact, that the deeper theology of Augustine found its liveliest opponents in monks trained in this school.

The last refuge of this theory has been found in the theology of the Apostle Paul, with much the same right that a criminal

might claim the sanctuary where he sought an asylum for a birthplace. It is supposed to exist in his famous distinction of the *flesh* and the *spirit*; and the Apostle has had the misfortune to be applauded, by one class, and blamed as loudly by another, for this moral dualism. We do not follow our author into the spirited *excursus* in which he shows these praises and censures to be equally misjudged, and vindicates the true sense of *σὰρξ* in the Apostle's writings, as denoting not a mal-adjustment of the parts of humanity to each other, but a perverted relation of our whole human nature to God. This interpretation agrees with that of Augustine, and also of the leading Reformers. Even Bellarmine, though the Church of Rome approaches too near the sensuous theory of sin, accords with them: and the more recent expositions of the Pauline epistles take this deeper view.

It is here that the paper of De Wette, noticed at the head of this Article, strikes in and attempts to break the fall of this theory of Sense, which had been supported both in his works on Christian morals and in his Commentaries. We have no wish to speak severely of a great critic and scholar, over whom the grave has so recently closed, more especially as this review is understood to have been the last production of his ever active and versatile mind. We must say, however, that his polemic against Müller has all the weakness of a defenceless cause, and affords not even a last prop to the subverted theory. He is compelled to admit that the will is included along with sensuous appetite in the apostolic *σὰρξ*, and though he narrows the concession by calling it the *sensuous* will, this is virtually giving up the point. He condemns Müller for stumbling at the difficulty how it comes to pass that the higher part of human nature yields to the lower, and endeavours to soften it by showing that flesh and spirit are not after all so distinct or disparate, and by alleging the force of habit;—forgetting all the while, that the distinction between flesh and spirit is the very soul of the theory which Müller opposes, and that to weaken it, is to abolish that theory: and farther, that the force of habit over the will, is just a portion of the phenomenon, which the theory of Sense ought to explain, but quietly takes for granted. The unanswerable arguments of Müller, drawn from pride, envy, malice, &c., he parries by the utterly untenable assertion that those sins have an element of sensuousness in them,—what he calls internal or mental sensuousness,—which seems to us little if any better than a contradiction in terms, and which, even if granted, would not account for the higher element, which is purely spiritual. The only shadow of truth in this refinement, is, that the spirit does not realize its depraved desires of this kind, without the body as an instrument. But this is different *toto cælo* from the strictly sensuous desires, where sense imposes its

laws upon spirit. It might not be an *experimentum crucis* to a person of so little faith as De Wette, to refer to the sinful desires of fallen angels, which assuredly are not in any acceptation sensuous: and Dr. Müller might think this an illustration not quite adapted to the meridian of Germany; but to a believer in the orthodox system, this perhaps conveys the most lively idea of the utter hollowness of De Wette's generalization, that all sin is begotten of sense. The desire to be as gods would thus rest only on the sensuous images of a throne and a visible glory; the inward and deadly element of self-assertion and self-conscious independence of the most High would be totally omitted. On the whole, we regard Müller's line of battle as quite unbroken by this onset. Even on De Wette's own ground of exegesis he is unsuccessful; and his ethics are lame and superficial. Nothing in his paper, moreover, or in himself, justifies the slighting tone in which Müller's system is spoken of; nor is his protest, though it be a solemn and final one, likely to turn back the moral speculation of Germany from those deeper channels, by which it is beginning again to discharge itself into the tide of orthodoxy.

We pass almost over the searching comments which follow here on Kant's relation to the theory of Sense. Most of our readers have heard of his categorical imperative; in other words, his conception of the moral reason as a law, which is its own motive, and can only be corrupted by motives of pleasure or pain drawn from the region of sense. This has led many to rank him with the advocates of this theory, since sin thus appeared to find its natural place in his system. Müller shows, however, that Kant's doctrine of the might of free-will, and of the transcendence of the region of pure ethical reason above that of experience, admits of no other than a voluntary fall, an eternal and *à priori* war of practical reason against itself, of which empirical sin, or sin in time, is but the reflection; and contends, that however mystical Kant's system thus becomes, it is separated by an impassable interval from the sensuous theory. We agree with all he says as to the darkness and contradiction of Kant's ethical theory; and have to charge against it a still farther incoherence in asserting the imperative character of the moral law as a revelation above all experience, and yet degrading its highest maxim,—viz., that we should perform only such actions as may be universally imitated,—to the region of experience and calculation. His categorical imperative is thus but a dark lantern till it borrows a utilitarian farthing candle, or at best, a flaming sword that turns every way, but drives no whither. We say these things with all respect for the genius and moral earnestness of Kant. We only show what a blind Polyphemus his autonomy of reason would make man if cut off from

a God not only impelling but guiding his creatures by a moral law.

It is in connexion with the theory of Sense that another great name is introduced, unquestionably the most influential, after Kant, of the ethical philosophers of Germany, Schleiermacher. A whole article might be written on the ethics of this great inquirer, which are as remarkable as his theology, and much less like a fusion of Corinthian brass from all other systems. Suffice it to say, that he is the very antipodes of Kant, the latter making virtue consist in self-government, the former in self-development; the latter making free-will all in all, the former ascribing everything to organization; the latter making virtue a struggle, the former a harmony; the latter connecting it with the kingdom of politics, the former with the kingdom of nature. In other words, Kant holds by the Roman idea, Schleiermacher by the Greek; and the one is more akin to the law of the Old Testament, the other to the love of the New. They form, in fact, the outermost sea-marks of the great ocean of moral speculation, on different sides of its expanse; and an interesting essay might be written to shew how the whole tide, in different ages, has rolled backwards and forwards between them.

We content ourselves here with condensing Müller's thorough-going examination of Schleiermacher's theory of sin. It is to some extent a reproduction of that of Sense. The Divine consciousness and the world-consciousness occupy the place of the spirit and flesh in that theory. A predominating consciousness of God, in every mental state, is opposed by something in that state arising from the world or self,—and this is sin. Müller justly reprehends the oscillation of Schleiermacher's view of the world-consciousness in man between what is sensual in the strictest sense, and what is ungodly; but granting him the most spiritual interpretation of his theory, he not less justly asks how the Divine consciousness, which on his own showing is infinite and irresistible, being neither more nor less than the infinite causality of God producing in us the sense of absolute dependence, can co-exist with any limit to its activity found in a lower region? Sin becomes absolutely impossible, except on the assumption of a fall of the Divine consciousness in man from itself; but for this—the mystical and incredible postulate of Kant—there is no room left in the system of Schleiermacher, which rigorously excludes that free-will by which alone it could become conceivable. After all, this inadmissibility of sin into the moral world holds true in so far as God himself is concerned. To him it appears mere negation, the result of that limitation of the Divine consciousness in man, which is included in the very idea of progressive development. For every stage there is a formula for

the union of the highest consciousness with the lowest; but this formula, through the pre-existence of the lowest consciousness in the field, is not realized. It is the race of Achilles and the tortoise; and Achilles, though gradually winning ground, is ever behind. This disharmony, however, is only for man and not for God; and it exists for man that he may seek liberation from it in union with Christ, in whom the ideal harmony of the two modes of consciousness is complete. Christ is the highest form of humanity, and sin exists for all others in their own consciences as a transition-stage, a necessary impulse to drive them to the perfection of their natures in union with him. Such is the theory, but it subverts itself; for sin is thus nothing more than a subjective illusion. The sense of guilt disappears before advancing knowledge. The Deity is convicted of what the Fathers called an *εὐνομία*, a pious fraud. And the very notion of redemption vanishes into thin air, being transformed into an integration by one stroke of the infinite series of steps that would have led at any rate "from good to better, thence to best."

We think Dr. Müller hardly just to Schleiermacher in ascribing to him the natural view of the perfection of Christ as opposed to the supernatural. This is certainly one of the darkest places in his Christology. But in his Epistle to Lücke he himself admits here a miracle, and the only one in his system; only, on the higher interpretation, the same difficulties beset his theory of sin. Man is made imperfect merely that a Divine Christ may exalt him; and this is inconsistent with the very idea of the Christian exaltation, of which the basis lies deep in penitence, self-reproach, and conscious self-discord. The better half of Schleiermacher's nature held fast to these Christian convictions, and incorporated them more and more to the last. His Christianity, like a tropical moon, shed almost as much light upon his own soul as others in a different zone derive from the sunshine of orthodoxy. But it is easy to see how his scanty views of the Atonement and of Divine influence grew out of this unhappy theory of sin; and how his doctrine of universal restoration followed as its corollary;—since how should God punish men ultimately for what arose by a kind of inexorable necessity of nature? And still more fatal is his doctrine of the subjectivity of sin as existing for man and not for God. This, if pushed to its consequences, overthrows not only Christianity but Natural Religion. Conscience would thus be regarded by higher beings as a nursery apparition to frighten this world's children. On earth sin would be overcome not by repentance but by speculation, and holiness would disappear with it. Theology, the child of reason and religion, would kill both its parents, and then put out its own eyes. The Christian Church would dig her own grave,

and might write over it the pathetic confession of Jacobi, that the head had prevailed over the heart, and that she lay down in darkness without hope of a resurrection.

We submit that this analysis of Schleiermacher ought to give pause to such persons as Mr. Morell and others, who with the best intentions are seeking to lift his method, if not his system, bodily into this country. That method and system have been already tried in Germany, so as by fire. Rosenkranz and Strauss have melted down the soldering that united its speculative elements taken from Spinoza, to its practical elements, drawn from the Bible, the Protestant symbols, and his own Christian experience. Braniss and Müller have shown how little it satisfies the demands of that Christian consciousness to which it professes to make all else subordinate. It is a structure built to a great extent out of the condemned timber of other systems, which all the hooks and cramps of his most tenacious dialectics cannot hold together. It is absurd to speak of a method as distinct in the long run from a system: and the fate of Schleiermacher's system has sealed that of his method. It is not certain if ever anybody held all the outs and ins of his *Glaubenslehre*, even in important matters, but himself; and to revive his creed at this time of day, in any considerable school of Germany, would be as easy as to restore the Continental system. We have been thus behind hand in German matters before. Coleridge built upon Kant and Schelling, after the one had subverted the other, and had himself given distinct hints of the forthcoming retraction of his own system. Carlyle, in his "Sartor Resartus," has not got beyond Kant and Fichte. And now we are required to shelter ourselves in an edifice which was never better than a caravanserai in the desert, and which the winds and rains of a generation have battered into a ruin. These facts remind us of the procedure of the parish minister of St. Kilda, who continued to pray for George II. a full year after his death.

The *third* theory which passes under review is that of *contrast*. Contrast is the law of all vitality. In nature we have light and shade, attraction and repulsion, positive and negative electricity; in history we have war and peace, movement and repose, personal influence and public authority; in art we have discord and concord, beauty and deformity, happiness and suffering;—why should we not have in the department of morals a final and highest contrast of good and evil, since it is from contrast that all individuality, life, character, arise? Good is not only not known, it is not developed without evil. Virtue is a mere abstraction suspended *in vacuo*. Unmixed good and evil, as in angels and devils, float before our minds as barren and uninteresting phantasies. We might continue this representation in imitation of our author, whose genial sketch of this theory

reminds us of the eloquent plausibilities of the sophists in the *Dialogues* of Plato; but this bare outline is sufficient. Dr. Müller traces this theory to Lactantius in Christian literature, and to the Stoics in pagan. It seems, however, to be merely the obverse of the cosmical system of Empedocles, who traced through all nature the two principles of *his* and *amicitia*; and it is defended by the Academic in Cicero's *De Naturâ Deorum*. The pantheism of the East has admitted it; and the supralapsarian predestination of the West, following too far to the brink the steps of Augustine and Aquinas, has fallen over into the abyss, and represented the Deity as sacrificing one part of his offspring to increase the happiness of the rest, and to illustrate his own glory. This theory has the merit of making evil something really antithetical to good, and struggling with it on the same stage; and hence many thinkers have inclined to it who were too deep for the theories of Privation and Sense, and yet not deep enough for the moral intuitions of Christianity. If this theory be true these last must all be rejected, for they include an original state of innocence, the example of a sinless Saviour, and the hope of an everlasting reign of perfect holiness. Man is not only born to trouble, but to sin as the sparks fly upwards; and while on the former theories the evil genius of man is capable of exorcism, at least as far as to the verge of paradise, here it sits in the very citadel of his being, his individuality.

A more penetrating view, however, detects the hollowness of this plausible scheme. If evil is necessary to give life and energy to human character and human life,—an infusion of the acid of hatred and malice to spice the otherwise soporific draught of love,—this very somnolent character of virtue, to which vice is a counteractive, is itself vice, and thus, instead of a real contrast, we have one Satan casting out another;—in other words, evil is presupposed to account for its own existence. The system barefacedly assumes, that there is no energy but in evil, and then good-naturedly sends forth this dark angel to trouble the waters. There are two other mistakes at the foundation of this system, which need only to be corrected to deprive it of all its remaining power to seduce.

First, it ignores the fact that contrast, in its purest form, may exist without evil. This is not only true of the world of nature, where we see in the mineral kingdom the polarity of opposites; in the vegetable, the reaction of dynamical and chemical forces; and in the animal, the contrast of receptivity and spontaneity; but holds also of the world of mind. The diversities of age, of temperament, of endowment, of sex, and many others, open up a boundless field for the development of individuality. The reciprocity of giving and receiving at once impels the march of the individual, and harmonizes it with the progress of the whole;

and the fundamental idea of society—that of an organism whose parts supplement each other according to a common law of love,—is utterly inconsistent with the necessity of evil. It betrays, indeed, a singular poverty of conception, to picture evil as needful, where love reigns, and lays open all the treasures of all hearts to each other; and such a theory, with all its pretensions, has as little sounded the depths and mysteries of that ocean of mutual love, in which all the gifts of the human race ought to be absorbed, as it has the variety and plenitude of the streams that cast themselves upon its bosom. If, moreover, evil is ever a foil to good, this does not lie in its own nature, but in the special grace of God; and though now and then a noble trait of character may be developed by antagonism to evil, just as a constitution may be strengthened by fever, or even by a Mithridatic diet on poisons, the crisis does not tend less, in the one case than in the other, to the dissolution of the structure that is exposed to such a trial.

Secondly, this theory commits the great error of measuring all possible systems by the actual experience of this world. It cannot rise to the conception of pure good, because this is not seen. Everywhere good and evil appear, as Socrates remarked of pleasure and pain, with their two ends bound together. Even inferior nature exhibits a reflection of human vices, and the whole of human life is covered with the shadow of evil, under which the pilgrim must wrestle with hobgoblins, and fight with giants. The very spheres of contrast between strong and weak, rich and poor, male and female, become the rallying points of the worst evils, as nervous disease attacks the ganglionic centres; and thus, where the power of love ought most signally to have harmonized these contrasts, they are found in the most violent antagonism. It is a most reckless generalization, to apply to all moral systems what holds only of one so depraved, that vivacity cannot exist without contrast, nor contrast without contrariety. It is to disregard the example of the Saviour, who was perfectly holy, without this hateful stimulant in himself, and would have been perfectly happy but for its reaction in others. It is to test the employments and energies of peace by a state of war, as if one should criticise the Christian Millennium by the standard of the Roman commonwealth, in which the temple of Janus was only shut three times in seven or eight centuries.

As for the theological appendages of this theory, they refute themselves. Justly does Müller remark, that the slavery or helotry of antiquity would be mild and liberal institutions, in comparison of a government of the world, which doomed some to sin, that others might reach the climax of holiness. Calvinism has long forsaken this height, which its great author, as well as Beza, now and then too nearly approached; and it is now a school of philosophy that occupies this ground of maintaining, that evil

must exist as a contrast to good, though at the expense of paving a way for humanity into the stronghold of virtue, over the dead bodies of those who have fallen in an earlier stage of the assault.

This school is that of Hegel. Such a theory of sin was to be expected, in a system which is a perpetual series of contrasts, springing out of each other, each with its two pillars and its arch—the whole being surmounted by the sublime curve of the Absolute Idea, in which all lower segments of being are harmonized. The particular contrast in which evil is found, according to this system, is that of *spirit and nature*. The unconscious spirit in man, according to the dialectical legerdemain of this philosophy, reflects itself in its opposite, viz., his material part, including his animal desires and impulses. Spirit comes forth out of its abstract unity into this dualism; but it is not meant to stay there; and when this spirit has abandoned itself to the full impulses of nature, it then recovers itself, by recognising its own identity with its opposite, in which act it first becomes self-consciously or truly spirit. This is the law of what Hegel, by a great abuse of language, calls *moral necessity*, since it is nothing better than a natural process. But this law may be resisted, and spirit may tarry with nature, yielding to its impulses in unreconciled antagonism, instead of throwing the arch of self-consciousness, by which nature would be dominated over, and kept in check. This lingering of spirit with nature, or surrender of spirit to nature, is *sin*. It is obvious that this is not to be confounded with the theory of Sense, since there nothing depended on contrast, whereas here the development of contrast is indispensable; and the passage through sin is necessary, that unconscious spirit may attain to full self-consciousness. It is in this sense that the famous words of Hegel are to be understood—"Man must eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, otherwise he is no man, but a mere animal." But if this be so, how can there be a real consciousness of guilt; or if guilt is supposed to lie only in the persistence of evil, and not in its necessary commission up to a certain extent, how is the limit to be defined, or how is this refinement to be harmonized with our moral sentiments, which as sternly forbid the entrance as the continuance of sin? Nay, does not the entrance necessitate the continuance; and can it be driven out by any logical juggle respecting the elevation of the spirit to self-consciousness,—in other words, the discovery that the spirit and the flesh are one in nature and being? The contrast must rather endure, that it may be perpetually overcome; parts of humanity must be sacrificed to the whole; and as the history of spirit is but the life of God, this sin, which is a part of *its* history, is necessary to *His* life, and in the eternal evolution and re-absorption of this contrast, must lie His infinite blessedness! Such is the Hegelian deity, occupied with a perpetual creation

from the chaos of his own unconsciousness, and a perpetual annihilation of his own defective works;—an employment which it is no profanation to compare with the device by which Michael Scott at last chained down his indomitable familiar demon—“making ropes of sand!”

This philosophy, more than any other, has its own cipher for the doctrines of Christianity that are based on sin, which is, however, so dark and deep, that the vulgar cannot read it, and so faithless, that the learned marvel at the *σήμετά λύγρα*, which, under a promise of safe-conduct, contain a death-warrant. A religion of miraculous facts cannot be squared to a few logical formulas of abstract universality; and hence Christ is but the type of the universal self-redemption of man;—this redemption is the elevation, by the dialectical process above mentioned, of the self-conscious spirit above the contrast of spirit and nature;—and regeneration is the entrance of each individual, by the gate of speculative knowledge, upon the enjoyment of this redemption. Such a philosophy is self-judged; and time also has judged it, carrying all its downward tendencies, against which the nobler nature of its truly great author would have protested, into full development; hatching in its ample cavities “all monstrous,” “all unutterable things,” the most unblushing irreligion, and the most naked immorality; and giving it to the more sober-minded eye even of its former worshippers, the appearance of a so-called divinity eaten up of worms!

A *fourth* theory is next briefly noticed, now all but extinct—that of Dualism, which ascribes to good and evil equal eternity and independence. Parsecism and Manicheism are the two names most commonly given to this view. It found no entrance among the classical nations, their evil principle, Hyle, being too passive and subjugable, up to a certain point, to deserve comparison. This system is in the teeth of the philosophic desire of unity; it places evil in a *substance*, and not in a *will*, which is incompatible with its very nature; and it disregards the weighty fact, that evil cannot exist except on the supposition of good as primitive, and that, in all experience, it is found restraining its own excesses by a kind of wild order, or hypocritical deference to good, which is itself an involuntary homage to an earlier master. Evil is the parasite of good; and were the all-supporting tree to fall, the false growth would soon wither and die.

The length of these notices of theories so celebrated, has left us little room for Dr. Müller's own. His view of the essence of sin has been already given. We now glance at his inquiry into its origin. This is contained in his third Book on the Possibility of Sin. The preceding theories have accounted for the *actuality*, or even *necessity* of evil. Dr. Müller adopts a more modest and wiser course, and stops with the discussion of its

possibility. It arises from the free-will of the creature, which is a power of independent origination, lent by God through a voluntary self-limitation, and though intended for good, capable of being perverted to evil. The end of the creation is the union of personal being with God in self-devotion. For this the omnipotence of God must clear a wide enough space, and while supplying the conditions of a right choice—personality, will, and law, leave the moral use of these to the creature itself. All moral being thus begins with *formal* liberty, which includes the capacity of wrong choice. But this formal liberty only exists that it may pass over into *real* liberty, wherein the law and the will are by right choice harmonized, and the possibility of sin is at length excluded. It is the greatness of moral being to be capable in the earliest stage of a fall; and while the possibility of sin is thus accounted for, without supposing it founded in a dualistic principle, or in the will of God, its exceeding sinfulness, as the voluntary apostasy of a creature from the love which so highly endowed it, is placed in the strongest light. While, however, the *possible* existence of evil is thus made conceivable, its *actual* existence remains as dark as before. It is the essence of sin to be inconceivable in its actuality. The abuse of free-will, in which it originates, is essentially irrational; and God, to whom the grounds of all other things are naked and open, sees in this nothing but a mystery of iniquity, a marvel of unreason.

It is impossible to deny the ingenuity of this theory of Dr. Müller, and much of it seems founded in truth. The distinction between formal and real liberty is both novel and striking. The former gives him the indispensable alternative which is secured by the libertarian theories of indifference and equilibrium, while the latter cuts off their atomistic character; and thus, in the union of the two kinds of freedom, or in the passage from the one to the other, he can bring over to his own side those facts respecting the influence of habits and motives, which are commonly regarded as the main arguments of determinism. In a word, he can begin with Pelagius, and end with Augustine, in his history of all moral beings. And yet, this is a track which we gravely scruple to follow in, since *formal* freedom appears to us to be too little for the original endowment of moral creatures, either as the principles of natural theology require, or as Scripture has informed us; and as we entirely concur in our author's view of the utter inconceivableness of the rise of evil, as an actual event, we do not see anything gained by lowering the original pitch of voluntary excellence, so as to explain its possibility.

Still less can we follow him in his attempt to transfer the origin of all sin to a date anterior to the commencement of time. Kant and Schelling had preceded him in this effort to remove the mystery of free-will into that congenial region, which, by a

witty misnomer, they called the *intelligible* world! Kant, despairing of finding liberty anywhere in the iron-chain of motive and action, as stretching from the beginning to the end of our empirical existence, sought it in the higher world of the unconditioned; and Schelling, as early as 1809, in his celebrated Essay on Freedom,—in which he traced sin to a principle of darkness existing in God, and uniting itself with the free-will of man, expressly declared that the original sin was committed by every man before his temporal being, and drew all the sins of life after it with rigorous necessity. Life was bound—but it was bound by an antecedent act of liberty; and thus the intuitions of conscience were defended by a bulwark too high for the reach of scepticism, and free-will stood invincible, with its back to the wall of eternity. Dr. Müller, while justly exposing the errors of these speculations, has much too deeply for our taste committed himself to the same principle: He does not, indeed, like Kant, degrade our present life into a mere shadow, in which only darkling reflections of transcendental choice appear; for the passage of moral beings through time, is with him necessary to their development. Nor does he with Schelling represent our present character as absolutely created and fixed for us by our ante-temporal decision; for he admits to a large extent the modifying influences of this world, and also the historical transmission of evil from Adam through all generations. But still the turning point with each individual was his use of formal freedom in that pre-existent state; and here alone can we find a point above the action and re-action of determinism, where the destiny of man was in his own hands.

We regret that so sober a thinker should have impeded his wings for so dangerous a flight, with feathers borrowed from the schools; and most of our readers will perceive at once the difficulties under which this *theologoumenon* (as our author calls it) labours. It really affords no satisfactory escape from the law of conditioned action; for the constitution given by God, however unformed, was still a condition of moral choice. It fails to supply a basis to our feelings of guilt; for sin committed on this higher ground would be so unlike the sins of time in its circumstances and character, that it could not fit into the same series; it leaves unexplained the entire disappearance of our first and worst sin from our consciousness,—a fact which our author frankly concedes; and it does not even attempt to bridge over the great gulf between the antecedent life of all human spirits in a timeless state and their successive historical entrance into time. We need not insist on the incompatibility of this speculation with the orthodox theory of original sin as derived from one man. Dr. Müller has hardly done justice to Scripture in his well-meant efforts to extricate it from the consequences which it is made to

sanction by the symbolical books of his Church; and, for our part, we would rather take up the confessional view with all its difficulties, than fly to so unsatisfactory a refuge from them. On this point, and on this alone, do we agree with De Wette in his criticism of Müller's work. We can trust our moral convictions, to bring home to men the sense of guilt and responsibility in the department of religion, without being dependent on any theory of free-will or the origin of evil,—just as Butler has admirably shown, that this sense remains the same in other departments of practice, even on the principles of fatalism. We should not the less, however, value any serviceable theory, by which the aim of Dr. Müller might be realized, and the burden of original sin laid upon our own shoulders, without at the same time removing it from its scriptural resting-place. We owe almost an apology to our author for turning upon him after so pleasant a chase after truth, and measuring out to him anything like the treatment of Actæon. We acknowledge his substantial orthodoxy even here; and would not willingly rank ourselves among those who apply without allowance a British line and rule to that wall against the worst error, which he and others equally noble-hearted are building up, with a trowel in the one hand and a weapon in the other, in troublous times.

We must draw to a close, omitting all notice of the last two Books "On the Diffusion of Sin in the Species," and "On its Progress in the Individual." We would willingly have indulged in reflections of our own to a greater extent. But we felt it due to such a work, and to the modern evangelism of Germany, to give as full and faithful a reflection as we could of one of its principal performances. We trust enough has been written to shew that our common Christianity is there struggling into a state of intense self-consciousness, in opposition to fundamental errors to which there is no parallel in our country; and that if there is much which that evangelism has yet to learn, there is not a little which it can also teach. It is to be regretted that with a blind deference to Germany, on the one side, there is growing up a bigoted hostility on the other. Let us be impartial and discern the things that differ. Let us not charge the Christian party with the conflagration, which is there raging, nor clothe them in the skins of those with whom they have nothing in common, and then hunt them down in the same amphitheatre. Perhaps they may be yet our best auxiliaries in a contest with our own unbelief, half-belief, and quasi-belief; and even should the exaggerated fears of some be disappointed, who tremble before an invasion of German opinions,—which generally come like the Germanic races in the days of old, after they are driven out of their own country,—it will be impossible not to gain much insight from their art of fence into the conduct of our

own domestic war with error. The body is not one member but many; and though the course of our preceding investigations forbids us to say that one member is designedly drawn into mistakes for the warning and instruction of others, it is sound and just doctrine that these mistakes with their correction ought to be improved by the whole household of faith.

We dismiss this subject with two reflections,—the one bearing on our theology, and addressed more to our divines,—the other on our religion, and addressed more to our literary men.

Our divines had better not learn from German example to attempt experiments in theological deduction. All such efforts are nullified by the intractable phenomena of sin. What is founded on free-will admits of no theoretical development from the highest Being; and, besides, the free-will of God, in treating so variously different sinning worlds, and parts of the same world, puts a negative on all such speculations. A perfect system of theology as tested by the perfection of systems, where free-will has no place, as in the departments of physics and metaphysics, is thus unattainable; and it is the wisest course to shun the high *priori* road, and humbly gather up and piece together the fragments which are contained in the only book which is the theologian's Book of Nature. We do not quarrel with system; for this is but induction turned the other way. Only there is some danger in imitation of Germany, of supplementing gaps, smoothing over difficulties, and going back to a higher beginning than the revealed one, in order to gain momentum for a *salto mortale*, which shall overleap the barriers within which both nature and grace have confined us. The deductive system, in all its purity, comes from Spinoza, and ends in Pantheism and stern necessity. It explains both sin and redemption, by explaining them away; and it can no more deduce the fall, or the interposition of a sinless being, than the saws of Roman augury could deduce the rent in the Forum, or the devotion of the hero that closed the gulf.

The nature of sin as a voluntary and prolonged apostasy from God should deter our literary men from dealing with it after the fashion of mere theory. It is not a stone of stumbling to our speculation merely; it is a millstone hung about the necks of all of us, and weighing us down in conscious discord with the universe and ourselves. The confession of sin is universal; and the deeper spirit of our own age, with all its levity and indifference, is tossed to and fro by the heavy ground-swell. "I look into mine heart," says a rationalist theologian of last century, "and acknowledge that I have to charge myself before God with all the sins against knowledge that I have described. Whoso is not ready with the same confession, let him look again into his own." None of our non-Christian writers of the earnest school would

refuse this language. It is not speculation that can heal such wounds ; nor can any one who has found the remedy see without regret, arguments, evidences, and other appliances of the reasoning faculty, demanded by such inquirers, and presented by Christian theorists as all in all. As sin began with an act of the creature, and was met by an act of Incarnate Love, it is only by a renewed act in the human soul, that it can be encountered and overcome. This is the act of self-connexion with that supernatural economy which the Gospel has brought nigh. There is freedom only in this higher region ; and the transition into it is something in which mind and heart, will and personality, must be engaged as in a mortal struggle. Christianity reveals its great secret only to those who ask it ; helps only those who, in their deepest nature, accept its conditions of help. Speculation scorns this strait gate ; but the city of God has no other opening. Lying down without its walls, it wraps itself in its own wintry mantle ; but it can neither exclude the chilly blasts, nor bring health to that diseased frame, for which a cure is only to be found within. It is by an effort of will that the Christian deliverance is to be realized ; a will returning to its lowly attitude towards the Infinite Being, submitting to the hardest sentence on the past coming both from His inward and outward voice, and reuniting itself with His will, 'on the ground of a true Mediation, and in the strength of a Heavenly influence. The will must return by the world-old pathway of Atonement and Grace, which is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. It must throw itself into this new atmosphere, and make the attempt to breathe it ; plunge into this new element of life, and strike about in it as the swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim. By such a voluntary transition alone can the terrific depths of an eternal discord between the Infinite and the finite be escaped ; and even as a matter of speculation, those who have thus become as little children, know more of the mystery of evil, than the philosophers who have wrestled with the problem all their life long. Let our literary inquirers, then, abandon their intellectual pride and dilettantism, and submit to have the practical evil of sin healed in the same manner as a bodily disease by a practical remedy. Let them ponder the great words of one of themselves, Jacobi, who had reached at least the court of the Gentiles,—“ Nicht weise, nicht tugendhaft, nicht gottselig kann der Mensch sich vernünfteln : er muss dahinauf bewegt werden und sich bewegen, organisiert werden und sich organisiren.” And let them accept the same words at once translated and transfigured at the hands of one who, of all the children of men, knew most of the mystery of sin, and of the method of deliverance,—“ Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God who worketh in you to will and to do of his good pleasure.”

- ART. VI.—1. *Footprints of the Creator; or the Asterolepis of Stromness.* By HUGH MILLER, Author of the "Old Red Sandstone," &c. London, 1849. 12mo, Pp. 313.
2. *The Old Red Sandstone: or, New Walks in an Old Field.* By HUGH MILLER. Edinburgh, 1849. Third Edition, with Plates and Geological Sections. 12mo.
3. *Ancient Sea Margins: or Memorials of change in the relative level of Sea and Land.* By ROBERT CHAMBERS, Esq., F.R.S.E. Edinburgh, 1849. 8vo, Pp. 338.
4. *La Science et la Foi sur l'Œuvre de la Création, ou Théories Géologiques comparées avec la doctrine des Pères de l'Eglise sur l'Œuvre des six Jours.* Par H. B. WATERKEYN, Professeur de Minéralogie et de Géologie à l'Université Catholique de Louvaine. Liège, 1845. 12mo, Pp. 200.
5. *Le Déluge: Considérations Géologiques et Historiques sur les dernières Cataclysmes du Globe.* Par FREDERIK KLEF. Paris, 1847. 12mo, Pp. 336.
6. *Passages in the History of Geology, being an Inaugural Lecture at University College, London, 1848.* By ANDREW C. RAMSAY, F.G.S., Professor of Geology, University College, and Director of the Geological Survey of Great Britain. London, 1848. Pp. 38.
7. *Do. do. being an Introductory Lecture in Continuation of the Inaugural Lecture of 1848.* By the Same. London, 1849. Pp. 38.

OF all the studies which relate to the material universe, there is none, perhaps, which appeals so powerfully to our senses, or which comes into such close and immediate contact with our wants and enjoyments, as that of geology. In our hourly walks, whether on business or for pleasure, we tread with heedless step upon the apparently uninteresting objects which it embraces: but could we rightly interrogate the rounded pebble at our feet, it would read us an exciting chapter on the history of primeval times, and would tell us of the convulsions by which it was wrenched from its parent rock, and of the floods by which it was abraded, and transported to its present humble locality. In our visit to the picturesque and the sublime in nature, we are brought into closer proximity to the more interesting phenomena of geology. In the precipices which protect our rock-girt shores, which flank our mountain glens, or which variegate our lowland valleys, and in the shapeless fragments at their base, which the lichen colours, and round which the ivy twines, we see the rem-

nants of uplifted and shattered beds, which once reposed in peace at the bottom of the ocean. Nor does the rounded boulder, which would have defied the lapidary's wheel of the Giant Age, give forth a less oracular response from its grave of clay, or from its lair of sand. Floated by ice from some Alpine summit, or hurried along in torrents of mud, and floods of water, it may have traversed a quarter of the globe, amid the crash of falling forests, and the death shrieks of the noble animals which they sheltered. The mountain range too, with its catacombs below, along which the earthquake transmits its terrific sounds, reminds us of the mighty power by which it was upheaved;—while the lofty peak, with its cap of ice, or its nostrils of fire, places in our view, the tremendous agencies which have been at work beneath us.

But it is not merely amid the powers of external nature that the once hidden things of the Earth are presented to our view. Our temples and our palaces are formed from the rocks of a primeval age; bearing the very ripple-marks of a Pre-Adamite ocean,—grooved by the passage of the once moving boulder, and embosoming the relics of ancient life, and the plants by which it was sustained. Our dwellings, too, are ornamented with the variegated limestones—the indurated tombs of molluscous life—and our apartments heated with the carbon of primeval forests, and lighted with the gaseous element which it confines. The obelisk of granite, and the colossal bronze which transmit to future ages the deeds of the hero and the sage, are equally the production of the Earth's prolific womb; and from the green bed of the ocean has been raised the pure and spotless marble, to mould the divine lineaments of beauty, and perpetuate the expressions of intellectual power. From a remoter age, and a still greater depth, the primary and secondary rocks have yielded a rich tribute to the chaplet of rank, and to the processes of art. The diamond and the sapphire, while they shine in the royal diadem, and in the imperial sceptre, are invaluable instruments in the hands of the artizan; and the ruby and the topaz, and the emerald and the chrysoberyl, have been scattered from the jewel caskets of our Mother Earth, to please the eye, and to gratify the vanity of her children.

Exhibiting, as it peculiarly does, almost all those objects of interest and research, Scotland has been diligently studied both by native and foreign observers; and she has sent into the geological field a distinguished group of inquirers, who have performed a noble feat in exploring the general structure of the Earth, in decyphering its ancient monuments, and in unlocking those storehouses of mineral wealth, from which civilized man derives the elements of that gigantic power, which his otherwise feeble arm wields over nature.

The occurrence of shells on the highest mountains, and the remains of plants and animals, which the most superficial observer could not fail to notice, in the rocks around him, have for centuries commanded the attention and exercised the ingenuity of every student of nature; but though sparks of geological truth were from time to time elicited by speculative minds, it was not till the end of the last century that its great lights broke forth, and that it took the form and character of one of the noblest of the sciences. Without undervaluing the labours of Werner, and other illustrious foreigners, or those of our southern countrymen, Mitchell and Smith, at the close of the last century, we may characterize the commencement of the present as the brightest period of geological discovery, and place its most active locality in the northern metropolis of our island. It was doubtless from the Royal Society of Edinburgh, as a centre, that a great geological impulse was propagated southward, and it was by the collision of the Wernerian and Huttonian views, the antagonist theories of water and of fire, that men of intellectual power were summoned from other studies; and that grand truths, which fanaticism and intolerance had hitherto abjured, rose triumphant over the ignorance and bigotry of the age. The Geological Society of London, which, doubtless, sprung from the excitement in the Scottish metropolis, entered on the new field of research with a faltering step. The prejudices of the English mind had been marshalled with illiberal violence against the Huttonian doctrines. Infidelity and Atheism were charged against their supporters; and had there been a Protestant Inquisition in England, at that period of general political excitement, the geologists of the north would have been immured in its deepest dungeons.

Truth, however, marched apace; and though her simple but majestic procession be often solemn and slow, and her votaries few and dejected, yet on this as on every occasion, she triumphed over the most inveterate prepossessions, and finally took up her abode in those very halls and institutions where she had been persecuted and reviled. When their science had been thus acquitted of the charge of impiety and irreligion, the members of the Geological Society left their humble and timid position of being the collectors only of the materials of future generalizations, and became at once the most successful observers of geological phenomena, and the boldest asserters of geological truth.

In this field of research, in which the physical, as well as the intellectual frame of the philosopher, is made tributary to science, two of our countrymen—Sir Roderick Murchison and Sir Charles Lyell—have been among our most active labourers. From the study of their native glens, these distinguished travellers, like the Humboldts and the Von Buchs of the continent,

have passed into foreign lands, exploring the north and the south of Europe, and extending their labours to the eastern ranges of the Ural and the Timan, and to the Apalachians and the Alleghanies in the far west. The geological science of Scotland has thus maintained, even in the world's estimate, its ancient renown; and in return for the lights which it has shed, and the shadows which it has paled, the imperial sovereign of the north has honoured it with his brightest chaplet; while the intellectual democracy of the west has taken counsel at the feet of its Gamaliel. But while our two countrymen were interrogating the strata of other lands, many able and active labourers had been at work in their own. Among the geologists contemporary with Hutton and Playfair, we may enumerate Sir James Hall, Professor Jameson, Dr. Fleming, Dr. Hope, Dr. Macculloch, Colonel Imrie, Sir George Mackenzie, Mr. Allan, and Dr. Macknight; and in more recent times, geology has been more or less actively pursued by Mr. Miller, Mr. David Milne, Professor Forbes, Mr. Maclaren, Mr. Andrew Ramsay, and Mr. Robert Chambers.

Among these eminent students of the structure of the earth, Mr. Hugh Miller holds a lofty place, not merely from the discovery of new and undescribed organisms in the old red sandstone, but from the accuracy and beauty of his descriptions, the purity and elegance of his composition, and the high tone of philosophy and religion which distinguishes all his writings. Mr. Miller is one of the few individuals in the history of Scottish science who have raised themselves above the labours of an humble profession by the force of their genius, and the excellence of their character, to a comparatively high place in the social scale. Mr. Telford, like Mr. Miller, followed the profession of a stone-mason before his industry and self-tuition qualified him for the higher functions of an architect and an engineer; and Mr. Watt and Mr. Rennie rose to wealth and fame without the aid of a university education. But distinguished as these individuals were, none of them possessed those qualities of mind which Mr. Miller has exhibited in his writings; and, with the exception of Burns, the uneducated genius which has done honour to Scotland during the last century, has never displayed that mental refinement, and classical taste, and intellectual energy which mark all the writings of our author. We wish that we could have gratified our readers with an authentic and even detailed narrative of the previous history of so remarkable a writer, and of the steps by which his knowledge was acquired, and the difficulties which he encountered in its pursuit; but though this is not, to any great extent, in our power, we shall at least be able, chiefly from Mr. Miller's own writings, to follow him throughout his geological career.

Mr. Miller was born at Cromarty, of humble but respectable parents, whose history would have possessed no inconsiderable interest, even if it had not derived one of a higher kind from the genius and fortunes of their child. By the paternal side, he was descended from a race of sea-faring people, whose family burying-ground, if we judge from the past, seems to be the sea. Under its green waves his father sleeps: his grandfather, his two granduncles, one of whom sailed round the world with Anson, lie also there; and the same extensive cemetery contains the relics of several of his more distant relatives. His father was but an infant of scarcely a year old at the death of our author's grandfather, and had to commence life as a poor ship-boy; but such was the energy of his mind, that when little turned of thirty, he had become the master and owner of a fine large sloop, and had built himself a good house, which entitled his son to the franchise on the passing of the Reform Bill. Having unfortunately lost his sloop in a storm, he had to begin the world anew, and he soon became master and owner of another, and would have thriven had he lived; but the hereditary fate was too strong for him, and when our author was a little boy of five summers, his father's fine new sloop foundered at sea in a terrible tempest, and he and his crew were never more heard of. Mr. Miller had two sisters younger than himself, both of whom died ere they attained to womanhood. His mother experienced the usual difficulties which a widow has to encounter in the decent education of her family; but she struggled honestly and successfully, and ultimately found her reward in the character and fame of her son. It is from this excellent woman that Mr. Miller has inherited those sentiments and feelings which have given energy to his talents as the defender of revealed truth, and the champion of the Church of his fathers. She was the great grand-daughter of a venerable man, still well known to tradition in the north of Scotland as Donald Roy of Nigg—a sort of northern Peden, who is described in the history of our Church as the single individual who, at the age of eighty, when the presbytery of the district had assembled in the empty church for the purpose of inducting an obnoxious presentee, had the courage to protest against the intrusion, and to declare, "that the blood of the people of Nigg would be required at their hands if they settled a man to the walls of that church."* Tradition has represented him as a seer of visions, and a prophetier of prophecies; but whatever credit may

* In the "Witnesses for the Truth," a recent illustrated publication of the Free Church, Donald is represented in this scene, in a respectable woodcut, as a man in middle life, "all plaided and plumed in his tartan array,"—a dress which he probably never wore.

be given to stories of this kind, which have been told also of Knox, Welsh, and Rutherford, this ancient champion of Non-Intrusion was a man of genuine piety, and the savour of his ennobling beliefs, and his strict morals, has survived in his family for generations. If the child of such parents did not receive the best education which his native town could afford, it was not their fault nor that of his teacher. The fetters of a gymnasium are not easily worn by the adventurous youth who has sought and found his pleasures among the hills and on the waters. They chafe the young and active limb, that has grown vigorous under the blue sky, and never known repose but at midnight. The young philosopher of Cromarty was a member of this restless community; and he had been the hero of adventures and accidents among rocks and woods, which are still remembered in his native town. The parish school was therefore not the scene of his enjoyments; and while he was a truant and, with reverence be it spoken, a dunce when under its jurisdiction, he was busy in the fields and on the sea-shore in collecting those stores of knowledge which he was born to dispense among his fellow-men. He escaped, however, from school with the knowledge of reading, writing, and a little arithmetic, and with the credit of uniting a great memory with a little scholarship. Unlike his illustrious predecessor Cuvier, he had studied Natural History in the fields and among the mountains ere he had sought for it in books; while the French philosopher had become a learned naturalist before he had even looked upon the world of Nature.* This singular contrast it is not difficult to explain. With a sickly constitution and a delicate frame, the youthful Cuvier wanted that physical activity which the observation of Nature demands. Our Scottish geologist, on the contrary, in vigorous health, and with an iron frame, rushed to the rocks and the sea-shore in search of the instruction which was not provided for him at school, and which he could find no books to supply.

After receiving this measure of education, Mr. Miller set out in February 1821, with a heavy heart, as he himself confesses, "to make his first acquaintance with a life of labour and restraint:"—

"I was but a slim, loose-jointed boy at the time, fond of the pretty intangibilities of romance, and of dreaming when broad awake; and woful change! I was now going to work at what Burns has instanced in his 'Twa Dogs' as one of the most disagreeable of all employments—to work in a quarry. Bating the passing uneasiness occasioned by a few gloomy anticipations, the portion of my life which had already gone by, had been happy beyond the common lot. I had

* See this *Review*, vol. i. p. 314.

been a wanderer among rocks and woods—a reader of curious books, when I could get them—a gleaner of old traditionary stories,—and now I was going to exchange all my day-dreams and all my amusements for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil. The quarry in which I wrought lay on the southern shore of a noble inland bay, or frith rather, (the bay of Cromarty,) with a little, clear stream on the one side, and a thick fir wood on the other. It had been opened in the old red sandstone of the district, and was overtopped by a huge bank of diluvial clay, and which rose over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet.”—*Old Red Sandstone*, p. 4.

After removing the loose fragments below, picks and wedges and levers were applied in vain by our author and his brother workmen to tear up and remove the huge strata beneath. Blasting by gunpowder became necessary. A mass of the diluvial clay came tumbling down, “bearing with it two dead birds, that in a recent storm had crept into one of the deeper fissures to die in the shelter.” While admiring the pretty cock goldfinch, and the light-blue and grayish-yellow woodpecker, and moralizing on their fate, the workmen were ordered to lay aside their tools, and thus ended the first day’s labour of our young geologist. The sun was then sinking behind the thick fir wood behind him, and the long dark shadows of the trees stretching to the shore. Notwithstanding his blistered hands, and the fatigue which blistered them, he found himself next morning as light of heart as his fellow-labourers, and able to enjoy the magnificent scenery around him, which he thus so beautifully describes :—

“There had been a smart frost during the night, and the rime lay white on the grass as we passed onwards through the fields, but the sun rose in a clear atmosphere, and the day mellowed as it advanced into one of those delightful days of early spring, which give so pleasing an earnest of whatever is mild and genial in the better half of the year. All the workmen rested at midday, and I went to enjoy my half hour alone on a mossy knoll in the neighbouring wood, which commands through the trees a wide prospect of the bay and the opposite shore. There was not a wrinkle on the water nor a cloud in the sky, and the branches were as moveless in the calm as if they had been traced on canvass. From a wooded promontory that stretched half way across the frith, there ascended a thin column of smoke. It rose straight on the line of a plummet for more than a thousand yards, and then as reaching a thinner stratum of air, spread out equally on every side like the foliage of a stately tree. Ben Wevis rose to the west white with the yet unwasted snows of winter, and as sharply defined in the clear atmosphere as if all its sunny slopes and blue retiring hollows had been chiselled in marble. A line of snow ran along the opposite hills; all above was white and all below was purple.”—*Old Red Sandstone*, pp. 6, 7.

In raising from its bed the large mass of strata which the gunpowder had loosened, on the surface of the solid stone, our young quarrier descried the ridged and furrowed ripple marks which the tide leaves upon every sandy shore, and he wondered what had become of the waves that had thus fretted the solid rock—and of what element they had been composed. His admiration was equally excited by a circular depression in the sandstone, “broken and flawed in every direction, as if it had been the bottom of a pool recently dried up, which had shrunk and split in the hardening.” And before the day closed, a series of large stones had rolled down from the clay, “all rounded and water-worn as if they had been tossed in the sea or the bed of a river for hundreds of years.” Was the clay which enclosed them created on the rock upon which it lay? No workman ever manufactures a half-worn article!—were the ejaculations of the geologist at his alphabet.

Our author and his companions were soon removed to an easier wrought quarry, and one more pregnant with interest, which had been opened “in a lofty wall of cliffs that overhangs the northern shore of the Moray Frith.” Here the geology of the district exhibited itself in section.

“We see in one place the primary rock, with its veins of granite and quartz—its dizzy precipices of gneiss, and its huge masses of hornblende; we find the secondary rock in another, with its bed of sandstone and shale—its spars, its clays, and its nodular limestones. We discover the still little known but highly interesting fossils of the Old Red Sandstone in one deposition—we find the beautifully preserved shells and lignites of the lias in another. There are the remains of two several creations at once before us. The shore, too, is heaped with rolled fragments of almost every variety of rock—basalts, ironstones, hypersthènes, porphyries, bituminous shales, and micaeous schists. In short, the young geologist, had he all Europe before him, could hardly choose for himself a better field. I had, however, no one to tell me so at the time, for geology had not yet travelled so far north; and so without guide or vocabulary, I had to grope my way as I best might, and find out all its wonders for myself. But so slow was the process, and so much was I a seeker in the dark, that the facts contained in these few sentences, were the patient gatherings of years.”—*Old Red Sandstone*, pp. 9, 10.

In this rich field of inquiry, our author encountered, almost daily, new objects of wonder and instruction. In one nodular mass of limestone he found the beautiful ammonite, like one of the finely sculptured volutes of an Ionic capital. Within others, fish-scales and bivalve shells, and in the centre of another he detected a piece of decayed wood. Upon quitting the quarry for the building upon which the workmen were to be employed,

the workmen received half a holiday, and our young philosopher devoted this valuable interval to search for certain curiously shaped stones, which one of the quarriers told him resembled the heads of boarding-pikes, and which, under the name of *thunder-bolts*, were held to be a sovereign remedy for cattle that had been bewitched. On the shore two miles off, where he expected these remarkable bodies, he found deposits quite different either from the sandstone cliffs or the primary rocks farther to the west. They consisted of "thin strata of limestone, alternating with thicker beds of a black slaty substance," which burned with a bright flame and a bituminous odour. Though only the eighth part of an inch thick, each layer contained thousands of fossils peculiar to the lias,—scallops and gryphites, ammonites, twigs and leaves of plants, cones of pine, pieces of charcoal, and scales of fishes, the impressions being of a chalky whiteness, contrasting strikingly with their black bituminous lair. Among these fragments of animal and vegetable life, he at last detected his *thunder-bolt* in the form of a Belemnite, the remains of a variety of cuttle-fish long since extinct.

In the exercise of his profession, which "was a wandering one," our author advanced steadily, though slowly and surely, in his geological acquirements.

"I remember," says he, "passing direct on one occasion from the wild western coast of Ross-shire, where the Old Red Sandstone leans at a high angle against the prevailing quartz rock of the district, to where on the southern skirts of Mid-Lothian, the mountain limestone rises amid the coal. I have resided one season on a raised beach on the Moray Frith. I have spent the season immediately following amid the ancient granites and contorted schists of the central Highlands. In the north I have laid open by thousands the shells and lignites of the Oolite in the south: I have disinterred from their matrices of stone or of shale the huge reeds and tree ferns of the carboniferous period. * * * In the north there occurs a vast gap in the scale. The Lias leans unconformably against the Old Red Sandstone; there is no mountain limestone, no coal measures, none of the New Red Marls or Sandstones. There are at least three entire systems omitted. But the upper portion of the scale is well-nigh complete. In one locality we may pass from the Lower to the Upper Lias, in another from the Inferior to the Great Oolite, and onward to the Oxford Clay and the Coral Rag. We may explore in a third locality beds identical in their organisms with the Wealden of Sussex. In a fourth we find the flints and fossils of the chalk. The lower part of the scale is also well-nigh complete. The Old Red Sandstone is amply developed in Moray, Caithness, and Ross, and the Grauwacke very extensively in Banffshire. But to acquaint one's-self with the three missing formations—to complete one's knowledge of the entire scale by filling up the hiatus—it is necessary to remove to the south.

The geology of the Lothians is the geology of at least two-thirds of the gap, and perhaps a little more ;—the geology of Arran wants only a few of the upper beds of the New Red Sandstone to fill it entirely.”
—*Old Red Sandstone*, pp. 13-17.

After having spent nearly fifteen years in the profession of a stone-mason, Mr. Miller was promoted to a position more suited to his genius. When a bank was established in his native town of Cromarty, he received the appointment of accountant, and he was thus employed, for five years, in keeping ledgers and discounting bills. When the contest in the Church of Scotland had come to a close, by the decision of the House of Lords in the Auchterarder Case, Mr. Miller's celebrated letter to Lord Brougham* attracted the particular attention of the party which was about to leave the Establishment, and he was selected as the most competent person to conduct the *Witness* newspaper, the principal metropolitan organ of the Free Church. The great success which this journal has met with is owing, doubtless, to the fine articles, political, ecclesiastical, and geological, which Mr. Miller has written for it. In the few leisure hours which so engrossing an occupation has allowed him to enjoy, he has devoted himself to the ardent prosecution of scientific inquiries; and we trust the time is not far distant when the liberality of his country, to which he has done so much honour, will allow him to give his whole time to the prosecution of science.

Geologists of high character had believed that the old red sandstone was defective in organic remains; and it was not till after ten years' acquaintance with it that Mr. Miller discovered it to be *richly fossiliferous*. The labours of other ten years were required to assign to its fossils their exact place in the scale.

Among the fossils discovered by our author, the *Pterichthys* or winged fish is doubtless the most remarkable. He had discovered it so early as 1831, but it was only in 1838 that he “introduced it to the acquaintance of geologists.” It was not till 1831 that Mr. Miller began to receive assistance in his studies from without. In the appendix to Messrs. Anderson of Inverness's admirable *Guide to the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, which “he perused with intense interest,” he found the most important information respecting the geology of the North of Scotland; and during a correspondence with the accomplished authors of that work, many of his views were developed, and his difficulties removed. In 1838 he communicated to Dr. Malcolmson of Madras, then in Paris, a drawing and description of the *Pterichthys*. His letter was submitted to Agassiz, and subsequently a restored

* See Note on next page.

drawing was communicated to the Elgin Scientific Society. The great naturalist, as well as the members of the provincial society, were surprised at the new form of life which Mr. Miller had disclosed, and some of them, no doubt, regarded it with a sceptical eye. "Not many months after, however, a true *bona fide* *Pterichthys* was turned up in one of the newly discovered beds of Nairnshire." In his last visit to Scotland, Agassiz found six species of the *Pterichthys*, three of which, and the wings of a fourth, were in Mr. Miller's collection.

This remarkable animal has less resemblance than any other fossil of the old red sandstone to anything that now exists. When first brought to view by the single blow of a hammer, there appeared on a ground of light-coloured limestone the effigy of a creature, fashioned apparently out of jet, with a body covered with plates, two powerful looking arms articulated at the shoulders, a head as entirely lost in the trunk as that of the ray (or skate,) and a long angular tail equal in length to a third of the entire figure. Its general resemblance is to the letter T. The upper part of the vertical line being swelled out, and the lower part ending in an angular point, the two horizontal portions being, in the opinion of Agassiz, instruments of defence. To this remarkable fossil M. Agassiz has given the appropriate name of *Pterichthys Milleri*. An account of it, accompanied with two fine specimens, was communicated to the Geological Section of the British Association at Glasgow, in September 1840, and the most ample details, with accurate drawings, were afterwards published, in 1841, in Mr. Miller's first work on *The Old Red Sandstone*, which was dedicated to Sir Roderick Murchison, who was born on the Old Red Sandstone of the North, in the same district as Mr. Miller, and of whose great acquirements and distinguished labours we have already had occasion to give an ample account.* This admirable work has already passed through three editions. From the originality and accuracy of its descriptions, and the importance of the researches which it contains, it has obtained for its author a high reputation among geologists, while from the elegance and purity of its style, and the force and liveliness of its illustrations, it has received the highest praise from its more general readers.†

Although we have been obliged, from the information which it contains of our author's early studies, to mention the "Old Red Sandstone" as if it had been his first work; yet so early

* See this Review, vol. v. p. 178.

† Mr. Miller is the author also of *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*, one vol. 8vo; *A Letter from one of the Scotch people to the Right Honourable Lord Brougham and Vaux, on the opinions expressed by his Lordship in the Auchterarder Cu e*; and *The Whiggism of the Old School, as exemplified in the Past History and Present Position of the Church of Scotland*. The second of these works is well characterized by Mr. Gladstone as "an able, elegant, and masculine production."

as 1830, after he had made his first fossil discoveries at Cromarty, he composed a paper on the subject, (his first published production,) which appeared as one of the chapters of a small legendary and descriptive work, entitled *The Traditional History of Cromarty*, which did not appear till 1835. This chapter, entitled "The Antiquary of the World," possesses a high degree of interest. After describing the scene around him in its pictorial aspect, and under the warm associations, which link it with existing life, he surveys it with the cool eye of an "antiquary of the world," studying its once buried monuments, and decyphering the alphabet of plants and animals, the hieroglyphics which embosom the history of past times and of successive creations. The gigantic Ben-Wevis, with its attendant hills, rose abruptly to the west. The distant peaks of Ben-Vaichard appeared in the south, and far to the north were described the lofty hills of Sutherland, and even the Ord-hill of Caithness. Descending from the towers of nature's lofty edifice he surveys its ruins, its broken sculptures, and its half-defaced inscriptions, as exhibited in certain Ichthyic remains of the Lower Old Red Sandstone which had then no name, and which were unknown to the most accomplished geologists. Among these he specially notices "a confused bituminous-looking mass that had much the appearance of a toad or frog," thus shadowing forth in the morning twilight the curious *Pterichthys*, which he was able afterwards, in better specimens, to exhibit in open day. As we have already referred, with some minuteness, to the fossils which our author had at this time discovered in the great charnel-house of the old world, we shall indulge our readers with a specimen of the noble sentiments which they inspired, and of the beautiful language in which these sentiments are clothed.

"But let us quit this wonderful city of the dead, with all its reclining obelisks, and all its sculptured tumuli, the memorials of a race that exist only in their tombs. And yet, ere we go, it were well, perhaps, to indulge in some of those serious thoughts which we so naturally associate with the solitary burying-ground, and the mutilated remains of the departed. Let us once more look around us, and say whether, of all men, the Geologist does not stand most in need of the Bible, however much he may condemn it in the pride of speculation. We tread on the remains of organized and sentient creatures, which, though more numerous at one period than the whole family of man, have long since ceased to exist; the individuals perished one after one—their remains served only to elevate the floor on which their descendants pursued the various instincts of their nature, and then sunk, like the others, to form a still higher layer of soil; and now that the whole race has passed from the earth, and we see the animals of a different tribe occupying their places, what survives of them but a mass of inert and senseless matter, never again to be animated by

the mysterious spirit of vitality—that spirit which, dissipated in the air, or diffused in the ocean, can, like the sweet sounds and pleasant odours of the past, be neither gathered up nor recalled! And O! how dark the analogy which would lead us to anticipate a similar fate for ourselves! As individuals, we are but of yesterday; to-morrow we shall be laid in our graves, and the tread of the coming generation shall be over our heads. Nay, have we not seen a terrible disease sweep away, in a few years, more than eighty millions of the race to which we belong; and can we think of this and say, that a time may not come when, like the fossils of these beds, our whole species shall be mingled with the soil, and when, though the sun may look down in his strength on our pleasant dwellings and our green fields, there shall be silence in all our borders, and desolation in all our gates, and we shall have no thought of that past which it is now our delight to recall, and no portion in that future which it is now our very nature to anticipate. Surely it is well to believe that a widely different destiny awaits us—that the God, who endowed us with those wonderful powers, which enable us to live in every departed era, every coming period, has given us to possess these powers for ever; that not only does he number the hairs of our heads, but that his cares are extended to even our very remains; that our very bones, instead of being left, like the exuviae around us, to form the rocks and clays of a future world, shall, like those in the valley of vision, be again clothed with muscle and sinew, and that our bodies, animated by the warmth and vigour of life, shall again connect our souls to the matter existing around us, and be obedient to every impulse of the will. It is surely no time, when we walk amid the dark cemeteries of a departed world, and see the cold blank shadows of the tombs falling drearily athwart the way—it is surely no time to extinguish the light given us to shine so fully and so cheerfully on our own proper path, merely because its beams do not enlighten the recesses that yawn around us. And oh! what more unworthy of reasonable men than to reject so consoling a revelation on no juster quarrel, than that when it unveils to us much of what could not otherwise be known, and without the knowledge of which we could not be other than unhappy, it leaves to the invigorating exercises of our own powers, whatever, in the wide circle of creation, lies fully within their grasp.” —*The Antiquary of the World*, pp. 56-58.

The next work published by Mr. Miller was entitled “*First Impressions of England and its People*,”* a popular and interesting volume, which has already gone through two editions, and which may be read with equal interest by the geologist, the philanthropist, and the general reader. It is full of knowledge and of anecdote, and is written in that attractive style which commands the attention even of the most incurious readers.

This delightful work, though only in *one* volume is equal to *three* of the ordinary type, and cannot fail to be perused with

* London, 1847, pp. 409.

high gratification by all classes of readers. It treats of every subject which is presented to the notice of an accomplished traveller while he visits the great cities and romantic localities of merry England. We know of no tour in England written by a native in which so much pleasant reading and substantial instruction are combined; and though we are occasionally stopped in a very delightful locality by a precipice of the Old Red Sandstone, or frightened by a disinterred skeleton, or sobered by the burial-service over Palæozoic graves, we soon recover our equanimity, and again enter upon the sunny path to which our author never fails to restore us.

Mr. Miller's new work, which we propose at present to analyze, the "*Footprints of the Creator*," is very appropriately dedicated to Sir Philip Grey Egerton, Bart., M.P. for Cheshire—a gentleman who possesses a magnificent collection of fossils, and whose skill and acquirements in this department of geology is known and appreciated both in Europe and America. The work itself is divided into fifteen chapters, in which the author treats of the fossil geology of the Orkneys as exhibited in the vicinity of Stromness; of the development hypothesis, and its consequences; of the history and structure of that remarkable fish, the *asterolepis*; of the fishes of the upper and lower Silurian rocks; of the progress of degradation, and its history; of the Lamarckian hypothesis of the origin of plants, and its consequences; of the Marine and Terrestrial floras; and of final causes, and their bearing on geological history. In the course of these chapters Mr. Miller discusses the development hypothesis or the hypothesis of natural law, as maintained by Lamarck, and by the author of the *Vestiges of Creation*, and has subjected it, in its geological aspect, to the most rigorous examination. Driven by the discoveries of Lord Rosse from the domains of astronomy, where it once seemed to hold a plausible position, it might have lingered with the appearance of life among the ambiguities of the Palæozoic formations; but Mr. Miller has, with an ingenuity and patience worthy of a better subject, stripped it even of its semblance of truth, and restored to the Creator, as Governor of the universe, that power and those functions which he was supposed to have resigned at its birth.

Having imposed upon himself the task of examining in detail the various fossiliferous formations of Scotland, our author extended his inquiries into the mainland of Orkney, and resided for some time in the vicinity of the busy seaport town of Stromness, as a central point from which the structure of the Orkney group of islands could be most advantageously studied. Like that of Caithness, the geology of these islands owes its principal interest to the immense development of the lower old red sandstone formation,

and to the singular abundance of its vertebrate fossils. Though the Orkneys contain only the *third* part of the old red sandstone, which, but a few years ago, was supposed to be the least productive in fossils of any of the geological formations, yet it furnishes, according to Mr. Miller, more fossil fish than *every* other geological system in England, Scotland, and Wales, from the coal measures to the chalk, inclusive. It is, in short, "*the land of fish*," and "could supply with ichthyolites, by the ton and by the ship-load, the museums of the world." Its various deposits, with the curious organisms which they inclose, have been upheaved from their original position against a granitic axis, about six miles long and one broad, "forming the great back-bone of the western district of the Island Pomona; and on this granitic axis, fast jambed in between a steep hill and the sea, stands the town of Stromness."

The mass or pile of strata thus uplifted is described by Mr. Miller as a three-barred pyramid resting on its granite base, exhibiting three broad tiers—red, black, and gray—sculptured with the hieroglyphics in which its history is recorded. The great conglomerate base on which it rests, covering from 10,000 to 15,000 square miles, from the depth of from 100 to 400 feet, consists of rough sand and water-worn pebbles, and above this have been deposited successive strata of mud, equal in height to the highest of our mountains, now containing the remains of millions and tens of millions of fish which had perished in some sudden and mysterious catastrophe.

"It would seem," says Mr. Miller, "as if a period equal to that in which all human history is comprised, might be cut out of a corner of the period represented by the Lower Old Red Sandstone, and be scarce missed when away. For every year that man has lived upon earth, it is not improbable that the *Pterichthys* and its contemporaries may have lived a century. Their last hour, however, at length came. Over the dark-coloured ichthyolitic schists, so immensely developed in Caithness and Orkney, there occurs a pale tinted unfossiliferous sandstone, which, in the island of Hoy, rises into hills of from 1400 to 1600 feet; and among the organisms of those newer formations of the old red, which overlie their deposit, not a species of Ichthyolite identical with the species entombed in the lower schists has yet been detected. In the blank interval which the arenaceous deposits represents, tribes and families perished and disappeared, leaving none of their race to succeed them; that other tribes and families might be called into being, and fall into their vacant places, in the onward march of creation."—*Footprints*, &c. p. 5.

In the examination of the different beds of the three barred formation, our author discovered a well-marked bone, like a petrified large roofing nail, in a grayish coloured layer of hard

flag, about 100 yards over the granite, and about 160 feet over the upper stratum of the conglomerate. This singular bone, which Mr. Miller has represented in a figure, was probably the oldest vertebrate organism yet discovered in Orkney. It was $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches across the head, and $\frac{3}{10}$ ths of an inch thick in the stem, and formed a characteristic feature of the *asterolepis*, as yet the most gigantic of the ganoid fishes, and probably one of the first of the old red sandstone. In his former researches our author had found, that all of the many hundred *ichthyolites*, which he had disinterred from the lower old red sandstone, were comparatively of a small size, while those in the upper old red were of great bulk, and hence he had naturally inferred, that vertebrate life had increased towards the close of the system—that, in short, it began with an age of dwarfs, and ended with an age of giants; but he had thus greatly erred, like the supporters of the development system, in founding positive conclusions on merely negative evidence; for here, at the very base of the system, where no dwarfs were to be found, he had discovered one of the most colossal of its giants.

After this most important discovery, Mr. Miller extended his inquiries easterly for several miles along the bare and unwooded lake of Stennis, about fourteen miles in circumference, and divided into an upper and lower sheet of water by two long promontories jutting out from each side and nearly meeting in the middle. The sea enters this lake through the openings of a long rustic bridge, and hence the lower division of the lake “is salt in its nether reaches, and brackish in its upper ones, while the higher division is merely brackish in its nether reaches, and fresh enough in its upper ones to be potable.” The fauna and flora of the lake are therefore of a mixed character, the marine and fresh water animals having each their own reaches, though each kind makes certain encroachments on the province of the other.

“The common fresh-water eel, for example, strikes out farthest into the sea-water; in which, indeed, reversing the habits of the salmon, it is known, in various places, to deposit its spawn. It seeks too, impatient of a low temperature, to escape from the cold of winter, by taking refuge in water brackish enough, in a climate such as ours, to resist the influence of frost. Of the marine fish, on the other hand, I found that the flounder got greatly higher than any of the others, inhabiting reaches of the lake almost entirely fresh. I have had an opportunity of elsewhere observing a curious change which fresh water induces in this fish. In the brackish water of an estuary, the animal becomes, without diminishing in general size, thicker and more fleshy than when in its legitimate habitat the sea: but the flesh loses in quality what it gains in quantity;—it grows

flabby and insipid, and the margin fin lacks always its strip of transparent fat."—*Footprints, &c.* p. 10.

In the marine and lacustrine floras of the lake, Mr. Miller observed changes still more palpable. At the entrance of the sea the *Fucus nodosus* and *Fucus vesiculosus* flourish in their proper form and magnitude. A little farther on in the lake the *F. nodosus* disappears, and the *F. vesiculosus*, though continuing to exist for mile after mile, grows dwarfish and stunted, and finally disappears, giving place to rushes and other aquatic grasses, till the lacustrine has entirely displaced the marine flora. From these two important facts, the existence of the fragment of *asterolepis* in the lower flagstones of the Orkneys, and of the "curiously mixed semi-marine semi-lacustrine vegetation in the loch of Stennis," which our author regards as bearing directly on the development hypothesis, he takes occasion to submit that hypothesis to a severe examination, and to point out its consequences—its incompatibility with the great truths of morality and revealed religion. According to Professor Oken, one of the ablest supporters of the development theory, "There are two kinds of generation in the world, the creation proper, and the propagation that is sequent thereon, or the *original and secondary generation*. Consequently no organism has been created of larger size than an infusorial point. No organism is, or ever has been created, which is not microscopic. Whatever is large has not been created, but developed. Man has not been created, but developed." Hence it follows that during the great geological period, when race after race was destroyed, and new forms of life called into being, "nature had been pregnant with the human race," and that immortal and intellectual Man is but the development of the Brute—itself the development of some monad or mollusc, which has been smitten into life by the action of electricity upon a portion of gelatinous matter.

We have discussed this important subject so fully, both in its astronomical and its geological aspect, in a review of the Vestiges of the History of Creation, and of the "Explanations" of the doctrines contained in that work in reply to the reviews of it, that we shall content ourselves with laying before our readers a notice of Mr. Miller's argument.

After shewing that this theory is not atheistic, though practically tantamount to atheism, from its antagonism both to natural and revealed religion, Mr. Miller proceeds to consider what the testimony of geology really is on the question of creation by development. The importance of such an inquiry cannot be overestimated, and when we consider that the battle between faith and reason has been already fought on metaphysical

ground, and must be again waged on the field of physics and natural science, it becomes the duty of our universities and their patrons to supply the students of our evangelistic churches with that species of instruction which will enable them successfully to contend with the accomplished and unscrupulous adversaries who are marshalled against their faith.*

"In that educational course," says Mr. Miller, "through which in this country, candidates for the ministry pass in preparation for their office, I find every group of great minds, which has in turn influenced and directed the mind of Europe for the last three centuries, represented more or less adequately save the last (the naturalists.) It is an epitome of all kinds of learning, *with the exception of the kind most imperatively required*, because most in accordance with the genius of the time. The restorers of classic literature,—the Buchanans and Erasmuses—we see represented in our Universities by the Greek, and what are termed the Humanity courses;—the Galileos, Boyles, and Newtons, by the mathematical and natural philosophy courses; and the Lockes, Kants, Humes, and Berkeleys, by the metaphysical course. But the Cuviers, the Huttons, the Cavendishes, and the Watts, with their successors, the practical philosophers of the present age,—men whose achievements in physical science we find marked on the surface of the country, in characters which might be read from the moon,—are not adequately represented;—it would perhaps be more correct to say that they are not represented at all; and the clergy, as a class, suffer themselves to linger far in the rear of an intelligent and accomplished laity,—a full age behind the requirements of the time."—*Footprints, &c.*, pp. 20, 21.

If the development theory be true, "the early fossils ought to be very small in size," and "very low in organisation." In the earliest strata we ought to find only "mere *embryos* and *fetuses*, and if we find instead the *full-grown* and *mature*, then must we hold that the testimony of geology is not only *not in accordance* with the theory, but in positive opposition to it." Having laid this down as the *principle* by which the question is to be decided, our author proceeds to consider "what are the *facts*." The *astrolepis* of Stromness *seems* to be the oldest organism yet discovered in the most ancient geological system of Scotland, in which vertebrate remains occur. It is probably the oldest of the *Ganoid* division of fishes that the world has yet produced, for there is no certain trace of this order in the great Silurian system, which lies underneath, and on which, according to our existing knowledge, organic existence first began. "How then," asks Mr. Miller, "on the two relevant points—bulk and organisation—does it answer to the demands of the development hypothesis? Was it a mere foetus of the finny tribe, of minute size

and imperfect embryotic faculty? Or was it of, at least, the ordinary bulk, and, for its class, of the average organisation?"

In order to answer these questions, Mr. Miller proceeds in his *third* chapter to give the recent history of the *asterolepis*; in his *fourth*, to ascertain the cerebral development of the earlier vertebrata; and in his *fifth* chapter to describe the structure, bulk, and aspect of the *asterolepis*. In the rocks of Russia certain fossil remains had been long ago discovered, of such a singular nature as to have perplexed Lamarck and other naturalists. Their true place among fishes was subsequently ascertained by M. Eichwald, a living naturalist; and Sir Roderick Murchison found that they were *Ichthyolites* of the Old Red Sandstone. Agassiz gave them the name of *chelonichthys*, but in consequence of very fine specimens having been found in the Old Red Sandstone of Russia, which Professor Asmus of Dorpat sent to the British Museum, and which exhibited star-like markings, he abandoned his name of *chelonichthys*, and adopted that of *asterolepis*, or star-scale, which Eichwald had proposed. Many points, however, respecting this curious fossil remained to be determined, and it was fortunate for science that Mr. Miller was enabled to accomplish this object by means of a variety of excellent specimens which he received from Mr. Robert Dick, "an intelligent tradesman of Thurso, one of those working men of Scotland, of active curiosity and well developed intellect, that give character and standing to the rest." Agassiz had inferred from very imperfect fragments, that the *asterolepis* was a strongly helmeted fish of the *Celacanth*, or hollow spine family—that it was probably a flat-headed animal, and that the discovery of a head or of a jaw might prove that it belonged to genus *Dendrodus*. All these conjectures were completely confirmed by Mr. Miller, after a careful examination of the specimens of Mr. Dick.

Before proceeding to describe the structure of the gigantic *asterolepis*, Mr. Miller devotes a long and elaborate chapter to the subject of the cerebral development of the earlier vertebrata, in order to ascertain in what manner their true brains were lodged, and to discover the modification which the cranium, as their protecting box, received in subsequent periods. This inquiry, which he has conducted with great skill and ability, is not only highly interesting in itself, but will be found to have a direct bearing on the great question which it is his object to discuss and decide. It would be in vain, without diagrams, to attempt to give the general reader any idea of the structures described in this chapter. It may be sufficient to state it as the general result of his investigation, "that all the existing evidence conspires to show that the *placoid* heads of the Silurian system were like the *placoid* heads of the recent period mere cartilaginous boxes, and

that in the succeeding system there existed ganoidal heads, that to the internal cartilaginous box added external plates of bone,—the homologues apparently of the opercular, maxillary, frontal, and occipital bones in the osseous fishes of a long posterior period,—fishes that were not ushered upon the scene until after the appearance of the reptile in its highest forms, and of even the marsupial quadruped.”

The facts and reasonings contained in this chapter will, we doubt not, shake to its very base the bold theory of Professor Oken, which has been so generally received abroad, and which is beginning to find supporters even among the solid thinkers of our own country. In the *Isis* of 1818, Professor Lorenz Oken has given the following account of the hypothesis to which we allude. “In August 1806,” says he, “I made a journey over the Hartz. I slid down through the wood on the south side, and straight before me at my very feet lay a most beautiful blanched skull of a hind. I picked it up, turned it round, regarded it intensely;—the thing was done. ‘It is a vertebral column,’ struck me like a flood of lightning, ‘to the marrow and bone,’ and since that time the skull has been regarded as a vertebral column.”*

This remarkable hypothesis was at first received with enthusiasm by the naturalists of Germany, and among others, by Agassiz, who, from grounds not of a geological kind, has more recently rejected it. It has been adopted by our distinguished countryman, Professor Owen, and forms the central idea in his lately published and ingenious work “On the Nature of Limbs.” The conclusion at which he arrives, that the fore-limbs of the vertebrata are the ribs of the occipital bone or vertebra set free, and (in all the vertebrata higher in the scale than the ordinary fishes) carried down along the vertebral column by a sort of natural dislocation, is a deduction from the idea that startled Professor Oken in the forest of the Hartz. Whatever support this hypothesis might have expected from geology, has been struck from beneath it by this remarkable chapter of Mr. Miller’s work; and though anatomists may for a while maintain it under the influence of so high an authority as Professor Owen, we are much mistaken if it ever forms a part of the creed of the geologist. Mr. Miller indeed has, by a most skilful examination of the heads of the earliest vertebrata known to geologists, proved that the hypothesis derives no support from the structure which they exhibit, and Agassiz has even upon general principles rejected it as untenable.

* These cranial vertebrae, which are few in number, are said to correspond to the four senses; the nasal, ocular, lingual, and auditory vertebrae, each having their spinal processes and ribs.

“It is certain, says he, that organized bodies are sometimes endowed with virtual qualities, which, at a certain period of the being’s life, elude dissection, and all our means of investigation. It is thus, that at the moment of their origin, the eggs of all animals have such a resemblance to each other, that it would be impossible to distinguish, even by the aid of the most powerful microscope, the ovarian egg of a crawfish, for example, from that of true fish. And yet who would deny that beings, in every respect different from each other, exist in these eggs? It is precisely because the difference manifests itself at a later period, in proportion as the embryo develops itself, that we were authorized to conclude, that even from the earliest period the eggs were different; that each had virtual qualities proper to itself, although they could not be discovered by our senses. If, on the contrary, any one should find two eggs perfectly alike, and should observe two beings perfectly identical issue from them, he would greatly err if he ascribed to these eggs different virtual qualities. It is therefore necessary, in order to be in a condition to suppose that virtual properties peculiar to it are concealed in an animal, that these properties should manifest themselves once, in some phase or other, of its development. Now, applying this principle to the theory of cranial vertebrae, we would say that if these vertebrae virtually exist in the adult, they must needs show themselves in reality at a certain period of development. If, on the contrary, they are found neither in the embryo nor in the adult, I am of opinion that we are entitled likewise to dispute their virtual existence.”—Agassiz, cited in *Footprints*, &c., p. 177, note.

Agassiz then goes on to answer, which he does in a very satisfactory manner, an objection drawn from the physiological value of the vertebrae, the function of which is to support the muscular contractions, and to protect the centres of the nervous system; but our limits will not permit us to follow him into the details of his argument.

Mr. Miller’s next chapter on the structure, bulk, and aspect of the *Asterolepis*, is like that which precedes it, the work of a master, evincing the highest powers of observation and analysis. We cannot, of course, convey to our readers any idea of this remarkable fish. Its size in the larger specimens must have been very great; and from a comparison of the proportion of the head in the ganoids to the length of the body, which is sometimes as one to five, or one to six, or one to six and a-half, or even one to seven, our author concludes that the total length of the specimens in his possession must have been at least eight feet three inches, or from nine feet nine to nine feet ten inches. The remains of an *asterolepis* found by Mr. Dick at Thurso, indicate a length of from twelve feet five to thirteen feet eight inches; and one of the Russian specimens of Professor Asmus, must have been from *eighteen to twenty-three* feet long. “Hence,” says Mr. Miller, “in the not unimportant circumstance

of size—the most ancient ganoids, yet known, instead of taking their places agreeably to the demands of the development hypothesis among the sprats, sticklebacks, and minnows of their class, took their place among its huge basking sharks, gigantic sturgeons, and bulky swordfishes. They were giants, not dwarfs." Judging by the analogies which its structure exhibits to that of fishes of the existing period, the *asterolepis* must have been a fish high in the scale of organization.

"Instead of being, as the development hypothesis would require, a fish low in its organization, it seems to have ranged on the level of the highest ichthyic-reptilian families ever called into existence. Had an intelligent being, ignorant of what was going on upon earth during the week of creation, visited Eden on the morning of the sixth day, he would have found in it many of the inferior animals, but no trace of man. Had he returned again in the evening, he would have seen, installed in the office of keepers of the garden, and ruling with no tyrant sway as the humble monarchs of its brute inhabitants, two mature human creatures, perfect in their organization, and arrived at the full stature of their race. The entire evidence regarding them, in the absence of all such information as that imparted to Adam by Milton's angel, would amount simply to this, that in the morning man *was not*; and that in the evening, he *was*. There, of course, could not exist in the circumstances a single appearance to sanction the belief, that the two human creatures whom he saw walking together among the trees at sunset, had been 'developed from infusorial points,' not created mature. The evidence would, on the contrary, lie all the other way. And in no degree does the geologic testimony, respecting the earliest ganoids, differ from what, in the supposed case, would be the testimony of Eden, regarding the earliest men. Up to a certain point in the geologic scale, we find that the ganoids *are not*; and when they at length make their appearance upon the stage, they enter large in their stature, and high in their organization."—*Footprints, &c.*, pp. 104, 105.

A specimen of *asterolepis*, discovered by Mr. Dick, among the Thurso rocks, and sent to Mr. Miller, exhibited the singular phenomenon of a quantity of thick tar lying beneath it, which stuck to the fingers when lifting the pieces of rock. "What had been once the nerves, muscles, and blood of this ancient ganoid, still lay under its bones," a phenomenon which our author had previously seen beneath the body of a poor suicide, whose grave in a sandy bank had been laid open by the encroachments of a river, the sand beneath it having been "consolidated into a dark coloured pitchy mass," extending a full yard beneath the body. In like manner, the animal juices of the *asterolepis* had preserved its remains, by "the pervading bitumen, greatly more conservative in its effects than the oil and gum of an old Egyptian undertaker." The bones, though black as pitch, retained to a considerable degree the peculiar qualities of the original sub-

stance, in the same manner as the adipocire of wet burying-grounds preserves fresh and green the bones which it encloses.

In support of his anti-development views, Mr. Miller devotes his next and *sixth* chapter to the recent history, order, and size, of the fishes of the upper and lower Silurian rocks. Some of our readers will recollect that, in our review of the *Vestiges of Creation*, and of the Explanations which the author of that work afterwards published as a sequel to it, we discussed, at great length, the question, whether or not fishes existed so low as the lower Silurian. We maintained, on the authority of Sir Henry de la Beche, Sir Charles Lyell, and others, that they were found there; and recent discoveries have more than confirmed this fact, for they have been found in still more ancient rocks. In 1845, when these Articles were composed, Sir Henry de la Beche wrote, that even if they were not then discovered in the lower Silurian rocks, they would very soon be discovered, and accordingly, at the very time he was committing this sentiment to paper, the Defensive spines of fishes were detected lower down in the upper Silurian, in 1845, by Professor Sedgwick; in the Wenlock limestone, in 1846, by Professor Silliman, and in the same formation by Professor Phillips. Professor Sedgwick, in 1847, discovered fish defences in the Llandeilo flags, in the *lower Silurian*; and to place it beyond a doubt that vertebrate animals are found in the oldest formations, the gentlemen of the Government Survey discovered a defensive spine of *Onchus*, in the limestone near Bala, which forms the upper bed of the Cambrian system of Murchison and Sedgwick. These facts and dates have been given by Mr. Miller in a diagram. They may be thus exhibited—

<i>Upper Silurian Rocks.</i>	Date of the Discovery of Fishes.	Discoverer.
Upper Ludlow,	1838,	Sir R. Murchison.
Amestry Limestone,	1842,	Professor Phillips.
Lower Ludlow,		
Wenlock Shale,	1847,	Professor Phillips.
Wenlock Limestone,	{ 1845,	Professor Sedgwick.
	{ 1846,	Professor Silliman.
<i>Lower Silurian Rocks.</i>		
Caradoc Sandstone, &c.		
Llandeilo Flags,	1847,	Professor Sedgwick.
<i>Cambrian Rocks.</i>		
Plynlimmon Group,		
Bala Limestone,	1847,	{ Geologists of the Government Survey.
Snowdon Group, with Fucoids.		

Of these ancient formations the bone bed of the upper Ludlow rocks is the only one which, besides defensive spines of fish, contains teeth, fragments of jaws, and shagreen points,

whereas, in the inferior deposits, defensive spines alone are found. The species discovered by Professor Phillips, in the Wenlock shale, were microscopic, and the author of the *Vestiges* took advantage of this insulated fact to support his views, by pronouncing the little creatures to which the species belonged, as the foetal embryos of their class. Mr. Miller has, however, even on this ground, defeated his opponent. By comparing the defensive spines of the *Onchus Murchisoni* of the upper Ludlow bed, with those of a recent *Spinax Acanthias*, or dog-fish, and of the *Cestracion Phillippi*, or Port Jackson shark, he arrives at the conclusion, that the fishes to which the species belonged must be all of considerable size; and in the following chapter on the *high standing of the Placoids*, he shews that the same early fishes were high in intelligence and organization. Professor Sedgwick had maintained, that the Silurian placoids were the very highest types of their class, taking into account their brain, and the whole nervous, circulating, and generative system. In reply to this opinion, the author of the *Vestiges*, in his Explanations, asserts that Linnaeus ranked these fishes as low as worms; and he states that the placoids have a cartilaginous structure, indicative of the embryotic state of vertebrated animals, and that what Professor Sedgwick calls "the highest types of their class," were in reality a separate series of that class generally inferior, taking the leading features of organization and structure as a criterion, but stretching farther, both downward and upward, than the other series, when details of organization are considered. He considers also the finning of the tails on the under side only, and the position of the mouth on the under side of the head, as a mean and embryotic feature of structure. Mr. Miller regards this as an ingenious piece of special pleading, and he accordingly examines it in detail. He shows that we must determine points of precedence among animals by the development of brain, and not bone, and he proves from the brain of the Silurian placoids, their instincts and their frame-work, that they were fishes of a high order. With regard to the finning of the tail, which is embryotic in the salmon, Mr. Miller shows that this structure, when found in the mature placoid, is a greater proof of a high standing than a low one; and after describing the placoid tail, and the placoid cranium and mouth, which are alleged to be embryotic, he concludes that embryotic peculiarities are not necessarily of a low order.

In his *ninth* chapter on the *History and Progress of Degradation*, our author enters upon a new and interesting subject. The object of it is to determine the proper ground on which the standing of the earlier vertebrata should be decided, namely, the test of what he terms homological symmetry of organization.

In nature there are monster families, just as there are in families monster individuals—men without feet, hands, or eyes, or with them in a wrong place—sheep with legs growing from their necks, ducklings with wings on their haunches, and dogs and cats with more legs than they require. We have thus, according to our author—1, *monstrosity through defect of parts*; 2, *monstrosity through redundancy of parts*; and 3, *monstrosity through displacement of parts*. This last species, united in some cases with the other two, our author finds curiously exemplified in the geological history of the fish, which he considers better known than that of any other division of the vertebrata; and he is convinced that it is from a survey of the progress of degradation in the great Ichthyic division, that the standing of the kingly fishes of the earlier periods is to be determined.

In the earliest vertebrate period, namely, the Silurian, our author shews that the fishes were homologically symmetrical in their organisation, as exhibited in the Placoids. In the second great Ichthyic period, that of the Old Red Sandstone, he finds the first example in the class of fishes of *monstrosity, by displacement of parts*. In all the ganoids of the period, there is the same departure from symmetry as would take place in man if his neck was annihilated, and the arms stuck to the back of the head. In the *Coccosteus* and *Pterichthys* of the same period, he finds the first example of *degradation through defect*, the former resembling a human monster without hands, and the latter one without feet. After ages and centuries have passed away, and then after the termination of the Palæozoic period, a change takes place in the form of the fish tail. “Other ages and centuries pass away, during which the reptile class attains to its fullest development in point of size, organisation, and number, and then after the times of the cretaceous deposits have begun, we find yet another remarkable monstrosity of displacement introduced among all the fishes of one very numerous order, and among no inconsiderable proportion of the fishes of another. In the newly introduced Ctenoids (*Acanthopterygii*), and in those families of the Cycloids, which Cuvier erected into the order *Malacopterygii sub-brachiati*, the hinder limbs are brought forward and stuck on to the base of the previously misplaced forelimbs. All the four limbs, by a strange monstrosity of displacement, are crowded into the place of the extinguished neck. And such in the present day, is the prevalent type among fishes. Monstrosity through *defect* is also found to increase; so that the snake-like *apoda*, or feet-wanting fishes, form a numerous order, some of whose genera are devoid, as in the common eels and the congers, of only the hinder limbs, while in others, as in the genera *Muraena* and *Synbranchus*, both hinder and fore-limbs are wanting.” From these

and other facts, our author concludes that as in existing fishes, we find many more proofs of the monstrosity, both from displacement and defect of parts, than in all the other three classes of the vertebrata, and as these monstrosities did not appear early but late, "the progress of the race as a whole, though it still retains not a few of the higher forms, has been a progress not of development from the low to the high, but of degradation from the high to the low." - An extreme example of the degradation of distortion, superadded to that of displacement, may be seen in the flounder, plaice, halibut or turbot,—fishes of a family of which there is no trace in the earlier period. The creature is twisted half round and laid on its side. The tail, too, is horizontal. Half the features of its head are twisted to one side, and the other half to the other, while its wry mouth is in keeping with its squint eyes. One jaw is straight, and the other like a bow; and while the one contains from *four* to *six* teeth, the other contains from *thirty* to *thirty-five*.

Aided by facts like these, an ingenious theorist might, as our author remarks, "get up as unexceptionable a theory of degradation as of development." But however this may be, the principle of degradation actually exists, and "the history of its progress in creation bears directly against the assumption that the earlier vertebrata were of a lower type than the vertebrata of the same Ichthyic class which exist now." This interesting chapter is concluded with the following observations:—

"This fact of degradation, strangely indicated in geologic history, with reference to all the greater divisions of the animal kingdom, has often appeared to me a surpassingly wonderful one. We can see but imperfectly, in those twilight depths to which all such subjects necessarily belong; and yet at times enough does appear to show us what a very superficial thing infidelity may be. The general advance in creation has been incalculably great. The lower divisions of the vertebrata preceded the higher; the fish preceded the reptile, the reptile preceded the bird, the bird preceded the mammiferous quadruped, and the mammiferous quadruped preceded man. And yet, is there one of these great divisions in which, in at least some prominent feature, the present, through this mysterious element of degradation, is not inferior to the past? There was a time in which the ichthyic form constituted the highest example of life; but the seas during that period did not swarm with fish of the degraded type. There was, in like manner, a time when all the carnivora and all the herbivorous quadrupeds were represented by reptiles; but there are no such magnificent reptiles on the earth now as reigned over it then. There was an after time, when birds seem to have been the sole representatives of the warm-blooded animals; but we find, from the prints of their feet left in sandstone, that the tallest men might have .

• Walked under their huge legs, and peep'd about.

Further, there was an age when the quadrupedal mammals were the magnates of creation; but it was an age in which the sagacious elephant, now extinct, save in the comparatively small Asiatic and African circles, and restricted to two species, was the inhabitant of every country of the Old World, from its southern extremity to the frozen shores of the northern ocean; and when vast herds of a closely allied and equally colossal genus occupied its place in the New. And now, in the times of the high-placed human dynasty,—of those formally delegated monarchs of creation, whose nature it is to look behind them upon the past, and before them, with mingled fear and hope, upon the future,—do we not as certainly see the elements of a state of ever-sinking degradation, which is to exist for ever, as of a state of ever-increasing perfectibility, to which there is to be no end? Nay, of a higher race, of which we know but little, this much we at least know, that they long since separated into two great classes,—that of the ‘elect angels,’ and of ‘angels that kept not their first estate.’”—*Footprints, &c.*, pp. 176-180.

In his next and *tenth* chapter, our author controverts with his usual power the argument in favour of the development hypothesis, drawn from the predominance of the Brachipods among the Silurian Molluscs. The existence of the highly organized cephalopods,* in the same formation, not only neutralizes this argument, but authorizes the conclusion that an animal of a very high order of organisation existed in the earliest formation. It is of no consequence whether the cephalopods, or the brachipods, were most numerous. Had there been only one cuttle fish in the Silurian seas, and a million of brachipods, the fact would equally have overturned the development system.

In the same chapter, Mr. Miller treats of the geological history of the Fossil flora, which has been pressed into the service of the development hypothesis. On the authority of Adolphe Brogniart, it was maintained that previous to the age of the Lias, “Nature had failed to achieve a tree—and that the rich vegetation of the coal measures had been exclusively composed of magnificent immaturities of the vegetable kingdom, of gigantic ferns and club mosses, that attained to the size of forest trees, and of thickets of the swamp-loving horse-tail family of plants.” True exogenous trees, however, do exist of vast size, and in great numbers, in all the coal-fields of our own country, as has been proved by Mr. Miller. Nay, he himself discovered in the Old Red Sandstone, *Lignite*, which is proved to have formed part of a true gymnospermous tree, represented by the pines of Europe and America, or more probably, as Mr. Miller believes, by the Araucarians of Chili and New Zealand. This important discovery is pregnant with instruction. The ancient conifer must have waved its green foliage over dry land, and it is not probable that

* See our Review of the *Explanations* in vol. iii. p. 11, Note.

it was the only tree in the primeval forest. "The ship carpenter," as our author observes, "might have hopefully taken axe in hand to explore the woods for some such stately pine as the one described by Milton,—

‘Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral.’”

Viewing this *olive leaf* of the old Red Sandstone as not at all devoid of poetry, our author invites us to a voyage from the latest formation up to the first zone of the Silurian formation, thus passing from ancient to still more ancient scenes of being, and finding as at the commencement of our voyage, a graceful intermixture of land and water, continent, river and sea.

“We first coast along the land of the tertiary, inhabited by the strange quadrupeds of Cuvier, and waving with the reeds and palms of the Paris basin; the land of the Wealden with its gigantic *iguanodon* rustling amid its tree ferns and its cycadeæ, comes next; then comes the green land of the oolite, with its little pouched, insectivorous quadruped, its flying reptiles, its vast jungles of the *Brora equisetum*, and its forests of the Helmsdale pine; and then, dimly, as through a haze, we mark as we speed on, the thinly scattered islands of the New Red Sandstone, and pick up in our course a large floating leaf, veined like that of a cabbage, which not a little puzzles the botanists of the expedition. And now we near the vast Carboniferous continent, and see along the undulating outline, between us and the sky, the strange forms of a vegetation, compared with which that of every previously seen land seems stunted and poor. We speed day after day along endless forests, in which gigantic club-mosses wave in air a hundred feet over head, and skirt interminable marshes, in which thickets of reeds overtop the mast-head. And, where mighty rivers come rolling to the sea, we mark, through the long-retiring vistas which they open into the interior, the higher grounds of the country covered with coniferous trees, and see doddered trunks of vast size, like those of Granton and Craigleith, reclining under the banks in deep muddy reaches, with their decaying tops turned adown the current. At length the furthestmost promontory of this long range of coast comes full in view: we near it,—we have come up abreast, of it: we see the shells of the Mountain Limestone glittering white along its further shore, and the green depths under our keel lightened by the flush of innumerable corals; and then, bidding farewell to the land for ever,—for so the geologists, of but five years ago, would have advised,—we launch into the unmeasured ocean of the Old Red, with its three consecutive zones of animal life. Not a single patch of land more do those geologic charts exhibit which we still regard as new. The zones of the Silurian and Cambrian succeed the zones of the Old Red; and, darkly fringed by an obscure bank of cloud, ranged along the last zone in the series, a night that never dissipates settles down upon the deep. Our voyage, like that of the old fabulous navigators of five centuries

ago, terminates on the sea in a thick darkness, beyond which there lies no shore, and there dawns no light. And it is in the middle of this vast ocean, just where the last zone of the Old Red leans against the first zone of the Silurian, that we have succeeded in discovering a solitary island unseen before,—a shrub-bearing land much enveloped in fog, but with hills that at least look green in the distance. There are patches of floating sea-weed much comminuted by the surf all around it; and on one projecting headland, we see clear through our glasses a cone-bearing tree.”—*Footprints, &c.*, pp. 202, 203.

But though the existence of a true placoid, a real vertebrated fish, in the Cambrian limestone of Bala, and of true wood at the base of the Old Red Sandstone, are utterly incompatible with the development hypothesis, its supporters, thus driven to the wall, may take shelter under the vague and unquestioned truth that the lower plants and animals preceded the higher, and that the order of creation was fish, reptiles, birds, mammalia, quadrumana, and man. From this resource, too, our author has cut off his opponents, and proceeds to show that such an order of creation, “at once wonderful and beautiful,” does not afford even the slightest presumption in favour of the hypothesis which it is adduced to support.

This argument is carried on in a popular and amusing dialogue in the *eleventh* chapter. Mr. Miller shows in the clearest manner that “superposition is not parental relation,” or that an organism lying above another gives us no ground for believing that the lower organism was the parent of the higher. The theorist, however, looks only at those phases of truth which are in unison with his own views, and when truth presents no such favourable aspect, he finally wraps himself up in the folds of ignorance and ambiguity—the winding-sheet of error refuted and exposed. We have not yet penetrated, says he, in feeble accents, to the formations which represent the dawn of being, and the simplest organism may yet be detected beneath the lowest fossiliferous rocks. This undoubtedly *may be*, and Sir Charles Lyell and Mr. Leonard Horner are of opinion that such rocks may yet be discovered, while Sir Roderick Murchison and Professor Sedgwick and Mr. Miller are of an opposite opinion. But even were such rocks discovered to-morrow, it would not follow that their organisms gave the least support to the development hypothesis. In the year 1837 when fishes were not discovered in the upper Silurian rocks, the theorist would have rightly predicted the existence of lower fossiliferous beds; but when they are discovered, and their fossils examined, they furnish the strongest argument that could be desired against the theory they were expected to sustain. This fact, no doubt, is so far in favour of the supposition that there may be still lower fossil-bearing strata, but as Mr. Miller observes, “The pyramid of organized

existence, as it ascends into the by-past eternity, inclines sensibly towards its apex,—that apex of “*beginning*” on which, on far other than Geological grounds, it is our privilege to believe. The broad base of the superstructure planted on the existing scene, stretches across the entire scale of life, animal, and vegetable; but it contracts as it rises into the past—man,—the quadrumana,—the quadrupedal man—the bird and the reptile are each in succession struck from off its breadth, till we at length see it with the vertebrata, represented by only the fish, narrowing as it were to a point; and though the clouds of the upper region may hide its apex, we infer from the declination of its sides, that it cannot penetrate much farther into the profound.”

In our author's next chapter, the *twelfth* of the series, he proceeds to examine the “Lamarckian hypothesis of the origin of plants, and its consequences.” More than a century ago, M. De Maillet, in his “*Telliamed*,” (Demaillet written backwards,) maintained that all the productions of the earth came from the sea. A wild theory never dies. However great may have been our progress in knowledge, there is always some sciolist ignorant enough, and sufficiently fond of notoriety, to take it up and make it his own. The speculation of De Maillet has assumed the following form in the *Physio-Philosophy* of Professor Oken, a work of a very exceptionable character, translated for the Ray Society in 1847! “All life,” says he, “is from the sea. Where the sea organism, by self-elevation, succeeds in attaining unto form, there issues forth from it a higher organism. Love arose out of the sea-foam. The primary mucus (that in which electricity originates life) was and is still generated in those very parts of the sea where the water is in contact with earth and air, and thus upon the shores. The first creation of the organic took place where the first mountain summits projected out of the water,—indeed, without doubt, in India, if the *Himalayas* be the highest mountain. The first organic forms, whether plants or animals, emerged from the shallow parts of the sea.” The geological ignorance exhibited in the virtual declaration that the highest mountains must be the oldest, has been well pointed out by Mr. Miller. The researches of Elie de Beaumont place it beyond a doubt,* that the Himalaya range was upheaved (carrying up with it upon its flank vast beds of the oolitic system) long after the upheaval of our own Scottish Mountains. The author of the “*Vestiges*,” as might have been expected, adopts the theory of the “spread of terrestrial vegetation from the sea into the lands adjacent,” the land-plants having, in their first condition, existed as weeds of the sea. Professor Edward Forbes, and other eminent botanists, maintain the very different

* See this *Review*, vol. vi. pp. 249-254.

opinion, that each species of plant was propagated throughout the area they are now found to occupy by means of a single seed introduced by currents or wafted through the air; and our author has adopted and defended this opinion with his usual skill and sagacity, and by a variety of arguments which our limits will not permit us to detail.

In his *thirteenth* chapter, on "The Two Floras, marine and terrestrial," he has shown that all our experience is opposed to the opinion, that the one has been transmuted into the other. If the marine had been converted into terrestrial vegetation, we ought to have, in the Lake of Stennis, for example, plants of an intermediate character between the algæ of the sea and the monocotyledons of the lake. But no such transition-plants are found. The algæ, as our author observes, become dwarfish and ill-developed. They cease to exist as the water becomes fresher, "until at length we find, instead of the brown, rootless, flowerless fucoids and confervæ of the ocean, the green, rooted, flowering flags, rushes, and aquatic grasses of the fresh water. Many thousands of years have failed to originate a single intermediate plant." The same conclusion may be drawn from the character of the vegetation along the extensive shores of Britain and Ireland. No botanist has ever found a single plant in the transition state. Having thus appealed to experience in support of his views, Mr. Miller devotes the rest of this interesting chapter to the discussion of the question, How far the Christian controversialist ought to avail himself of this kind of argument? Those who refuse to believe in a miracle, because it is against experience, ought still less to believe in a hypothesis which is contrary to experience. Though against experience, the miracle is supported by irresistible testimony; but the hypothesis is not only contrary to an invariable experience, but in direct opposition to all testimony. A miracle is, in its very nature, something that cannot be tested by experience; a hypothesis, on the contrary, is what can be tested only by experience.

The *fourteenth* chapter of the "Footprints" will be perused with great interest by the general reader. It is a powerful and argumentative exposure of the development hypothesis, and of the manner in which the subject has been treated in the "Vestiges." Whether we consider it in its nature, in its history, or in the character of the intellects with whom it originated, or by whom it has been received and supported, Mr. Miller has shown that it has nothing to recommend it. It existed as a wild dream before geology had any being as a science. It was broached more than a century ago by De Maillet, who knew nothing of the geology even of his day. In a translation of his *Telliamed*, published in 1750, Mr. Miller finds very nearly the same account given of the origin of plants and animals, as that in the "Vestiges,"

and in which the sea is described as that "great and fruitful womb of nature, in which organisation and life first begin." Lamarck, though a skilful botanist and conchologist, was unacquainted with geology; and as he first published his development hypothesis in 1802, (an hypothesis identical with that of the "*Vestiges*,") it is probable that he was not then a very skilful zoologist. Nor has Professor Oken any higher claims to geological acquirements. He confesses that he wrote the first edition of his work in 1810 in *a kind of inspiration*! and it is not difficult to estimate the intelligence of the inspiring idol that announced to the German sage that the globe was a vast crystal, a little flawed in the facets, and that quartz, feldspar, and mica, the three constituents of granite, were the hail-drops of heavy showers of stone that fell into the original ocean, and accumulated into rock at the bottom!

Such is the unscientific parentage of the theories promulgated in the "*Vestiges*." But the author of this work appeals in the first instance to science. Astronomy, geology, botany, and zoology are called upon to give evidence in his favour; but the astronomer, geologist, botanist, and the zoologist all refuse him their testimony, deny his premises, and reject his results. "It is not," as Mr. Miller happily observes, "the illiberal religionist that casts him off. It is the inductive philosopher." Science addresses him in the language of the possessed—"The astronomer I know, and the geologist I know; but who are ye?" Thus left alone in a cloud of star-dust, or in brackish water between the marine and terrestrial flora, he "appeals from science to the want of it," casts a stone at our Scientific Institutions, and demands a jury of "ordinary readers," as the only "tribunal" by which "the new philosophy is to be truly and righteously judged."

The last and *fifteenth* chapter of Mr. Miller's work, "*On the Bearing of Final Causes on Geologic History*," if read with care and thought, will prove at once delightful and instructive. The principle of *final causes*, or the conditions of existence, affords a wide scope to our reason in Natural History, but especially in Geology. It becomes an interesting inquiry, if any reason can be assigned why at certain periods species began to exist, and became extinct after the lapse of lengthened periods of time, and why the higher classes of being succeeded the lower in the order of creation? The incompleteness of geological science does not permit us to remove the veil which hangs over this mysterious chronology; but our author is of opinion that in about a quarter of a century, in a favoured locality like the British Islands, geological history "will assume a very extraordinary form;" and in the following fine passage he exhibits to us, as if in a spectral shape, a conception equally striking and suggestive.

"The history of the four great monarchies of the world was typified in the prophetic dream of the ancient Babylonish king, by a colossal

image, 'terrible in its form and brightness,' of which the 'head was pure gold,' the 'breast and arms of silver,' the 'belly and thighs of brass,' and the legs and feet of iron, and of iron mingled with clay.' The vision, in which it formed the central object, was appropriately that of a puissant monarch, and the image itself typified the merely human monarchies of the earth. It would require a widely different figure to symbolize the great monarchies of creation. And yet revelation does furnish such a figure. It is that which was witnessed by the captive prophet beside 'the river Chebar,' when 'the heavens were opened, and he saw visions of God.' In that chariot of Deity glowing in fire and amber, with its complex wheels 'so high that they were dreadful,' set round about with eyes; there were living creatures, of whose four faces three were brute and one human, and high over all sat the Son of Man. It would almost seem as if in this sublime vision in which, with features distinct enough to impress the imagination, there mingle the elements of an awful incomprehensibility, and which even the genits of Raffaele has failed adequately to pourtray—the history of all the past and of all the future had been symbolized. In the order of Providence intimated in the geologic record, the brute faces, as in the vision, outnumber the human; the human dynasty is one, and the dynasties of the inferior animals are three; and yet who can doubt that they all equally compose parts of a well-ordered and perfect whole, as the four faces formed but one cherub; that they have been moving onward to a definite goal, in the unity of one grand harmonious design—now 'lifted up high' over the comprehension of earth—now let down to its humble level; and that the Creator of all has been ever seated over them on the throne of his providence—a 'likeness in the appearance of a man,' embodying the perfection of his nature in his workings, and determining the end from the beginning?"—*Footprints, &c.*, pp. 282, 283.

It is a singular fact, which will yet lead to singular results, that Cuvier's arrangement of the four classes of vertebrate animals should exhibit the same order as that in which they are found in the strata of the earth. In the *fish* the average proportion of the brain to the spinal cord is only as 2 to 1. In the *reptile* the ratio is $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. In the *bird* it is as 3 to 1. In the *mammalia* it is as 4 to 1; and in *man* it is as 23 to 1. No less remarkable is the foetal progress of the human brain. It first becomes a brain resembling that of a fish; then it grows into the form of that of a reptile; then into that of a bird; then into that of a mammiferous quadruped, and finally it assumes the form of a human brain, "thus comprising in its foetal progress an epitome of geological history, as if man were in himself a compendium of all animated nature, and of kin to every creature that lives."

The large brain of man would have been, as Mr. Miller states, quite out of place in the earlier ages of creation. He could not have lived amid the storms, and earthquakes, and eruptions of a

world in the act of formation. His timid nature would have quailed under the multifarious convulsions around him. The thunder of a boiling and tempest-driven ocean would have roused him from his couch, as its waters rushed upon him at midnight; torrents of lava or of mud would have chased him from his hearth; and if he escaped the pestilence of animal and vegetable death, the vapour of the subterranean alembics would have suffocated him in the open air. The house of the child of civilisation was not ready for his reception. The stones that were to build and roof it, had not quitted their native beds. The coal that was to light and heat it was either green in the forest, or blackening in the storehouse of the deep. The iron that was to defend him from external violence lay buried in the ground; and the rich materials of civilisation, even if they were ready, had not been cast within his reach, from the hollow of the Creator's hand. But if man could have existed amid catastrophes so tremendous and privations so severe, his presence was not required, for his intellectual powers could have had no suitable employment. Creation was the field on which his industry was to be exercised and his genius unfolded; and that Divine reason which was to analyze and combine, would have sunk into sloth before the elements of matter were let loose from their prison-house, and Nature had cast them in her mould. But though there was no specific time in this vast chronology which we could fix as appropriate for the appearance of man, yet we now perceive that he entered with dignity at its close. When the sea was gathered into one place, and the dry land appeared, a secure footing was provided for our race. When the waters above the firmament were separated from the waters below it, and when the light which ruled the day, and the light which ruled the night, were displayed in the azure sky, man could look upward into the infinite of space, as he looked downward into the infinite in time. When the living creature after his kind appeared in the fields, and the seed-bearing herb covered the earth, human genius was enabled to estimate the power, and wisdom, and bounty of its Author;—and human labour received and accepted its commission, when it was declared from on high that seed-time and harvest should never cease upon the earth.

But though the early world was not made for the reception of man, it was well adapted to the habits and instincts of inferior natures. Fishes and reptiles were well fitted to enjoy life on a planet partially consolidated and shaken with earthquakes. Birds could live and multiply under circumstances which would be unfavourable to terrestrial animals; and when the earth was far advanced in its preparation for man, and the land sufficiently ~~fixed~~ and consolidated to sustain the weight of heavy and

gigantic animals, the mammiferous quadrupeds were admitted to its plains. But it is a curious fact, that they were no sooner admitted as a group, than the reptiles appear in greatly diminished proportions, while those of the gigantic class are reduced in size as well as number. Mr. Miller has assigned a plausible reason for this remarkable change. Had the gigantic reptiles been contemporaneous with the higher herbivorous, and the more powerful carnivorous animals, an exterminatory war must have taken place between them; and the jungles and the dense forests which they occupied would have been a scene of cruelty and suffering incompatible with the benevolence of the Creator. The reptile was therefore removed from his place in the front of creation; and no sooner were "creatures of a higher order introduced into the consolidating and fast ripening planet, than his bulk shrank, and his strength lessened, and he assumed a humility of form and aspect at once in keeping with his reduced circumstances, and compatible with the general welfare."

It is more difficult to assign a reason for the degradation of classes, than for their reduction and diminution. Our author acknowledges that he can neither find a reason or a cause for a fact so mysterious, but he views it as standing connected with other great facts in the moral government of the universe,—with the existence in a future state of two separate classes—the one elevated, the other degraded—the one godlike and happy, the other fiendlike and miserable. In the programme of creation, the several dynasties of life were introduced in their higher forms, and we have already noticed the additional fact of the degradation of the fish and the reptiles.

"And then," says our author, "passing on to the revealed record, we learn that the dynasty of man, in the mixed state and character, is not the final one, but that there is to be yet another creation, or more properly *re-creation*, known theologically as the resurrection, which shall be connected in its physical components by bonds of mysterious paternity, with the dynasty which now reigns, and be bound to it mentally by the chain of identity, conscious and actual; but which in all that constitutes superiority, shall be as vastly its superior as the dynasty of responsible man is superior to even the lowest of the preliminary dynasties. We are farther taught, that at the commencement of this last of the dynasties, there will be a *re-creation* of not only elevated, but also of degraded beings—a *re-creation* of the *lost*. We are taught yet farther, that though the present dynasty be that of a lapsed race, which at their first introduction were placed on higher ground than that on which they now stand, and sank by their own act, it was yet part of the original design, from the beginning of all things, that they should occupy the existing platform; and that redemption is thus no after-thought, rendered necessary by the fall, but, on the contrary, part of a general scheme, for which provision had been made

from the beginning ; so that the divine man, through whom the work of restoration has been effected, was in reality, in reference to the purposes of the Eternal, what he is designated in the remarkable text, '*the Lamb slain from the foundations of the world.*' Slain from the foundations of the world ! Could the assertors of the stony science ask for language more express ? By piecing the two records together—that revealed in Scripture, and that revealed in the rocks—records which, however widely geologists may mistake the one, or commentators misunderstand the other, have emanated from the same great author, we learn that in slow and solemn majesty has period succeeded period, each in succession ushering in a higher and yet higher scene of existence—that fish, reptiles, mammiferous quadrupeds have reigned in turn,—that responsible man, 'made in the image of God,' and with dominion over all creatures, ultimately entered into a world ripened for his reception ; but further, that this passing scene, in which he forms the prominent figure, is not the final one in the long series, but merely the last of the *preliminary* scenes ; and that that period to which the bygone ages, incalculable in amount, with all their well-proportioned gradations of being, form the imposing vestibule, shall have perfection for its occupant, and eternity for its duration. I know not how it may appear to others ; but for my own part, I cannot avoid thinking that there would be a lack of proportion in the series of being, were the period of perfect and glorified humanity abruptly connected, without the introduction of an intermediate creation of *responsible* imperfection, with that of the dying, irresponsible brute. That scene of things in which God became man, and suffered, *seems*, as it no doubt is, a necessary link in the chain."—*Footprints, &c.*, pp. 301-303.

At this startling result—startling from its apparent truth, our author finds himself on the confines of a mystery which man has "vainly aspired to comprehend." "I have," says he, "no new reading of the enigma to offer. I know not why it is that moral evil exists in the universe of the All-wise and the All-powerful ; nor through what occult law of Deity it is that 'perfection should come through suffering.'" In the darkness of this mystery the best and the brightest spirits are involved ;—and our inability to comprehend it we willingly acknowledge. But there are difficulties, which though we cannot solve them for others, we may solve for ourselves. An inferior intellect may disencumber itself of a load, which a superior one may be doomed for ever to bear. The Spectre of Moral Evil may haunt the philosopher when the peasant has succeeded in exorcising it ; and the physician when he cannot achieve a cure, may consider himself fortunate if he can find an anodyne.

To exhibit the Divine attributes, and to display the Divine glory to an intellectual and immortal race, must have been the purpose for which a material universe was created. In his physical frame Man is necessarily subject to physical laws. The law of gravity "cannot cease as he goes by ;"—and finite in his

nature, and fallible in his reason, he can but feebly defend himself against the ferocity of animal life, or against the fury of the elements, or against the poison that may mingle in his cup. His high reason does not, in many emergencies, compensate for his inferior instinct. He is therefore helplessly exposed to suffering and death. The instincts of self-preservation and of parental affection, give a magnitude and interest to whatever affects the safety and happiness of himself and his offspring. He is thus placed in antagonism to his fellow-sufferers, and in the collision of interests and feelings, laws human and Divine are broken. Nor is this result—if it be a result—less conformable to what we have regarded as the object and end of creation. In order to glorify God by a knowledge of his attributes, we must have these attributes fully displayed. The power, and wisdom, and goodness of the Creator, are exhibited to us every day and every hour;—they are proclaimed in the heavens;—they are stamped on the earth;—life, and the enjoyments of life, display them even to the dumb, the deaf, and the blind. But in what region are we to descry the attributes of mercy, of justice, and of truth? In the abodes of happiness and peace, the idea of Mercy can neither have an object nor a name. Justice can be understood only amid injustice,—and Truth only amid falsehood. The moral attributes of the most High can be comprehended and emblazoned only among the cruel, the dishonest, and the untrue. His power, wisdom, and goodness, can be exhibited only in a material world, governed by the laws of matter; and man in his material nature must be subject to their operation and control. Though thus controlled and thus suffering, we are resigned. In this feeble gleam of reason there is light enough to show us—if we are disposed to have it shown—that the Spectre of Moral Evil has been conjured up by ourselves.

Such is a brief and imperfect notice of Mr. Miller's "Footprints of the Creator," the *third* edition of which is on the eve of publication. Since the preceding pages were written we are gratified to learn that Dr. Buckland, with his usual sagacity and liberality, has paid Mr. Miller the high and well-deserved compliment of making this work one of the text-books for his geological lectures at Oxford; and we have no doubt that its merits will be appreciated in that distinguished seat of literature and philosophy. In its purely geological character the "Footprints" is not surpassed by any modern work of the same class. Mr. Miller's original and successful inquiries respecting the cerebral development of the vertebrata, the structure of the asterolepis and the placoids, are models of profound and patient research, while the novelty and beauty of his views on the progress of Degradation

in the animal world, and his analysis of the celebrated theory of cranial vertebrae, cannot fail to place him in the very highest rank of philosophical naturalists. But it is in the discussion of questions which are, or may be, connected with geology that the general and philosophical reader will best recognise his mental grasp and intellectual stores. From beneath the crust of the earth, geology, in his hands, rises above it. From the darkness and death of its subterranean chambers, it ushers him into a Temple effulgent with light, and instinct with life. From the past it stretches far into the future, uniting faith and knowledge, and gilding the sunset of things that are, with the auroral splendour of things that are to be. The astronomer has penetrated far into the celestial depths, descrying glorious creations and establishing mighty laws; but the geologist has yet far to descend into the abyss beneath. The earth has still to surrender mighty secrets,—and great revelations are yet to issue from sepulchres of stone. It is not from that distant bourne where the last ray of star-light trembles on the observer's eye, that man is to import the great secret of the world's birth and of his own destiny. It is from the vaults to which ancient life has been consigned, that the history of the dawn of life is to be composed. Geologists have read that record backwards, and are decyphering it downwards. They have reached the embryos of vegetable existence—the probable terminus of the formation which bears them. But who can tell *what is beyond?* Another creation may lie beneath:—More glorious creatures may be entombed there. The mortal coils of beings more lovely, more pure, more divine than man, may yet read to us the unexpected lesson that we have not been the first, and may not be the last of the intellectual race.

Before concluding this Article, we must say a few words on the different works which we have placed at the head of our first page:

The interesting volume of Mr. Robert Chambers, "*On Sea Margins*," contains a number of most valuable and important facts and measurements, which cannot fail to guide the geologist in his inquiries into the causes by which the terraqueous surface of our globe received its present form. The work is devoted chiefly to the description of alluvial terraces in Britain, which he conceives have had their origin as sea-beaches—their configuration and horizontal character being exactly what the sea produces where it meets the land. Many objects of this kind were regarded by geologists as ancient beaches, before Mr. Chambers began to study them; but very few of these were more than 40 feet above the present sea level. Mr. Chambers, however, has traced them not merely on coasts, but in valleys far inland; and in various

districts he has discovered terraces at a great number of elevations, from 600 to 700 feet, and indicating a shift in the relative level of sea and land, for at least that extent of vertical space. He has likewise shewn that the principal terraces in different parts of the island approximate to heights of 64, 93, 128, 165, 280, and 545 feet, shewing that, in so far at least as this island is concerned, the shift of relative level has been equable. Mr. Chambers has likewise described terraces in Franco and Ireland examined by himself, which shew a tendency to harmonize with those of Britain. In these researches, he met with few fossils, probably, as he conjectures, from the climate being unfavourable to their preservation; but he has described the traces of aqueous deposits wherever they existed. Mr. Chambers' volume contains many curious and valuable facts, ascertained by levelling; and among these we may reckon his very accurate measurements of the celebrated parallel roads of Glenroy, which had previously been very inaccurately laid down by Dr. Macculloch. The general as well as the geological reader, will find this work well worthy of his study. It is illustrated with many interesting sketches,—is written with simplicity and elegance,—and contains much curious information, the result of careful observation and inquiry.

The work of Professor Waterkeyn is a learned and judicious attempt to reconcile the truths of geology with those of Scripture; and in the "Deluge" of Frederick Klec, published in 1842 in Danish, in 1843 in German, and in 1847 in French, the author adopts the general doctrines of geology, but endeavours to prove, both from geology and history, that the deluge was produced by a displacement of the earth's axis; that it was accompanied "with the most terrible volcanic phenomena," and that the form of the five portions of the world arose from the action of the deluge upon the shores of the ancient continents.

The two Inaugural and Introductory Lectures of Mr. Ramsay, delivered at University College, London, exhibit all that knowledge and research which might have been expected from so able a geologist. They are written with elegance and vigour, and contain an interesting account of the progress of geological investigation from the earliest to the present times.

- ART. VII.—1. *Report of the General Assembly's Education Committee.* 1849.
2. *Report of the Education Committee of the Free Church.* 1849.
3. *Remarks on the Government Scheme of National Education, as applied to Scotland.* By LORD MELGUND, M.P. Edinburgh, 1848.
4. *The Necessity of a Reform in the Parochial School System of Scotland; by one who has long witnessed its Existing Defects.* Edinburgh, 1848.
5. *Lord Melgund and the Parish Schools.* By A CHURCHMAN. Edinburgh, 1849.
6. *National Education for Scotland Practically Considered; with Notices of certain recent Proposals on that subject.* By JAMES BEGG, D.D. Edinburgh, 1849.

THE English mind, so laudably prone to cling to the usages of the past, which have imperceptibly grown into the constitutional edifice, is peculiarly liable to feel the force of what D'Israeli terms a "strong cry." No nation, however, is without it; and certainly we of Scotland, in our national pride, do not want instances of its force. Touch what point you may with the chain of improvement and you have rung in your ears the tocsin-cry of "The Treaty of Union!"—"The Act of Security!" More especially if you move but one inch towards the sacred precincts of education, on all sides arises a loud laudation of the Parochial School System, as perfect and unimprovable, the glory of Scotland, the nursery of sages, the wonder of the earth, the *ne plus ultra* of wisdom,—to touch which is profanation and treason against the best interests of the land. In spite of this outcry we feel it to be a duty to assist in directing the attention of the public mind to this subject, with the view of remodelling, and improving, and extending our educational means and machinery. It is not because we are not alive to the claims which the Parochial School System of Scotland has, as a matter of history, upon the admiration and gratitude of our countrymen, that we now devote a few pages to the subject, but because, earnestly anxious that the aims of its sagacious founders may be realized, we deem that the season has come for its revision and adjustment to the requirements of the times in which we live.

Why should it be that they who seek the amelioration of human and imperfect modes of action, absolutely requiring change as circumstances change, should be condemned as the foes of the very object which, in reality, they seek to promote? Look at

that growing youth, well, suitably, and warmly clad, with jacket and trousers to match. Is the poor fellow to be branded with all sorts of ill names, as an incendiary and a revolutionist, an enemy of existing institutions, because his bones elongating, his muscles inspissated, his stature increasing, he demands a suit of apparel accommodated to his present condition? He will not surely be condemned for ever to walk the streets, with his long arms projecting fettered from the sleeves, his shoulders held immovably tight, and his nether garment reaching but half-way up his legs. Refit him, for pity's sake, at once, and let him move, gracefully and freely, a fine specimen of humanity, as undoubtedly he is.

We are perfectly willing to concede all that may be urged in favour of the Parochial Schools, as they were originally constituted, and as they long existed, for the benefit of the country. Civilized Europe has never witnessed a nobler spectacle than the first Protestants of Scotland in the assembly of the nation, demanding, that from the funds before abused by a licentious superstition, one-third should be devoted, not to increase the revenue of the Reformed Church, but to the education—the universal education of the youth, in all departments of instruction, from the highest to the lowest. Nor was the end contemplated less noble than the means and the sacrifice. “Seeing that God hath determined that His Kirk here upon earth shall be taught, not by angels, but by men; and seeing that men are borne ignorant of God and all godlinesse; and seeing, alsoe, He ceases to illuminate men miraculously, suddenly changing them, as He did the Apostles and others in the primitive Kirke; of necessity it is that your honours be most careful for the vertuous education and godly up-bringing of the youth of this realm, if either ye now thirst unfainedly for the advancement of Christ’s glorie, or yet desire the continuance of His benefits to the generation following; for as the youth must succeed to us, so we ought to be careful that they have knowledge and crudition to profit and comfort that which ought to be most dear to us, to wit, the Kirke and spouse of our Lord Jesus.” And when, long after, the State sanctioned and enforced—though how inadequately!—the claim for education here advanced, the benefits thence resulting are the fullest evidence of the wisdom of the projectors of the system. It would be difficult to tell how much of the social progress of Scotland—of the success of her sons in other lands—of their proverbial character for steadiness, perseverance, practical sagacity, and intelligence, sprang from the national education. If we had but space, we could fill pages with the names of eminent Scotchmen, who could trace the first dawnings of their greatness to the light which broke upon them,

in their native glen or hamlet, under the humble roof of the Parish School.

But we shall mistake greatly, if we suppose that it was this system which made and modelled the national character. The converse is true. The system arose from the conviction, in earnest and leading minds, of what the country needed and was fitted for, and it was accommodated to her circumstances, by gradual development, as events developed themselves. Indeed, in this poor and northern land, alike in town and country, the whole of the parochial machinery for Church, and poor, and young, closely resembled the arrangements of an extended family connexion. There was little wealth, and there was little pauperism. Each man knew, and each man was interested in his neighbour. If a member of the same parish committed a crime, it was mourned over as a sort of family disgrace. The kith and kin of each residenter were known to all. Birth had its due, or more than its due respect; but the honours paid to the gentry constituted so much of tribute paid to the fund of the general respectability. The poor were relieved with the same feelings which actuate the affluent to help an impoverished kinsman—with sympathy and kindness; while they received the proffered aid, after many a struggle with family pride, by no means as an eleemosynary gift, but as a brotherly benefaction. All met in the same house of prayer—all had the same traditionary tales of martyred sires—all glowed with the same feelings of stern indignation at priestly oppressors, and all were versed in the logical orthodoxy of the same unbending creed. Church discipline was exercised openly in a fashion which now excites wonder in those who do not understand this phase of Scottish life. Matters were taken up and openly adverted on, which would now excite ridicule and indignation, but which occasioned then no scandal, for the parish was all one family, and rebuke in presence of the family was often an appropriate and effectual instrument for awakening shame and repentance. Intimately acquainted with all his people, in their incomings and outgoings—in their sickness and health—in their business and their rare recreations, was the common friend and adviser of all, the parish minister. And then it was natural, and entirely accordant with the genius and habits of the people, that their children—the common children of one large family—should go to school together, to learn the same catechism, and read the same Bible, from the lips of a man who professed the same faith with themselves, and was under the same direction to which they willingly submitted in all matters higher than bees or merchandise.

Such was Scotland. And restore to us those days of undivided faith, and a common family feeling, and kin-like affections,

and industrious strenuous thrift and poverty, little wealth and little beggary, and, for us, the Parish Schools may remain as they are. But such is not Scotland. Circumstances, social, political, economical, ecclesiastical, have all mightily changed. It were the greatest of all marvels in the history of a country, that an institution intended for and admirably fitting its circumstances, in a rude and elementary state, should be found, without extension and without change, to be accommodated to its wants when it has passed into a higher, a more civilized, and a more dangerous state of its existence. Even, *a priori*, one would infer the unlikelihood of this. And all experience confirms the folly of allowing things to continue much longer as they are. Scotland does not contain the same social elements as before. Its economical structure is completely changed. In its political and ecclesiastical state it has undergone a revolution, not less real though less apparent, that no trumpet summoned opposing hosts to battle, no blood consecrated the issue, and no flaunting banners waved triumphantly over the falling foe. Nor has that revolution yet had its full effect. In remote and rural districts there still linger traces of the old Scottish family feeling. But the time must come, when its influence will be universal. It has made its way to portions of our land, where we should have expected it least and last. In the Highland glens and islands it is tearing asunder all old ties, and lacerating all human affections; and soon it will, by railroads and steamboats, penetrate our pastoral uplands, and our lonely muirs. What is the part of wise men with such prospects? Surely, to take advantage of this transition-period, to adopt all that our experience has taught us to be good in the past, and adapt it to the demands of the present, and the probabilities of the future.

In a paper such as this, we are averse, for many reasons, to have recourse to statistics. The truth is, that, save for illustration, they are not needed in this question. We do not believe that any one will deny that the legal provision for the education of Scotland is ludicrously inadequate to its wants. Still there are minds which can be reached only by figures, not of speech, but of arithmetic. The change that has taken place in the habits of Scottish life will make no impression upon them, but the change in the numbers of the population will. Let such men study this problem. It is alleged that all the prosperity of Scotland is owing to our Parochial School System; or in the language of the "Declaration by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland on National Education," issued in June last,—“They [the General Assembly] will not assert that these schools have done all; but they do assert, with confidence, that, but for these schools, all, or nearly all, would have been

left undone.”* Now, the starting point of Scotland’s economical prosperity is fixed by the ablest economists, as not earlier than the second rebellion in 1745. Take 1755. Scotland had then nearly the same number of parish schools which she has now; but she had considerably less than half the population, that of the former period being about 1,265,380,† that of 1841, 2,620,184, and now probably not far short of 3,000,000. Now, if a certain number of parochial schools was essential to found the prosperity of Scotland, how many are required to continue and extend it?

Or, put the question in another way. It is generally agreed that a sixth part of the population of every country is the least average of those underlying the education period of life; that gives somewhere about 500,000 as the educable youth of Scotland. Make a liberal deduction for those attending the higher classes of schools—say 100,000—and we have still 400,000 to be educated at the National Schools. 82.56 is given‡ as the average attendance on 852 of the Parochial Schools. We may safely assume, that as the schools not reported were not likely to be the best attended, 80 is a high average on the whole number. That gives us 5,000 as the number of elementary schools which the Nation should provide, whereas we have only 1047. Will the sturdiest stickler for things as they are, deny the truth of these figures? The higher our notions are of the value of the education given in the parish schools, and the more exalted our notions of the benefits which they are fitted to confer—the stronger our belief of their importance in forming the proverbial character of Scotchmen for the *canny* virtues, the more earnestly shall we, sighing over such a state of things, desire and strive to cover the whole land with these honoured fabrics.

But how is this to be done? Or, if it cannot be accomplished, have we any means of procuring an equivalent?

It is clear and unquestionable, that if the Established Church of Scotland possesses such weight with the Legislature, as to make the Extension of the National Schools dependent on the continuance of the present system, the object is unattainable. The fiercest foe of dissent—the most enamoured votary of the Establishment as it is, can never dream of persuading the people of Scotland to submit to the farther development of a system of popular instruction which places the superintendence in the hands of the Courts of a Church embracing only about one-third of

* P. 56 of the Report of the General Assembly’s Education Committee, 1849.

† Oliver and Boyd’s Almanac for 1850, p. 288.

‡ Report, p. 56 of Abstract.

the population, and entrusts the duty of imparting instruction to men chosen from the same minority, as alone fitted to rear in virtuous acts the ingenuous youth. We need not go far to seek for evidence even in the Establishment itself. It is with an evident feeling of this impracticability, that the General Assembly of that Church utters the following sentiments:—"It is not so much, they are persuaded, by multiplying schools, that the cause of education will be promoted, as by providing in some such manner as that which they have now pointed out, an adequate remuneration for the intelligent and successful schoolmaster. The erection of additional schools may, no doubt, be necessary, in certain cases, to *diffuse* the blessings of education; and the General Assembly will gladly see the wants of the country, in this respect, adequately supplied."*

This is not the language of men entertaining even the design of seeking, at least by the intervention of the Legislature, to supply the deficiency so grudgingly acknowledged. Indeed, when we take into account the actual condition of Scotland, it is hardly possible to conceive the adoption of such faint and strongly qualified terms, except on the supposition, that they were employed to render less striking a shrinking from the very thought of attempting to extend the system. But we have in one of the *brochures*, the names of which are prefixed to this Article, the direct evidence of a Churchman,—we believe, the young minister of Roxburgh.

"That a strictly national system of education is on many accounts desirable, no one will doubt, any more than that the connexion between the parish schools and the National Church is, in the present state of opinion in the country, an insuperable obstacle to any such material extension of the present machinery as would constitute a strictly national education."—P. 12.

We may assume, then, that we have proved two things—*first*, that the National System of Education now existing in Scotland is grievously insufficient; and, *secondly*, that it is impracticable to extend that system on its present basis.

One would imagine that this being proved, and indeed conceded on all sides, the corollary also would follow, with force equally irresistible, that we must seek some other principle on which to found a National System. We think that we are fairly entitled to demand this concession from the Establishment. Forgetting or ignoring that it was a violation of the Treaty of Union, which, carried through in spite of remonstrances and protests, led to all the secessions from the Established Church of

Scotland—forgetting that it is a maxim of equity as well as of law, that no man shall profit by his own wrong—that Church pleads the Articles of Union against the very men who were forced to leave its bosom, because the Articles of Union were not observed. Yet with great confidence in their 1100 schools, they make this concession.—(*Report for 1849.*)

“But while the General Assembly thus regard the Church’s superintendence of the National Institutions of Education, as guaranteed to her by the most solemn acts of the Legislature, and by an Act which must be held to be even yet more solemn, inasmuch as it has been seen to be an integral part of the Treaty of Union between the two kingdoms, they do not rest their cause on this ground exclusively or even chiefly. It would, indeed, require the most cogent reasons to justify any violation of an article in the Treaty of Union, but for the full security taken in regard to which that treaty would never have been entered into. Still the idea is, at least, a possible one, that the basis of the Union of the two kingdoms might be found at this point to be hollow, and of prejudicial consequence; and the General Assembly will not maintain that in such a case the conditions of the Union ought to continue unalterable.”—P. 57.

Of prejudicial consequence! Is this not of prejudicial consequence, that the constitution of these schools is the main reason why vast numbers of the youth of Scotland are exposed to all the evils of gross, godless ignorance? In our cities and towns, in our villages, swollen and swelling with manufacturing and commercial increase, tens and hundreds of thousands are groveling in the mire,—their instincts, appetites, feelings, passions, centered in self and brutal gratification,—their intellect untrained, unenlightened, no man caring for their souls, living like beasts and dying like beasts; and it is in our power to open to them the gates of knowledge, to place before them in nature and nature’s laws, in mind and its works, in man and his doings, inexhaustible sources of innocent enjoyment, and elevating employment, adapted to their constitution, as the intelligent lords of the creation, and of their own appetites. Nay more, we have it in our power to train them in the ways of eternal wisdom, to teach them the counsels of God, to influence them by the love of the Redeemer, and while bringing them up as useful citizens of earth, showing them by the very same means how they may hereafter become the citizens of heaven. But we may not do this, because the Establishment will not let go her hold of the parochial schools! We do not mean to say—we cannot believe—that this is felt by the members of the Established Church; but it is the clear language of their conduct: “We care not how many may live and die uneducated, uninstructed, in ignorance of things necessary to their present and eternal welfare. At all hazards, we

will cling to the power which we have over the education of the youth of the country. We know and proclaim our knowledge that our possession of this power is an insuperable obstacle to the diffusion of knowledge. But no consideration of the curse of ignorance, or the blessings of instruction, no feeling of pity for embruted fellow-citizens, no fear of the consequences to ourselves and others, shall lead us to unite with the true-hearted patriots of other denominations, to spread universally the true source of a nation's strength."

Now, observe that we do not believe that our friends of the Establishment distinctly perceive all this, though we maintain that our conclusions are legitimate. What is it that blinds them? We are far from averring that good feeling or that patriotism is confined to Dissent. We are certain that there are very many in the Establishment, who, if convinced of the truth of our averments, would join—in spite of the natural *esprit de corps* which leads all men to support their own order,—in spite of their blind admiration of the system because everybody once praised it,—and in spite of the natural desire of retaining the influence attached to the exclusive control of the elementary instruction of the people—to co-operate heart and hand for the emancipation of the schools of the nation from those bonds which prevent them from becoming the schools of the whole nation. The source of delusion must lie in one of the two divisions of the subject which we have propounded. Either such men do not believe that the present system acts as an effectual barrier in the way of school extension; or, that the educational deficiencies of the country are not the source of such evils as are alleged.

With men who hold the latter opinion we do not well know how to reason. The difficulty is all the greater, that, though it may be, that some are still of opinion that no education at all is preferable to that which is not doled out according to the weight and measure of an Act of Parliament, no one is bold enough to say so. We might grapple successfully with open arguments; but mere random assertions it is impossible to overthrow, for we know not at what point to grapple with the enemy. We do not know, if in other countries there are still men who maintain that the education of the people is dangerous to the more educated classes. In Scotland we do not think that there are any. As Dr. Begg says excellently, in his well-timed and eminently practical pamphlet, in which the whole subject is ably reviewed:—

"Unmanly fears about the danger of educating the lowest of the people to as high a point as possible, sometimes suggested to the weak and well-meaning in other lands, but more frequently fostered by the tyrants of the earth for selfish purposes, meet with little favour in Scotland. Three centuries of experience have too amply refuted

them, and all are prepared to hail the march of a well-directed education as the greatest boon to the poor, the stability of the Church, the best hope of Government."—P. 3.

Yet that an under-current of thought of this kind runs, it may be unconsciously, through men's minds, seems certain. It is impossible, otherwise, to account for the reasoning contained in the Declaration of the General Assembly of the Established Church, of which a specimen has been already given. No doubt it is of importance to improve the quality of education. But, says that Declaration, it is of so much more importance to improve the quality than to increase the quantity, that while we shall be glad to see the latter done, we are anxious ourselves to do the other. Now it was education of this defective quality which produced all the marvellous effects vaunted of in another part of this same Declaration. While then, this abandonment of the diffusion of education, as the act of the Church, proves, as we have seen, that the Church despairs of accomplishing it, does not the apathetic tone in which she treats of so deplorable a dereliction of so important a field, indicate that, after all, she is not so sure that education is the essential thing which it is said to be? Such a condition of mind we can only meet by an exhibition of the blessings of education and the curse of ignorance. Nor, on this theme, would we wish to exaggerate. We can conceive conditions in the history of a nation where, what is technically called education—formal instruction in the elements of literary knowledge—may be absent without danger to the State, or to individual virtue and wellbeing. And, with regard to the benefits of education itself, so defined, we lay the principal stress upon the motives which lead men to seek it, upon the orderly habits which it produces, and the industrious, persevering thoughtfulness which it may be made to evolve. But, in sober earnest, and looking at the condition of this country, taking into account its wealth and its poverty, its great few and its lowly millions, its temptations and its toils, its complicated laws and its boundless freedom of discussion; its seasons of plethora and of penury; its hot and its cold fits of speculation; its seducers and its victims, it does seem the height of folly to postpone for a moment the education of a people living in such a land, and at such a time. We all know that the education given in Scotland in the olden time was poor enough. But, poor as it was, it achieved wonders. Give us even that; it is better than no education at all. If it was not that—and, in truth, it was not that alone, but that and the temperament, and the circumstances of the people, all combined—what becomes of this thread-bare argument derived from the past achievements of the Parochial Schools? Is education powerful for good? Look at the myriads

of your countrymen disgracing the name of Scotchmen by their ignorance—see the contemptuous surprise with which foreign educationists contrast your tables of population and education—ponder well the low national place which your country now holds compared with many of the other nations of Europe—consider to what point the increased traffic and industry of Scotland is carrying her—and, then, in order to grasp firm your exclusive privileges, refuse, as a Christian Church, to co-operate with others in throwing broad-cast through the land, such an education, as, with that co-operation, it is in your power to bestow!

We believe, however, that this ground will not be *openly* maintained by any man, or at least by many men, in all broad Scotland. What we have most reason to apprehend is, that the opponents of a National measure, will either satisfy their own consciences from inactivity, or openly justify themselves as to active hostility, on the ground, that though the maintenance of the present school system is an insuperable obstacle to the extension of National Schools, it is still open to adventure schools to satisfy the demands of certain localities, and to the schemes of benevolence, and of the various Churches to supplement, with the aid of Government grants, any remaining deficiency. As a specimen of this mode of reasoning, listen to *A Churchman* :—

“It may be here noticed, in passing, that rather more than enough is perhaps sometimes said as to the inadequacy of the provision made for education in the parish schools. The population has certainly enormously increased since 1696, but so has the wealth of the country; and so also, along with the power, has the desire increased, of compensating, by voluntary efforts, for the growing disproportion between the legal provisions and the actual wants of the people in regard to education. In a great measure, the parish schools continue to serve efficiently some of the main purposes contemplated in their constitution. In a great measure, they still afford a legal provision for education, *as far as legal provision is absolutely necessary.*”—P. 12.

We are tempted to dwell on this paragraph as a proof of the delusion to which we have alluded; and to show how, according to the amiable writer, it is heart-cheering to see Scotland, so far from falling off in educational means proportionate to her population, actually getting better and better every year, “by voluntary efforts.” But, warned by our narrowing space, we resist the temptation, and only notice the concluding sentence, staring us in the face, with the emphatic italics. Scotland, it seems, has at present (“in a great measure” to be sure, but that is evidently thrown in to provide for small exceptional cases) no absolute need of any additional legal provision for education. Thrice happy Scotland! With its 1100 parish schools, the whole

number legally provided for its education²—capable of educating some 100,000 at an extravagant average—no legal provision is necessary for the remaining three or four hundred thousand. It is true, that in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Aberdeen, Dundee, Paisley, Greenock, and other insignificant places, there is absolutely no legal provision at all. What of that? The wealth of the people has increased with the population, “and so also, along with the power, has the desire increased of compensating by voluntary efforts, for the growing disproportion between the legal provision and the actual wants of the people in regard to education.” No wonder that with this belief the Church of Scotland is opposed to any scheme for an extended National system! No wonder that she speaks so apathetically of the erection of additional schools! But is this belief well founded? We shall very briefly examine into this matter.

Statistical results on this subject are necessarily hypothetical. But the hypotheses do not vary as to the fact of a great deficiency; they only differ as to the precise numbers. In the Appendix to the Report of the Education Committee of the Free Church of Scotland, there occurs the following passage, which, as it agrees very nearly with our own calculations, we shall assume, as to all necessary purposes, to be correct:—

“According to the last Parliamentary returns, the average attendance on the 1047 parish schools was nearly 61,000. The number of non-parochial schools, exclusive of those of the Free Church, may be estimated at 4500, with an average attendance, according to the average of the last returns, of 180,000. The Free Church schools, receiving salaries or gratuities from the Education Committee, amount to 626, with an attendance of 55,395 children. The non-salaried schools are 190 in number, and are attended by 10,139; making in all 65,534. Thus we have authentic information regarding the attendance of only 306,534, leaving nearly 194,000 unaccounted for, and it may be presumed, unprovided with the means of education.”—P. 25.

If we take into account the kind of education given in many of these schools, that we have here absolutely the whole of the statistics of education, using this word in its vaguest sense, from the mere pretence of the school-dame in her garret, and the ruined cobbler in his cellar, eking out his subsistence by perplexing the brains of children only because he failed to gain a livelihood by honest means,* up to our grammar schools and academies, we at once perceive that this statement must considerably overrate our educational means, properly so called. And all this failure is in the face of the Parish School System. It is in the face of private and voluntary effort; it is in the face of

* See Report by John Gibson, Esq., in Appendix to Minutes of the Committee of the Council on Education. 1840-41. P. 284.

the strong desire felt generally by Scotsmen to have their children educated; it is in the face of the encouragement given by Government grants; it is in the face of the strenuous and praiseworthy efforts of the Free Church, directed by the zeal and skill of its inexhaustible Convener, of whose blended enthusiasm and practical wisdom no better specimen can be found than is exhibited in the Report of the Education Committee of last year;—all these, with the efforts of the other dissenting bodies, have failed to fill the lamentable void. Nor does our experience give us any reason to hope that matters will mend in time to come. To accomplish the work of fully educating Scotland by voluntary efforts, combined with Government aid, we should require, not only to supply existing deficiencies, but to keep pace with the growing population. Such an enterprise seems utterly hopeless and Quixotic. And while it is in the course of organization, what meantime is to become of the uneducated masses?

The actual results of this deficiency lead to the same conclusion—that the condition of a large proportion of the population of Scotland is deplorable, and only to be compared with that of lands obscured by darkest heathenism. We do not think it necessary to dwell on the rude, savage, and immoral ignorance that festers in our towns. Walk down any of the densely peopled *closes* of Edinburgh, and observe the massive clumps of building, shutting out the sun, meeting face to face in twin sections, like some rock which the earthquake has shivered in twain. Each of the storeys rising in grim and gaunt layers to the heavens, is subdivided into three or four compartments; each subdivision is peopled with a family—the husband at his work, or on the tramp—the wife washing, dawdling, gossiping, or preparing the rude repast. About her are some of her children, alternately provoking her to no measured or Christian bounds of wrath, alternately themselves enraged, and requiring the coaxing blandishments of ruinous indulgence. All round the jaws of these cavernous looking abodes, are troops of young savages, on whose play the sun never shines, imbibing the noxious pent-up vapours of their *land*, and the worse infection of the oath, the lie, and the fouler passions that degrade our race. Why, for each house, from cellar to garret, we should require a school. It is sheer folly to think of voluntary effort accomplishing the task of dealing with a population like this, sunk in utter ignorance of God and duty, of sober industry, and its rewards. As to other towns, let the reader look to this statement by Mr. Colquhoun, then member for Dumbarton, made in the House of Commons, so long ago as 1834, and can we flatter ourselves that matters have not retrograded since?

“In Glasgow, about one-fourteenth are at school; Dundee, one-

fifteenth; Perth, under one-fifteenth; Old Aberdeen, one-twenty-fifth; Paisley, (the Abbey parish, which is nearly one-half of the whole population,) one-twentieth. Such is the statement in figures; but let me describe the reality, and exemplify the result. Let me take the case of Paisley. Thirty years ago there was not a family in Paisley who could not read, and had not the Bible; all above nine could read, or were at school; whereas, by a very accurate scrutiny made in one of the parishes of Paisley, presenting a picture of the whole, there are in Paisley 3000 families where education does not enter, and whose children are growing up wholly untaught. In Glasgow, there is a population of 20,000 growing up uneducated, and, by the intelligent calculation of Mr. Brebner, governor of Bridewell, there are from 6000 to 7000 living by crime, a large proportion of whom are young."

We are approximating to the same melancholy state of things in that Arcadia of innocence—the rural districts of Scotland. Hear, on this subject, the writer of the "Necessity of a Reform in the Parochial School System of Scotland," a witness who, from his experience and position—long a country minister, and a sagacious observer, not only of nature, but of man—is well entitled to be heard in this cause.

"Having thus laid before your Lordship a brief, but I hope an intelligible view of the imperfections of the Parish School System of Scotland by a statement of truths, already without doubt familiar to your Lordship, I take leave, in conclusion, to observe, that it is stated in the circular by Mr. William Chambers on National Education for Scotland, that the 'advantages of the parish schools are perhaps most visible among the rural population. All are able to read and write. Every man and woman can at least peruse the Bible, and sign their name.' This statement your Lordship's deputies at the Circuit Court know full well to be wide of the mark; and that 'depones he cannot write' is, alas! of too frequent occurrence. We have been for years past trading on a good name, produced under a former state of society, but of which we are at present unworthy. It may excite some surprise in the mind of the reader to be informed, that in a parish on the banks of the Forth, a few years ago, there were half a hundred heads of families unable either to read or write. It is among the 'rural population' that the defects of the present system appear in all their enormity."—P. 36.

We think that we have done enough in the meantime to dispel the delusion which, strange as it may appear, manifestly exists—that the present means of education in Scotland are sufficient for her wants. We would direct, at the same time, the attention of those who take an interest in this subject, to obtain more complete and accurate and verified details. Dry as figures are, they never fail, when properly substantiated, to produce their due result. There are surely, in the various districts of Scotland, men enough

to prepare such weapons for the momentous struggle which is evidently commencing on the great field of education.

Were all this accomplished, however, we confess that we despair of the co-operation of the Established Church of Scotland in any scheme for the re-organization of the schools. We do not wish to make any disrespectful statement: but we cannot shut our eyes nor our ears to her language oral and written; and throughout it breathes a spirit the reverse of national—narrow, exclusive, and sectarian. It claims the exclusive superintendence of the schools. It demands that none but its members shall be the national teachers. It arrogates to itself the entire functions of publicly authorized educators. And rather than there shall be the least modification of its demands, it is contented to leave the whole of the large towns, and the growing population of the rural districts, mainly to voluntary efforts, which, according to the showing of its own advocates, produce sectarianism, division, and religious strife.

Is there hope anywhere else? We cannot shut our eyes to the great influence which the Establishment possesses. We do not allude merely to that weight which is attached by Government to her opinion, in virtue of her numbering among her adherents, or, at least, her supporters, so large a proportion of the landed proprietors, and so many of the wealthy in our cities. This we think it would not be difficult to overbear in a right cause. But,—and this is one of the drawbacks to the unquestionable advantages of the union with our more potent neighbour,—English members, unacquainted with Scottish feeling and Scottish wants, accustomed to look upon us as a passive province, whom hardly any wrongs will rouse, or neglect exasperate, are ever apt to make common cause with the minority of this country, where they fear the contagion of example, or hate the hazard of change. It is true, that England has no schools such as ours, legislatively endowed, and under the exclusive superintendence of the Church. But experience has shewn, that there is the utmost sensitiveness on the part of English legislators with regard to all Scottish Church questions. It would be argued, that the withdrawal of the National Schools of Scotland from the superintendence of the National Church of Scotland, would endanger her very existence. It has been so maintained. Plausibly, perhaps, and certainly foolishly; for it seems suicidal thus to identify the Establishment in religion, which nobody is actively assailing, with the schools, whose present constitution is an undoubted obstacle to the welfare of the country. The storm may not be able to tear down yonder ponderous mass; but it beats on the wild ash, “moored in the rifted rock,” and, with increasing fury in each reiterated gust, tears down at last the tree; and, loosened

by its fatal associate, the huge block comes thundering down the mountain side. We would ask all the friends of the Establishment to ponder well this truth. But, in the meantime, there can be little doubt that the powerful English party, of which Sir Robert Inglis is the leader, would rouse at the cry of "The Church is in danger." Our only hope of any thing like immediate success is in a close, well-concocted, steadfast union of all who are alive to the importance of an improved and truly National System of Education.

At first sight this would appear to be a matter easy of accomplishment. The facts cannot be better stated than in the language of the General Assembly of the Free Church, in one of her Resolutions of 1847, respecting the Government Scheme of Education.

"The position of Scotland in respect of education is such as to afford peculiar facilities for the adoption of a system of popular education, which might be generally acceptable to the community, and at the same time consistent with sound principle, were Scotland now, as in former days, considered and dealt with as a distinct nation, on the footing of national standing and attainments, inasmuch as, *first*, there would seem to be almost a universal concurrence among those of all denominations who are practically carrying on the work in Scotland, notwithstanding important differences in other matters, in the use in all their schools not only of the Holy Scriptures, but also of the Catechisms of the Westminster Assembly; and, *secondly*, all such parties agree in the propriety, and adopt the practice, of opening all public schools to those who wish to avail themselves of the merely secular part of the instruction embraced in them, without requiring attendance at any religious service or exercise, either on week-day or Sabbath-day. And it appears to this Assembly, not only that the people of Scotland have the strongest claim to be treated, in this manner, as a portion of the empire distinct from the rest, but that it would be the highest honour and soundest policy of a wise, Christian, and patriotic Government to make Scotland the field for exemplifying a plan of national education, evangelical and Scriptural on the one hand, and yet thoroughly Catholic on the other."

In all this we cordially concur. And, could it be attained, we should rejoice over it as one of the greatest boons that could be conferred on Scotland. But, alas! as, on the one hand, we were forced to abandon all hope of a union with the Establishment, we have been reluctantly led to consider as utterly visionary any prospect of a combined movement for extended education on these terms. We have no intention of canvassing the merits or the demerits of Voluntaryism: we are now only recording the fact. And, seeing that a large and influential body of men in Scotland repudiate, not only as non-scriptural, but as

anti-scriptural, any State interference with religious instruction, we look upon this principle which has lately emerged to form an element in the education question, as demanding a reconsideration of our position. We foresee that there will be much of controversy on this point, and can only trust that it will be conducted with the feeling that the object aimed at is common to all—a sound religious education universally extended, and that the only difference is, as to the means. With one set of educationists, who may enlist under Voluntary banners, we confess that we have no sympathy—those who, in a Legislative enactment, would not only not include, but would, on the ground that such exclusion is a positive advantage, exclude the religious element. In truth, we cannot exclude the spirit of this element in practice. We might as well attempt to shut out from our houses the influences of the atmosphere: build on airy height, or in noisome fen, through every chink and cranny creeps unseen, unheard, that which gives health or generates disease; and in the school-room, the teacher who is not actuated by religious principle, exercises a positively irreligious influence. Meanwhile, were it not for the awful importance of the subject, we would turn away wearied and annoyed from the brawl of discussion—the physicians squabbling, each intent on his own *panacea*, while there are sick and dying all around. “Ah ! vous avez raison,” says Gil Blas to the sanguinary Sangrado, “il ne faut point accorder ce triomphe à vos ennemis : ils diroient que vous vous laissez désabuser ? ils vous perdroient de réputation. Périront plutôt le peuple, la noblesse, et le clergé ! Allons donc toujours notre train.”

We were amused lately with reading, that a Scotsman abroad was accustomed to test the veracity of beggars alleging that they were his countrymen, by putting to them the question, “What is the chief end of man ?”—a test as infallible as asking a sailor mendicant to box the compass. In the train of thought to which this gives rise, we see the end of a clue to guide us out of this labyrinth. We have reason to know, on what we deem ample authority, two things. The Lord Advocate was prepared, some years ago, to bring in a Bill for extended, unexclusive national education, of which the Bible and the Shorter Catechism were to be the basis. We have been told, that he regards such a measure as hopeless in present circumstances. And Government will not stir in the matter without a union on the part of the great dissenting bodies of Scotland. Yet the fact that hardly an adventure school in all Scotland is to be found where the parents do not practically demand for their children religious instruction, and that in the Bible and Shorter Catechism, is pregnant with meaning and comfort. Attempts, we learn, are mak-

ing in various parts of the country to bring about a union of parties, on the basis of a measure which shall not exclude religion, but leave the question to be decided by the people themselves in their various localities. We have no doubt how that question would be settled by the Scottish people; but we have left ourselves no space to enter into particulars. To do so, indeed, would be premature, as much must be done by mutual concessions before the details of such a measure can be rendered either safe or generally acceptable. What we deprecate is, any rash or inconsiderate condemnation of its principle. We may in a subsequent Number discuss it fully. Now, we intreat all those who love our common country, not to turn hastily from any measure which promises to unite the friends of education;—and with one consideration we conclude. It is impossible permanently to leave Scotland as it now is. If the supporters of education combine at this time, they may obtain such a measure, not as each desires, but as shall secure religious training, on the guarantee of the habits and predilections of the people themselves, and these fostered by the vigilance of the Churches, in the fair exercise of precept and discipline. If the insensate grasping after educational control is to frustrate all schemes of improvement, or if with the vain hope of seeing the turbid stream of educational polemics abate, men are to wait like fools—

“—— dum defluat amnis,”

we can have no difficulty in adopting as our own the language of one of our most distinguished philanthropists, and a most sagacious observer of the signs of the times, Dr. Guthrie, when he says—“Granting, for the sake of argument, that we have some risk to run, the blessings of a national education are surely worth it; and they who, magnifying dangers, are alarmed at the risk the proposed scheme exposes us to, forget what they ought to regard as the greatest danger of all. The sword of the State may cut the Gordian knot which the skill of Churchmen could not untie. Needing and demanding an extended system of education, the country may have its patience exhausted in the attitude of waiting till we settle our disputes; and leaving the different sects as they can to provide religious instruction, apart from the national schools, Parliament may pass a measure entirely and exclusively secular in its character.”

- ART. VIII.—1. *A Letter to the Queen on a late Court Martial.* By SAMUEL WARREN, F.R.S. Edinburgh, 1850.
2. *The Law relating to Officers in the Army.* By HARRIS PRENDERGAST, of Lincoln's-Inn, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London, 1849.
3. *The Military Miscellany.* By HENRY MARSHALL, F.R.S.E. London, 1846.
4. *L'Inde Anglaise en 1843-1844.* Par le COMTE EDOUARD DE WARREN. Paris, 1845.
5. *A Letter to the Right Hon. Sir John Hobhouse on the Baggage of the Indian Army.* By SIR CHARLES JAMES NAPIER, G.C.B. London, 1849.
6. *Brief Comments on Sir Charles Napier's Letter to Sir John Hobhouse.* By LIEUT.-COLONEL BURLTON, Bengal Cavalry, late Commissary-General of the Bengal Army. 1849.
7. *The Duties and Responsibilities of Military Officers.* By J. H. STOCQUER, Military Examiner, Hanwell Collegiate Institution.
8. *The Works of Charles Lever, Author of "Harry Lorrequer."* London and Dublin. v. d.
9. *Country Quarters.* A Novel. By the Late COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. London, 1850.

WE have here but a small selection from the military literature of the last three or four years. The British officer cannot complain that he is neglected by the writers of the day. Authors of widely different classes and characters make him the subject of their discourse; barristers put him into a law-treatise; doctors compound essays about him; general officers pillory him in pamphlets; military examiners exhibit him in their lectures; ladies of quality parade him in fashionable novels; and magazine-writers prey upon him by the score. We ought to know something about his character and conduct by this time; we ought to know how he looks, how he dresses, what he says, what he does—altogether, what kind of animal he is, what are his habits, what are his manners, what are his sympathies. It is no fault of our novelists if we are not familiar with military life of a certain class—with the *symposia* of the mess, and the *memorabilia* of officers' quarters; with the *heroics* of the camp, and the *bucolics* of country quarters. We have, at all events, enough of this kind of writing. If we have anything to complain of on the score of quality or quantity, it is not certainly on that of the latter.

To confess the truth, these pictures of military life are not by any means prepossessing. They may amuse us; but they

do not please. It is only when we find the heroes of these novels and romances before the enemy that we can seriously bring ourselves to admire them. In barracks and country quarters they are, after all, but an idle, dissolute, unprincipled set of fellows—men who would not cheat you at cards, but would sell you a bargain in horse-flesh; who would not tell a brother officer a lie, but would perjure themselves to a pretty girl without compunction; who would not demean themselves by associating with low people, but who drink like troopers, swear like bargemen, and indulge in practical jokes which would disgrace the marker of a billiard-table. Mr. Thackeray's pictures are, perhaps, the least disagreeable. We are compensated for the sublime selfishness of George Osborne by the heroic devotedness of dear old Dobbin; whilst the gawky ensigns, who swear allegiance to Mrs. George and the long cornet who competes with poor Pen for the virgin affections of the glorious Miss Fotheringay, are but very harmless simpletons, at the worst, a long way below the level of our anger. Mr. Lever's military heroes are of another stamp. There is a rollicking Irish dare-devilry about them, which does not altogether consort with our elderly notions of the character of a gentleman. They seem as though they were sent into the world only to drink wine, to ride steeple-chases, to fight duels, and to perfect themselves in the arts of seduction.* There is a notable want of dignity and decency about them all; the eccentricities which they commit are, for the most part, "tolerable and not to be endured." Their morals and their manners are equally bad. We should think but poorly of what Mr. Warren calls "the resplendent phalanx which guards the throne of Her Majesty, and the lives and liberties of their fellow-subjects," if we were to accept the heroes of the "Tom Burke" and "Charles O'Malley" school, as genuine representatives of the commissioned class of English soldiers.

There is this, however, to be said for them, that these pictures

* A single page of any military novel—we take one from the very latest, Lady Blessington's "Country Quarters"—will suffice to show the conventional idea of the occupations of young "soldier-officers."—"When Colonel Maitland and Major Elvaston withdrew, the junior officers looked sadly at each other. Captain Melville was the first who broke silence, and drawing a deep sigh, he exclaimed, 'I fear we are doomed to die of ennui in this barbarous place.'—'Can't we get up steeple-chases or races,' said Mr. Hunter; 'Or get the wild Irishwomen to run in sacks? it's such good fun,' observed Lieut. Marston; 'Or get up balls with some of the pretty girls we saw in the windows as we marched into the town?' interrupted Mr. Hunter. 'Hunter is for getting up some love affair already,' said Capt. Melville; 'but he must take care of what he is about; for Irish fathers and brothers are ticklish fellows to deal with, I am told.'" This is an epitome of a military novel; it embraces all the incidents in which a legitimate military hero is engaged.

are intended rather to represent the British officer as he *was*, than as he *is*. The character of our commissioned officers during the "thirty years' peace," has been gradually ripening into what "it ought to be." The greatest and most important change of all is now in course of consummation. The army is now, to a certain extent, becoming a "learned profession." It is one that now requires for all its branches certain definite qualifications. Not merely the candidates for the Engineers and the Artillery, but for the Cavalry and Infantry, are now required to present their diplomas of literary qualification before they can obtain Her Majesty's commission. The recent regulations upon this head constitute the most important measure of military reform which has received the sanction of Government since the passing of the Limited Enlistment Act. What that bill is to the private soldier, the new education-test is to the British officer. As surely as the first will raise the character of the former, the second will raise the character of the latter. It was once the belief that "any fool would do for the army;"—the greatest blockhead, or the greatest scape-grace in a family was marked out from his childhood to become an item of the "resplendent phalanx" of Her Majesty's defenders. If a boy could barely read at twelve years old, and was eternally singeing his eye-lashes with gunpowder; getting under the heels of his father's horses at home; giving and receiving black eyes and bloody noses at school; robbing his master's orchard; bolstering his school-fellows, and delighting them with "apple-pie beds;" or indulging in any other of those juvenile eccentricities, for which the "young troublesomes" of the age have been immortalized by Mr. Leech, he was immediately marked for the army. The requirements of the military profession were supposed to be a sufficiency of cash to buy a commission, and a sufficiency of courage to face the enemy. We are now endeavoring to secure for the army a better reputation. It is no longer to be, either in its higher or its lower departments, a refuge for those who cannot obtain honourable employment in other professions—for those who, in one class of life, are too stupid to be trained for lawyers or clergymen; or in the other class, too abandoned to make reputable agriculturists or respectable mechanics. Military education is as yet only in its infancy. The time is not far distant, we hope, when a much larger proportion of the officers of the British army will enjoy the advantages of professional training at public institutions, established for the purpose; but until that day arrive, the education-test now in force, though it may not do all, will do much to raise the intellectual character of the men who command our armies.

We do not mean to convey an impression that the military

colleges are nurseries of morality and decorum. We have some personal experience of the matter, which would lead to an opposite conclusion. The cadets of Woolwich, Addiscombe, and Sandhurst, are not models of propriety. They are up to a thing or two. They learn something more from *alma mater* than mathematics and fortification. They learn to sing a song—to play at cards—to “pass the rosy”—to talk that kind of language which Walpole said was the only one that all men understand. They learn the value, at the accommodation-shop, of such convertible securities as watches and gold pencil-cases; and, worst of all, they learn to indulge in that *suave scelus*—which “hardens a’ within, and petrifies the feeling.”* The conventional morality, which obtains at these institutions, is, it must be conceded, of no very elevated character; but where is there a high standard of morality among students, at that perilous season of incipient manhood, when youth endeavours to simulate maturity by aping the most attractive of its vices? There are few men whose experience does not assure them that youthful vice is imitative and ambitious rather than impulsive; that hobble-doyism goes astray, in more cases, because it is supposed to be manly, than because it is pleasant to launch into vice. All this is to be deeply deplored. But we do not readily see how it is to be remedied. The evil may in some measure be modified by the nature of the regulations in force at these military training-houses, as indeed it is affected by the localities in which they are situated—Woolwich, for example, being about the worst place in England for the site of such an institution. Certain temptations and facilities may exist in one quarter and under one system, which may not exist in another quarter and under another system. And, doubtless, it is the bounden duty of the authorities to look carefully to this. But still everything done that authority can do, the best localities selected and the most salutary regulations enforced, much will yet necessarily remain to be deplored and not be remedied. Wherever a number of youths between the ages of fourteen and eighteen are herded together,

* It may be added, that tyranny is among the vices which have been born or fostered at these institutions—but it is to be hoped that this imputation belongs rather to the past than to the present. Whatever may be advanced in favour of the fagging system as it obtains at our public schools, it is nothing but unmixed evil at a military college. The boys of Eton and Westminster part when their school career is over, and perhaps never meet again. At all events, there is nothing in after-life to bring them necessarily into professional juxtaposition. But the Woolwich cadets necessarily grow into engineer or artillery officers, to live in the same barracks, to meet on the same parade, to associate at the same mess-table. The memory of past humiliation and past suffering inflicted by one upon another, is not likely to prove a very efficient bond of amity between officer and officer.

much mischief will, we fear, be learnt—much impurity contracted. “ ’Tis true, ’tis pity; pity ’tis, ’tis true ! ”

All this, it may be said, is nothing less than one momentous argument against military colleges—one mighty illustration of the evils inherent in such institutions. We hold a very different creed. The evil is not inherent in them, but incidental to them. The youngsters do not go astray because they are inmates of the military college; the inmates of the military college go astray because they are youngsters. The worst that can with truth be said of them is, that, in some cases, they play the part of great moral forcing-houses, and cause a premature development of vice. But it may die all the sooner for its early birth, and without attaining the vigour of a later creation. The effect may be a sort of inoculation which anticipates by a milder ailment the dire disease of which it is the preventive. We believe that whatever evil the cadet may learn, the commissioned officer may be the safer for it. It may damage him for a time—it may bruise him, and lacerate him—it hastens the inevitable collision; *but—it may break his fall.*

We have little hesitation in affirming it to be a fact, that as a whole, the alumni of our military college make, in the sequel, better officers and better men than those who join the army fresh from the private school or the parental roof. There are not many military men who will not acknowledge that their experience coincides with our own, when we assert that the boys who have been most tenderly educated and most carefully watched—who have seldom been a day beyond the reach of the paternal eye—whose impulses and inclinations have been most checked and restrained—who have seen the least of the world, of its amusements and festivities, and been least within the influence of its snares—are of all others the most likely, on joining the army, to enter upon a career of violent dissipation—to sink into a very slough of extravagant immorality, and never to emerge from it again. When we hear of a young officer going with extraordinary rapidity to perdition, we have always a conviction, and a very strong one, on our minds, that he joined his regiment in all the freshness of unsullied youth, stepping at once from the paternal homestead to the barrack-room, there to be for the first time surrounded by temptation, and left to face it, without restraint, without experience, without counsel, without support.

Let us follow, a little space, the career of one of these undisciplined youngsters. Fresh from some quiet country house, from private school, or from private tutor, DAISY, (to borrow the *soubriquet* of Mr. Dickens' last hero,) full of pleasant anticipations not unmingled with nervous misgivings, goes forth, a real live

cornet or ensign, to join the *depôt* of his regiment. He has got his outfit before this. He has displayed himself in full uniform before the admiring eyes of his mother and sisters; he has tripped over his sword a score of times in his bed-room; and run the point of it through the curtains. He has begun to talk about "our mess"—to express loudly his desire to "see service;" and the chances are that in the plenitude of his self-appreciation he entertains a profound contempt for civilians in general, and gives himself the airs of a prince. The day arrives on which he is to join his regiment. A few hours, and everything is changed. He is by no means the mighty man he had recently esteemed himself. He is a very small personage indeed. He is ashamed of his own insignificance. He appears at the mess-table very carefully dressed, and has an uneasy consciousness that everybody is looking at him. He is afraid of committing some solecism or other; and hardly knows, when he is addressed, whether they are not laughing at him. All this wears off by degrees; DAISY becomes acquainted with his brother officers, makes desperate attempts at manliness, and breaks down under the weight of his new responsibilities. Temptations of all kinds assail him. He is tempted to drink; he is tempted to gamble; he is tempted into other vices which it is less easy to mention. Everything is new and strange to him. Pleasure has its first bloom upon it; it comes before him in the full attractions of novelty at a time when there are no restraints and impediments in his way—when it appears to him, truly or falsely—more probably the latter—that he is rather gaining credit than sinking in the estimation of those by whom he is surrounded. He is "young, rash, inexperienced;" he places himself in the way of seduction; he invites every one to throw their snares around him; he has been sneered at, or thinks that he has been sneered at for his youth and freshness, and he determines to show that he is a full-grown man. He thinks that he can play at cards—that he can play at billiards—that he can ride a steeple-chase—that he is a "three bottle man." He loses his money; he makes a fool of himself; he is laughed at by his regiment; and he loses his temper. He very soon grows reckless. Deeper and deeper he plunges into folly. He runs a-muck like a desperate Malay; forfeits his self-respect and the respect of his brother officers; endeavours to recover it by fighting a duel; and immerses himself more hopelessly in the slough. A bankrupt in purse, a bankrupt in reputation, the game is soon played out. The end of it is a court-martial. He is tried for conduct unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman; and he is dismissed the service before he is out of his teens. Some pity him on account

of his youth—some shake their heads and speak of his precocious depravity. In good sooth, if ever there were call for pity, here is a case to evoke the deepest commiseration.

It is really no imaginary picture. The freshest, the most simple-minded, the most innocent boy we ever knew—one who took nothing evil with him into the army, who had been tenderly watched at home, had never, we believe, been separated by a mile of ground from his parents, when he joined his regiment at the age of sixteen—was cashiered, soon after he was of age, for fighting two duels before breakfast, and being involved in certain gambling transactions, out of which the quarrels arose. We doubt whether he knew a club from a spade, or could have made a stroke with a billiard cue without cutting the cloth, when he first entered the army. He was as mild, as gentle, and as gentlemanly a youth as ever existed; the son of a soldier, and the brother of soldiers; and yet, in two or three years, he was publicly branded as a gambler and a duellist, pronounced to be unfit to associate with officers and gentlemen, and cast adrift upon the world. The result was, as it generally is in such cases, that he enlisted as a private in a cavalry regiment, under an assumed name, and was thus socially dead and buried soon after he was of age. We believe this to have been one of the few cases in which courts-martial have taken an unjust and ungenerous view of the conduct of a young officer. They generally err, if they err at all, on the side of leniency, and suffer men to rejoin their regiments who have been convicted of such conduct as indicates an inherent and irremediable want of gentlemanly and correct feeling; but no military tribunal can ever render justice that does not thoroughly and feelingly consider the environments which have surrounded the prisoner—the causes which have conduced to his degradation. A boy who enters a regiment at the age of sixteen, perfectly fresh and uncontaminated, is not very likely to corrupt his brother-officers. If there be corruption—if it be shown that gambling and strife have demoralized a corps—that large sums of money have been won and lost, and that duels have been the consequence—it is not only generous, but just, to consider whether the prisoner may not have been more probably the victim than the origin of all this evil. A youth does not go to perdition in this way, unless older hands help him on the road.

But what we would wish to deduce from these facts is not that courts-martial are sometimes unjust, but that parents are often injudicious. Military colleges, and, in default of them, large schools, are the best preparatives for a life in the army. In spite of the admitted evils of these military training-houses,

we should be glad to see their number extended. In a merely educational point of view their utility is so great and undeniable, that it is not necessary to support the assertion of it by argument or illustration. We are speaking now of the moral training which is acquired at these institutions, and though, to a certain extent, the influence is demoralizing, we believe that there is a protective power about it which is of immense service to the young officer on his first introduction to military life. The cadet from Woolwich or Sandhurst joins his regiment under great advantages. He may go wrong, very wrong; but there is a certain method in his wrong-doing. It is kept within ordinate bounds. He is sure not to go headlong to perdition. He knows what he is about. Pleasure has lost its freshness. He looks vice deliberately in the face. He does not plunge headlong into a sea of dissipation; he has no perilous ordeal to go through; he has passed the Rubicon long before; and now takes his place among his brother officers with all the self-possession of a veteran. He will, in all likelihood, settle down quietly into a good officer, and a gentlemanly man; whilst DAISY, just for want of that boyish experience, rushes down the precipice like a maniac, and is crushed before he is a man.

It is not in the power of the parent to decree that his son shall put on the armour of experience at Sandhurst or Woolwich; but it is in his power to fortify him with some little experience acquired elsewhere. It is a great mistake to send a boy into the army at the early age of sixteen; and yet we have known parents take advantage of the height and manly appearance of their sons to pass them at the Horse Guards before they have attained the authorized age, as if there were any likelihood of a youth prospering, whose first step in life is a lie. A year or two between the school-room and the barracks may be most profitably spent. The first social lessons should be learned, if possible, under the parental eye. In most cases, under the present system, the youth carries with him to his regiment an entirely false standard of gentlemanly and soldierly conduct, based upon the ethics of the play-ground, and the gospel-histories of Harry Lorrequer. A little intercourse with society would help him to ~~unlearn~~ learn all this. He would see with his own eyes, and comprehend with his own understanding what things are accounted fair and honest, and of good report among men—what manners mark the gentleman—what conduct secures respect. He would enter his regiment with a firm step and a steady eye, instead of floundering and sprawling about dazzled and bewildered, a raw, reckless, presumptuous boy.

Happily the conventional morality of the barrack-room, the customs and conversation of the mess-table, the general habits and way of life of the military officer of the present generation, are a very long way in advance of the ignorance and indecorum of past generations. Rapidly since the commencement of the present century has the old conventional type of the rugged and unlettered soldier worn itself out under the ascending sun of civilisation. In good truth, the soldier was for a long time stationary. There is little difference between the character of the old Roman soldier, who, in the pages of Sallust, is made to boast that he did not read history, but acted it,—“*Que illi audire, et legere solent eorum partem ridi, alia egomet gessi. Qua illi literis, ea ego militando didici; nunc vos existimatis, facta an dicta plaris sunt?*”—there is little difference, we say, between the character of the hero, who utters his boasts in this wise, and the old soldier in one of Massinger’s plays, who exclaims—

“ I find not in my commission
An officer’s bound to know or understand
More than his mother-tongue.”

And in days much later than these, not merely by dramatists and romance-writers, but by members of the profession itself, was the character of the British officer described as a compound of ignorance and immorality of the most unseemly and forbidding description. It would be easy to multiply such pictures of British officers painted by themselves. One hit off by Colonel Pearce, in 1775, though it relates to the character of the military officer in India, *mutatis mutandis*, represents him as he was all over the world. It is recommended to us by its brevity and its liveliness;—

“ To be a gentleman you must learn to drink by all means—a man is honoured in proportion to the number of bottles he can drink: keep a dozen dogs, but, in particular, if you have not the least use for them, and hate hunting and shooting. Four horses may barely suffice, but if you have eight, and seven of them are too vicious to the syce to feed, it will be much better. By no means let the horses be paid for; and have a palanquin covered with silver trappings—get 10,000 rupees in debt, but 20,000 would make you an honest man; especially if you are convinced that you will never have the power to pay. Endeavour to forget whatever you have learnt—ridicule learning of all sorts—despise all military knowledge—call duty a bore—encourage your men to laugh at orders—obey such as you like—make a joke of your commanding officer for giving those orders you do not like, and if you obey them, let it be seen that it is merely to serve yourself. These few rules will make you an officer and a gentleman.”

We are afraid that many of these rules were in force, and greatly respected in the army, at home and abroad, half-a-century after this letter was written.

"Our troops swore terribly in Flanders," said my uncle Toby. Swearing was at one time the especial accomplishment of a soldier. To "swear like a trooper" is an expression that has become proverbial. Long since my uncle Toby's time, blasphemy was considered manly and decorous in an officer. He governed his men by swearing at them, and sometimes even betook himself to blows. "In the course of my service," says an old officer, quoted by Dr. Marshall in his *Military Miscellany*, "I have been shocked to hear the expressions made use of by some officers in command of regiments. What can tolerate or excuse such words as these?—'I will flog your guts out, you rascal!' 'I will cut the flesh off your bloody back;' and other expressions more ungentlemanlike and inhuman." "A commanding officer of a corps," continues Dr. Marshall, "concluded an address to the men in the following emphatic words: '*If you,*' said he, '*furnish backs, I will provide cats for them.*'" The writer then goes on to quote other authorities, and to subjoin the results of his own experience:—

"The soldier," says Major Macnamara, "was treated as an unruly child in a workhouse—fed, clothed, and flogged, but never instructed, never reasoned with. 'You have no business to *think*, Sir,' was a sentence often addressed to him, 'but to do as you are *bid*;' and the sentence was generally concluded by a gentlemanlike, charitable, and encouraging and be d—d to you.' Swearing and abuse were, indeed, the only accomplishments within the soldier's reach. His officers swore, his non-commissioned officers swore, and his comrades never once addressed one another without swearing. Swearing was at one time so common, that it came to be considered an indispensable specific for preserving discipline, and carrying on public duty. It was supposed by some that it added dignity and weight to the orders which were given—that it was a manly qualification; and it has often been asserted that a British soldier never thought his officer in earnest with him unless he swore at him."

The soldier was often abused and sworn at for swearing; but

"That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy."

One has only to look back to the novels and plays written at the end of the last and commencement of the present century, to convince us what was the language then current among the officers of the British army. It is in the recollection, too, of many whose memories embrace a much more limited period, that blasphemy and obscenity were by no means considered dis-

creditable to officers of any rank; and that the after-dinner conversation of the mess-table was an unseemly mixture of the two, enlivened by gross anecdotes and varied by occasional songs, such as one would hardly expect to hear bawled out two hours after midnight, at the Coal Hole, the Cyder Cellars, or any other "finish" of the same reputable class.

Nor, we fear it must be acknowledged, were the acts of our officers of a much choicer character than their words. Perhaps they have not altogether outgrown the reputation of being somewhat unscrupulous in their amours. The "Captain bold of Halifax, who lived in country quarters," and who is imperishably associated with the name of the unfortunate Miss Bailey, is a type of what our gentlemanly red-coats were not very many years ago. In Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer," we have a picture of the officer in country quarters, as he lived, and moved, and amused himself in the dramatist's time, which exhibits a state of morality inconceivably and unblushingly bad—too bad, indeed, to suffer us to extract an illustration from its prurient pages. The lighter literature of Farquhar's, and indeed of much later times, represents the military officer always as an unprincipled seducer, often as a gambler and a scoundrel. In these days, we repeat, he has not wholly outgrown the reputation of being a little unscrupulous in his amours. Military officers in garrison towns are still somewhat given to philandering. It is partly their own fault. It is partly the fault of the sober town-folks and their daughters. As long as women bow down with such immoderate veneration before a military uniform, young officers, we fear, will be found to take advantage of their weakness. Perhaps the taste for red-coats is not quite so strong as it was. Perhaps the officers of the army are not so idle as they were. Marriage has become more fashionable since the peace—and hence an improvement in the morality of the army. We look for still greater improvement. A growing sense of the value of learning to the military officer, and of the duties and responsibilities of his position, will soon leave him little time to spend in lounging about the streets, talking nonsense first with one woman then with another, taking part in the "strenuous idleness" of *pic-nics*, and other recreations of the same frivolous class. We need not have much concern for his morals, if we can only give him plenty to do.

We may touch upon one more point, in which of late years there has been a marked improvement in the army. "To be a gentleman," wrote Colonel Pearse, in the letter which we have quoted, "you must learn to drink by all means; a man is honoured in proportion to the number of bottles he can drink." Now, in respect of drinking as of swearing, it is only fair to ob-

serve that these vices were not peculiar to our *military* ancestors. As they have declined in civil society they have been banished from military life. Perhaps the custom of sitting late at table obtained longer at military messes than in the dining-rooms of civilians; but a remarkable change in this respect has supervened within the last few years. Even the "public night" now rarely gives an occasion for a protracted symposium. The "second supper" is a thing comparatively unknown. The grilled bones of the small hours have almost become traditions; and the discreditable scenes which often followed these late *sederunts*, are now, we hope, seldom or never enacted. There was a time, and not a very remote one, when the most indecorous practical jokes often succeeded these midnight carousals; and officers have awakened from the slumber of intoxication, in their own rooms, to find themselves deprived of a whisker or a moustache; or polished pretty nearly from head to foot by the application of the blacking-brush. We do not mean that such practical jokes are never played now;* but we believe that there is much more decorum both at and after the mess, and that these school-boy follies are now comparatively rare. The manners of the mess are now very much what we might expect them to be, when we consider who are the gentlemen who fill the commissioned ranks of the British Army.

On the subject of military messes some discussion has recently arisen; the evils of the system have been emphatically commented upon, and its abolition has been recommended. It would be scarcely possible for any military writer to commit a greater mistake. If a system were necessarily bad because it is susceptible of abuse, what system could stand submission to such a test? The institution of the military mess is not one of un-mixed good. However excellent may be the root of it, it bears some evil fruit; but the good which it yields is far more abundant. Every regiment in the service has an ambition to be esteemed for keeping up "a good mess." It is a laudable ambition, too, in its way; but in our modern notions of a good mess there is infinitely too much of splendour and luxuriousness. We do not subscribe to the opinion, that this splendour and ~~luxuriousness~~ have any enervating and effeminizing effect upon our officers—that the men who dine sumptuously every day, off gorgeous plate and delicately fine linen—who criticise elaborate French dishes, and discuss the most costly wines, in garrison or cantonment, are less fitted to rough it on active service, than if

* We have heard, indeed, that an officer of a dragoon regiment recently died from the effects of injuries received from a tossing in the blanket. This is one of those stories, which we are always so unwilling to believe, that we only allude to them as rumours.

they had been accustomed to the homeliest fare, served up in the homeliest manner. No man roughs it so well as your genuine aristocrat—no man endures hardship more cheerfully, submits to privation with a better grace, and really bears up, physically as well as morally, so bravely as one of your well-born, well-fed, well-clothed, tenderly-nurtured, and self-indulgent denizens of May-Fair or Belgravia. Who knows better than we, who live in these northern latitudes, what the young southern lordlings can do when they come down among us grouse-shooting and deer-stalking? To see them lazily stretching out their fine length of limb at their clubs, or leaning against the walls of a crowded ball-room, scented and gloved, too indolent and apathetic to move a finger, you would think that they had not strength to brain a fly, or speed to run down a tortoise. But, thanks to the discipline of Eton and Harrow, when they turn out for work they have good stuff in them; speed, bottom, muscle, and nerve; a true eye, a steady hand, a strong arm; quick to do, patient to endure; nothing comes amiss to them. They can sleep anywhere; they can eat anything. They can face the bleakest wind without a shiver, and bear the most pitiless pelting of the storm as cheerily as though it were a shower of *bon-bons* at a carnival. It is the same upon active service. There is a native manliness in our British aristocracy which luxury cannot destroy, which fashion cannot enervate. Whilst our young men are ever ready, in pursuit of the temporary amusement of field-sports, to brave danger and endure hardship, we need not fear that they will shrink, at their country's call, from meeting privation with cheerfulness, and confronting peril with a steady eye. Think of the lounging, drawling, dandy guardsmen who turned out at Waterloo. There was the heart of a hero under every man's coat—the pulse of a giant under every man's wristband. The Ponsonbys and the Howards of St. James's were not outmatched by the Horatii of old Rome. And throughout that long series of operations on the Peninsula, when the patience and courage of all ranks were tried as in a furnace, who can say that the men who had lain softly and fared sumptuously at home, were less content than their humbler brethren with the soldier's fare and the soldier's pillow? *

* "I know by experience," says one who served in the ranks during the Peninsular war, "that in our army the men like best to be officered by gentlemen,—men whose education has rendered them more kind in manners than your coarse officers sprung from obscure origin, and whose style is brutal and overbearing. My observation has often led me to remark amongst men, that those whose birth and station might reasonably have made them fastidious under hardship and toil, have generally borne their miseries without a murmur; whilst those whose previous life one would have thought might have better prepared them for the toils of

We have no fear, therefore, of the sturdy qualities of the British officer degenerating under the influence of luxurious living in garrison or cantonment. He will eat his half-cooked goat-meat and dry biscuit off the bottom of a beer-chest none the less cheerfully for having indulged at "our mess" in the luxuries of damask table-linen, mirror-like plate, and no less mirror-like mahogany. The English gentleman is not naturally a "Sybarite"—is not easily corrupted. Still it is well that the luxuries of the mess-table should be kept down—that the expenses of the mess-table should be curtailed. We have less concern for the nerves and muscles than for the purses of our officers. It is only when the expenses of the mess are suffered to press too severely upon its members, that we can recognise anything but unmixed good in the institution.

The abolition of officer's messes would destroy at once the distinctive character of the British officer. Who would wish to see him, in full uniform, playing at dominos like a French officer, in a *café*, or catching small fish like a Belgian out of the balcony of an *estaminet* by the canal side? Who would wish to send our officers to taverns and eating-houses in search of their dinner, by depriving them of that home—of that domestic circle—of that bond of brotherhood which only the mess can afford? In no country in the world is the character of the officer and the gentleman so blended and associated as in Great Britain. Ask any foreigner what is the one thing in the English military system which especially dignifies the character of our officers, and he will say that it is the *Mess*. He dines at the mess-table of a British regiment, and is astonished at the polished decorum which there obtains. It is with no less admiration than astonishment, that he declares his conviction that there is nothing of the guard-room or canteen in the manners of the mess-table. M. De Warren, in his *L'Inde Anglaise*, a work which, although of little authority in other respects, is entitled to consideration when treating of such a subject as this, for it is written by one of the few Frenchmen who have ever attained by personal ex-

~~war, have been~~ the first to cry out and complain of "their hard fate."—*Rifleman Harris*.

And in our Indian wars—even under that climate which makes the luxuries of the West the necessities of the East—the British officer has not been found wanting in endurance. "That the officers of the Indian Army," writes Colonel Burlton, "are ever ready to march without even a servant or a tent, when emergencies arise, and to leave everything behind them but their stout hearts and good swords, when started in pursuit of an enemy, let the history of India proclaim." "Ask Sir Willoughby Cotton," he continues, "if he remembers when he thought a piece of buffalo's flesh a luxury. To be sure it required the teeth of an ogre to masticate it, but it made something like a soup; it was fresh; we got it at first but seldom, and so it was considered something of a treat."

perience any real knowledge of our English military system, emphatically records his opinion that the mess-table is the finest school of manners in the world :—

“ On conçoit,” he writes, “ que l’institution de cette table-d’hôte devra avoir d’immenses résultats pour le bien-être physique et moral, les relations amicales, l’esprit de corps du régiment; pour y entretenir les sentimens les plus libéraux, les plus civilisés, et en même temps les plus chevaleresques.”

And again,—

“ Tous ces vices du tempérament national et de la société Anglaise disparaissent au creuset militaire. La camaraderie fait justice de la présomption, la vie intime bannit la morgue, l’esprit chevaleresque met un frein à l’insolence. Ainsi constitué, avec des lois si sages, chaque corps d’officiers forme une société d’élites, école de mœurs et de talens, serre-chaude de vives et tendres amitiés capables de résister aux assauts et aux orages du monde. C’est un système simple dans son action, admirable dans ses résultats, auquel je ne trouve rien à comparer.”

Another passage, which relates to the conversation of the mess-table at the present day, is worth quoting, though the somewhat exaggerated strain in which it is written, may raise a smile on the face of the English reader :—

“ Entre autres règles prescrites dans le code d’instructions pour le président de table, il faut en observer une assez remarquable ; il doit interdire tout sujet de conversation ayant rapport à *l’école* ; c’est-à-dire aux détails pratiques ou lieux communs du métier militaire. La conversation doit rester celle d’un salon, comme il convient à des gentils-hommes réunis, c’est-à-dire mondaine ou littéraire, sur les arts ou l’histoire ; c’est tout au plus si l’on peut effleurer les grandes théories de la profession. Il s’ensuit que chaque officier étudie pour briller à la messe, et prépare souvent son éloquence du jour. Il s’ensuit aussi que chacun y gagne tout le rapport du ton, de l’instruction et des manières. C’est une causerie du grand monde, pleine de gaieté franche, piquante, spirituelle, animée.”

There are very good reasons for prohibiting at the mess-table all conversation *de l’école*, or as we conventionally call it, *shop*—reasons to which we shall presently revert. In the meanwhile it may be amusing, side by side with the above description of English mess-table talk, to give the following picture by an Englishman, (we wish we could give the graphic illustration which accompanies it,) of the café-haunting continental officer :—

“ Two gallant ‘defenders of their country’s wrongs,’ in martial garb and discussing matters of momentous importance, perhaps concerning the new regulation-sash, and the proposed style of wearing it across the shoulder, as among the Austrian A D C’s, and our own Highland regi-

ments; perhaps, a word or two on the last step, or the new colonel, or some such agreeable barrack conversation. Behold these exquisites; the widely-breasted coatee, with the briefest skirts, the aperture for the sword and the sheath depending therefrom, the still larger apertures for the hands, and the plaited pantaloons; and last, not least, the leather and brass helmets, with their square shades, the whole resembling something between a fireman's bucket and a coal-scuttle. Can these heroes be as attractive to the Prussian *salons de danse* as our red-coats in our English ball-rooms, I wonder? See how they saunter along the pavé with their arms immersed up to their elbows in their breeches' pockets, and clouding the streets with the smoke from their nauseous cigars—they turn into a *café*!—(*Pictures from the North: by Lieutenant Atkinson, Bengal Engineers.*)

After the shop the *café*. Now, all this talk of petty military details—"détails pratiques ou lieux communs du métier militaire"—consorts well with the wide breeches' pockets, the nauseous cigars, and the visit to the *café*; but there are very good reasons why this sort of stuff should not be talked at our English mess-tables. If strangers are present, it is manifestly ill-bred to give to the conversation

"A stamp exclusive or professional."

If strangers are not present, professional conversation is too apt to degenerate into personal criticism, to render it desirable or safe. The discussion of professional subjects is so near akin to the discussion of professional qualifications; indeed, where difference of opinion exists, the one to a certain extent so surely involves the other, that the "remarkable" rule of which M. De Warren speaks with such astonishment is one of the most salutary provisions in the whole code of mess regulations.

Another French writer, Victor Jacquemont, who had some opportunities in India of observing—though not *from within*, like M. De Warren—the peculiarities of our military system, has expressed his unbounded astonishment at the power possessed by a handful of British officers of keeping such large bodies of men in control:—"C'est un phénomène étrange dans le monde moral, qu'une armée Anglaise; la majorité courageuse, violente et dédaignée, se soumettant silencieusement à une faible minorité, qui semble prétendre à ne lui commander que par force." It would be hard to say how much of this moral control would be lost if the institution of the Mess were to be abolished. "La discipline militaire," says De Warren, "chez les Anglais est en tout point différente de la discipline Française." The segregation of the officers from the men is the main point of difference. The identity of the character of the officer and the gentleman, and the institution of the Mess, not only keep the line of demarcation inviolable, but encircle the officer with a halo of nobility,

through which the soldier contemplates him respectfully from a distance. An English officer can scarcely commit a greater offence than that of associating familiarly with his men. After he has conventionally so demeaned himself, he cannot return within the pale of his own proper society. He has committed an act unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and he is dismissed the service.* This line of demarcation—this “*démarcation terrible*,” this “*abîme infranchissable*,”—between the officer and the soldier, is the great preservative not merely of military discipline, but of political order in troubled times. The “*phénomène étrange*” of which Victor Jacquemont speaks, could not exist without it. As soon as officers and men begin to fraternize, we shall see no more of it.

It would occupy more space than we can afford to devote to the subject to develop fully the advantages of the mess-system. But enough has been written, we hope, to demonstrate how much the British army would lose in character and efficiency if the institution were to be abolished. But there are some respects in which it might be reformed. The expenses of a well-appointed mess press heavily upon the resources of many officers; and it is not always that the commanding officer of a regiment evinces much concern for the pecuniary sufferings of his captains and subalterns. There are crack corps, indeed, out of which an officer very soon finds it expedient to sell, if he has had the imprudence to enter one of them with slender private resources. The object of all association, whether it assume the shape of a club or a mess, is to supply members collectively at a smaller cost than they could be supplied separately with the same necessaries and conveniences. But any financial advantages which might otherwise result from this mutual system are swallowed up by the increased luxuriousness which is sure to be engrafted upon it. As far as financial results are concerned, we have long ago lost sight of the original design of these institutions. It is the veriest delusion in the world to think that a man can dine more cheaply at his club than he can at his lodgings, or even at a well-regulated dining-house. The hypothesis is, that the amount charged to the consumer is very slightly in excess of the market-price of the commodity consumed; but when a man pays two shillings for a dish of cutlets containing little more than half-a-pound of mutton, he is not readily convinced that he is paying market-prices for his dinner. The mess-system differs from the club-system inasmuch as that at the for-

* This is always a matter of astonishment to the French officer—“*J’ai vu*,” says M. De Warren, “*un sous-lieutenant cassé par un conseil-de guerre pour avoir invité et reçu deux sous-officiers à souper chez lui.*”

mer every dish is in common, and that whether a member dines off the joint or partakes of half-a-dozen elaborate *entremets*, he pays the same for his dinner. But under both systems, we suspect, the cost of the meal is aggravated by the same cause. The member disburses not only for what is consumed, but for what is not consumed. The waste must be very large. In hot climates, indeed, the waste at large military messes is enormous. Setting aside, then, all considerations of the costly manner in which the mess-dinner is served—the plate, the china, the glass, the fine linen, the abundant light, the crowd of table attendants, the band, the billiard table, and other paraphernalia of the mess—it does not seem that the mess itself can, by any possibility, be provided by the mess-manager on such economical terms as the officer can provide it for himself at his own quarters.

But we think it very probable—especially as a contribution towards the support of every mess is received from Government—that some nearer approximation to the cost of the private meal may be attained under an improved system of management. We observe that in India, Sir Charles Napier has addressed himself with characteristic energy to an investigation into the expenses of the mess-system, which, there is reason to hope, will be attended with advantageous results. He has sent to the commanding officers of all the Queen's regiments in India a circular containing the following queries:—

1st, What is the lowest monthly sum for which an officer can live comfortably at the mess of the regiment under your command?

2d, Of such sum, what proportion is for messing, what for wine, and what for extras?

3d, Is drinking wine compulsory on any, and what occasions?

4th, What are the extra expenses, meaning such as are either compulsory by mess rule, or obligatory by custom?

We are decidedly of opinion that Sir Charles Napier is perilously disposed to push certain theories of his own a little too far. In his anxiety to strip glorious war of the pride, pomp, and circumstance which invest it, he must take heed lest he tear off some of the flesh with the outer trappings, and injure the very vitals of the army, whilst only intending to operate upon the surface. The personal eccentricities—the uncouth, unshaven aspect—the outrageous defiance of all the proprieties of military costume, which distinguish the conqueror of Scinde from his contemporaries, may be all well enough in “Charley Napier” among the Irish bogs, or the London club-houses, but they scarcely beseeem the exalted character of the Commander-in-chief of a great army, posted in a country the inhabitants of which have an almost childlike respect for, and reliance on, outside show.

He would do well not to meddle too much with the outside of the army—not to encourage subordinate officers to follow his own example of simulating the outer aspect of a Jew clothes-man—and, above all, not to shake their faith in the importance to a regiment of a strict regard for personal cleanliness and uniformity of attire. The uniform does not make the soldier—a regard for personal appearance is not a substitute for other soldierly qualities; but it *is* a soldierly quality. Every good soldier knows its value. There is not an ensign of three months' service who does not know that the good soldier is never a sloven. There is more connexion between dress and discipline than may appear to the uninitiated. It would be wise if we would preserve the one, not to neglect the other.

Sir Charles Napier's crotchets on the subject of dress have been more than equalled by his crotchets upon the subject of eating and drinking. We are a little afraid of his pushing—as all men of the same eccentric stamp are wont to do—his favourite theories a little too far; else we should be glad to see him apply himself, as a vigorous reformer, to an investigation of the expenditure, necessary and unnecessary, of mess-establishments in India. Fortnight after fortnight, as the overland mail comes laden with files of Indian papers, we read in all the journals of the country the alarming words, “*Insolvency of the Army*,” and whilst we write, the London papers on our table contain reports of two cases heard on consecutive days before the Insolvent Commissioners, in which the petitioners are members of the finest, and on the whole, we believe, the steadiest corps in England, the Royal Artillery—reports which might lead us to suppose that the army at home is not more solvent than the army abroad. Now, without by any means expressing an opinion to the effect, that either in the east or west the pecuniary embarrassments of our officers are to be attributed to the expenses of the mess-establishments, we hold, that any measure for the reduction of those expenses which can be effected without impairing the real utility, military and social, of the institution, would be a boon of no common magnitude. Every embarrassed officer knows that the only means of extricating himself from his difficulties is by withdrawal from the mess of his regiment—a step which is sometimes taken with desperate fortitude in the Company's service, but which is not practicable in the Queen's. The fact is, that the institution of the mess is an excellent one, but that into it, as into many other excellent institutions, sundry abuses have crept which require a strong hand to tear them up by the roots. A little more regard for the purses of the junior members ought to be discernible in all the regulations for their

maintenance; and Sir Charles Napier will do good service, either by applying the knife to all the useless excrescences which present themselves, or by throwing a larger share of the burden upon those who are best able to bear it.*

When M. De Warren says, that there is an impassable gulf between the officer and the soldier, and that the hauteur of the former, "*fait même partie de la discipline*," he merely records a fact. But when he adds, "*Pas un mot de consolation, d'encouragement, d'intérêt, ne s'échange entré ces deux classes. Les officiers s'étudient à paraître n'avoir rien de commun avec les hommes auxquels ils commandent. Il les éloignent par une affectation sans relâche de froideur cruelle, la plus insultante que je connaisse*"—when M. De Warren, we say, thus enlarges on the subject, he demonstrates how little real knowledge he possesses of the character of the British officer, and the relations which subsist between him and the men under his command. De Warren, though he held for some time a commission in an English regiment, is too thoroughly French to understand how the kindest relations can be maintained between men who do not drink, smoke, and play dominoes together—that words of consolation and encouragement may be addressed to an inferior without embracing him—that there may be sympathy without familiarity, and the deepest interest in the wellbeing, the tenderest concern for the happiness of one's men, without fraternizing with them in barracks, or carousing with them in the canteen. It is no part of our English military system so to separate the officer from his men. Wherever there is such a separation as the French writer here describes, the British officer has failed in his duty. Such failures are unfortunately not rare; but they result rather from indolence and apathy, than from pride and affectation. We cashier an officer for drinking with his men; but he who interests himself

* It does not seem, however, that the Governor-General of India is much disposed to support him. Among the most expensive appointments of the mess is the regimental band. We learn from the Indian papers, that Lord Dalhousie has recently issued a notification, that every officer is to contribute a month's pay towards the expenses of the band, on joining his regiment, and two days' pay *per mensem* in the shape of regular subscription towards its support. In other words, the Indian officer is called upon to spend more money on music than it costs him (if in the Company's service) to secure a handsome provision for his orphan children. His subscription to that noble institution, the Military Orphan Fund, amounts to less than two days' pay *per mensem*. Now, a good regimental band, unquestionably, gives éclat to a corps; it wonderfully enlivens the parade, and off parade is a very pleasant social auxiliary. The band is a cheerful *point d'appui* on dull evenings, in garrison or cantonment; and if it be sufficiently remote from the dinner-table, (which often it is not,) adds something to the enjoyment of a "public night" at the mess. But after all it is more a military than a social appendage to a regiment, and should be maintained rather at the public cost than at that of the officers of the regiment. At all events, such a charge as we have named is monstrous—it is a tax far heavier than the income-tax in this country.

most warmly in all that concerns them—who enters most into their feelings, contributes most to their comforts, most promotes their amusements, most encourages their confidence—in a word, he who most lives for his men, is, according to our English notions, the best officer. Unseemly familiarity may bring an officer to disgrace; but such sympathy as this can invest him with nothing but honour.

It is not unprofitable, however, to contemplate these French pictures of English military life; for even where they are most grotesquely exaggerated, there is something to be learned from the self-examination which they suggest. We see here a systematic disregard for the happiness of the soldier attributed to the officers of the British army; and may learn from this accusation to suspect, that the sympathy between the two orders is not so warm or so general as it ought to be; that many of our officers do not sufficiently consider the responsibilities which devolve upon them, the influence which they may exert, the amount of good which they may do, the happiness which they may diffuse, by rightly using the privileges of their position. It is but a small part of an officer's duty to lead his men to victory in war, to parade them and drill them, to punish and promote them in peace. It is a little matter for the captain of a company to sign the monthly returns, to issue the pay of his men, to keep the character-book, to inspect the kits, to visit the guards and the messes, and to present himself occasionally on parade. It is a small matter to command eighty or a hundred men, with the aid of an effective staff of non-commissioned officers, to whom all the detail work is confidently entrusted. Looking at them as so many curious automata, it is not difficult to set them or keep them going with due regularity of motion. It does not require much brain to keep the external machinery in order; and the heart has no concern in the matter. But looking at the company as an association of eighty or a hundred *men*, eighty or a hundred immortal beings, capable of good and of evil, impressible, plastic creatures, easily to be moulded into shapes of beauty or of deformity—with the worst passions to be developed under one course of treatment, and the best principles under another; to be made miserable by neglect, and happy by attention—to be elevated or degraded, to be wakened into life or brutalized into stupefaction, according as their officers exercise a benign or sinister influence over their lives;—looking at a company of soldiers in this light, it is difficult to conceive any higher and more responsible office than that which involves the guardianship, physical and moral, of so many fellow-creatures. There are no other relations in life which give one man so absolute a control

over his brethren, which bring the two parties into such daily and hourly association, which render the connexion between them necessarily so close and inviolable, which place so much power, for good or for evil, in the hands of an individual. Everything that the master is to his servants—that the father is to his children—that the minister is to his flock—that the teacher is to his disciples—are blended together with much beside, much more ^{over}superadded, in the relation of the officer to the men he commands. Rightly understood, the obligations which he contracts are of the most solemn and affecting kind: and it is only when these obligations are culpably disregarded, that M. De Warren's picture of the impassable gulf between the officer and the soldier is realized in the actualities of military life.

There is abundant employment for every officer of the British army, employment of the most honourable and the most pleasurable kind, in the simple duties of his profession. When an officer, no matter where he be stationed, complains of *ennui*, he proclaims his own inefficiency—he declares that he is not in the habit of doing his duty—that he has no sense of the responsibilities of his office. "Look into the habits of the officers of almost every regiment of Her Majesty's service," said Sir George Arthur, as quoted by Dr. Marshall, "how are they formed? Do men study at all after they get commissions? Very far from it: unless an officer is employed in the field, his days are passed in mental idleness—his ordinary duties are carried on instinctively—there is no intellectual exertion. To discuss fluently upon women, play, horses, and wine, is with some excellent exceptions the ordinary range of mess conversation. In these matters lies the education of young officers, generally speaking, after entering the service." All this is simply to neglect one's duty, to destroy the character of the British army. As are the officers, so are the privates. "If the officers," it is well said, "were not seen so habitually walking in the streets in every garrison town, the soldiers would be less frequently found in public houses." To expect soldiers to find occupation within the circle of their own barracks, when their officers cannot or will not set them the example, were clearly unreasonable and unjust. If the connexion between the officer and the soldier is to cease as soon as the parade is over—if the officer is then at liberty to believe that his duties are at an end, and that he is free to indulge himself as he pleases, we must not be surprised if the soldier takes the same view of military life and military obligations, and indulges himself in the same pleasant vices, only in a rougher and more brutalized form. Soldiers rarely learn to respect themselves until they have first learned to respect their officers. If we

were asked what of all other things is most calculated to elevate the social condition of the British soldier, we should unhesitatingly answer, an improvement in the character and habits of the officer who commands him.

The first duty of an officer is to set a good example to his men—not merely before the enemy, not merely on parade, but in the face of the whole world, and in all the paths of daily life. Very little passes in the officers' quarters that is not well known in the barracks occupied by the men. The personal servants of our officers are men of the regiment. It is not to be supposed that they are the most discreet and taciturn of lacqueys, that the indiscretions and eccentricities of the masters they serve are not canvassed in the presence of their fellows—that the sayings and doings of captain O'Mally and lieutenant Burke are not reported, with variations and exaggerations, to corporal Jones and private Thompson. It is as well known to the men of his regiment as to his own companions, whether an officer drinks freely at or after mess—whether he swears, whether he gambles, whether he is in debt, whether he indulges in indiscriminate amours. It is known how he passes his time, who are his companions, what is his title beyond that of mere regimental rank, to reproach his inferiors for derelictions of moral duty. What weight can there be in an officer's reproaches, what authority in his exhortations and admonitions, when the party reproached, exhorted, or admonished, knows that he who sits in judgment upon him is habitually guilty of the same follies or the same crimes? What is the value of his precept, when his example lies in an opposite direction? We have heard officers declaiming against the vice of drunkenness, who were notoriously in the habit of going to bed mellow; and it was formerly no uncommon thing to hear an officer uttering fearful blasphemy in deprecation of the crime of swearing. “I have heard an old officer,” says an author quoted by Dr. Marshall, “correcting a man of his company who had sworn in his hearing, and with the most horrid curses and imprecations on himself, assuring him that he would put the articles of war in force against him, if he ever swore again.” We remember an old commanding officer, who was especially indignant when any of his men were found intoxicated early in the day, and who used to ask them why they did not get drunk, *like gentlemen, after dinner.*

But though the first duty of an officer is to set his men a good example, his professional obligations do not end there—he has other things to do off parade. He may be a very steady, moral man, and yet not a good officer—and yet not do his duty to his charge. There must be active well-doing. He should regard

the men whom he commands as tenderly and assiduously as the shepherd watches and guards his flock. His heart should be in his work. His time should be devoted to the advancement of the happiness of his men. It should be his to inquire into their wants—to encourage and support them in all their difficulties—to obtain their confidence—to win their hearts—to promote their welfare—to increase their comforts—to supply them with the means of useful employment—to aid and to take part in all their harmless amusements—to be ever with them, either in the spirit or in the flesh; and never to weary of well-doing. No officer would ever want occupation—would ever be devoured by *ennui*—would ever find the dullest garrison town, or the most desolate outpost, a dreary place of abode, if he were to give himself up, heart and soul, to the performance of the duties of his high and responsible position. He would find abundant recompense in this devotion of a life to the welfare of the fellow-soldiers whom his Sovereign has entrusted to his care. The day would never be too long for him. The times would never be too dull. A constant round of pleasurable excitement of the healthiest kind would keep his faculties in a state of activity, and his spirits in a state of elevation. He would be a better and a happier man, and he would help to make a better and a happier army. As it is, the best part of the soldier's nature is often suffered to go to rust. He is not likely to care much about his officers and his duty; whilst his officers care nothing about him, and their duty is necessarily neglected. Soldiers are very much like children. They require the aid of people wiser and more powerful than themselves to supply them with occupation, and to take part in their amusements. They require to be set agoing in the right direction, or, with a natural propensity to mischief, they will infallibly go wrong. A little kindly care, a little manifestation of sympathy, will go a long way with the private soldier. It is not until he finds himself wholly abandoned and forsaken—utterly and irrevocably an outcast—that he loses his self-respect, and is careless about appearances. As long as he believes that he is an object of interest to any human being—that there is any one near him to whom his good conduct can yield pleasure, and his evil conduct be a source of pain—there is something to stimulate him to exertion, and to support him under self-denial. But the “I care for nobody” is the natural consequence of the “Nobody cares for me.” When the soldier is left to go to perdition his own way, we may be pretty sure that he will take advantage of the privilege.

These remarks, it will be perceived, apply more directly to the case of commanding officers—commanding officers of regiments,

and commanding officers of companies and troops, than to the subaltern officers of the army. But where the captain of a company is really desirous of doing his duty towards his men, he will associate his subalterns with him in these acts of kindness and beneficence, so that there can be no unauthorized interference on the part of his juniors. Under any circumstances, however, there is very much which may be done even by the youngest officer in a regiment, to make his influence beneficially felt by the men of the company to which he belongs, and that too without any arrogance or assumption to provoke the hostility of his seniors. We do not, however, mean to say that officers, in the performance of what is plainly their duty to their men, may not occasionally be brought into collision with other authorities, or may not provoke the sneers or the censures of their brother officers. Let a man do his duty, and to use an expression well known in the ranks, let him "chance" the rest. "I remember," says Colonel Campbell, in his *British Army as it was, is, and ought to be*, "years ago being visited by a brother adjutant. As he entered my barrack-room, a young soldier placed a book upon the table and retired, which my visitor, a few minutes after, took up, and being surprised at what it indicated as its contents, he asked me, in seeming astonishment, what a private soldier could have to say to such a work? I replied carelessly, that the soldier who had just left was a young man of considerable ability and great promise, and that I wished him to read useful books, so as to fit him, at any future period, for any station he might attain. He looked at me again, and seemed by no means satisfied by what I had said, nor with the book, and then in a very friendly way addressed me:—'You are a very young man—the youngest I ever saw made an adjutant. I have myself risen from the ranks; and have consequently had much experience among soldiers, and know them well. You may therefore take my word for it, that books containing such information only tend to make soldiers question the wisdom of their officers, and to fit them for being ringleaders in any discontent, or even mutinous conduct in their companies; and it also causes them to be disliked by the non-commissioned officers, who have to teach them their duties; and especially the drill-sergeants, who are always jealous of those who are likely to become rivals.' 'No officers,' adds Colonel Campbell, 'are so severe, or have so little consideration for the feelings of soldiers, as those who have risen from the ranks.'"

It would not be difficult to show the reason of this; but we have cited the story only in illustration of the perplexities which beset the officer who would conscientiously do his duty towards his men, and the kind of arguments that he must be prepared to

encounter. Prejudice and narrow-mindedness are to be found in all conditions of life. It is probable, too, that he may be met, in the performance of his duty, by much worse obstructions than this. The story of Captain Douglas, as told in Mr. Warren's "Letter to the Queen," presents an instance of one of those collisions between different military authorities, to which the experience of almost every officer can afford, in some shape or other, a parallel. There was a man, in Captain Douglas' detachment at Alderney, whose wife, a young woman, then approaching the day of her first travail, had accompanied him to that dreary and comfortless outpost, to find that there was no barrack accommodation on the island suited to the requirements of one in that delicate and critical condition. It was plainly, under these circumstances, the duty of Captain Douglas, both as an officer and a man, to exert all his influence in the poor woman's favour, and to obtain, if possible, for her the temporary use of some public apartment (there was no private accommodation in the neighbourhood) in which she might, in tolerable comfort and decency, undergo her approaching troubles. It is to his immediate commanding officer that every man in the army has a right to look, and does look, under such circumstances, for assistance; and it Captain Douglas had not exerted himself to the utmost in behalf of Riley and his wife, he would have failed in his duty as an officer, no less than in humanity as a man. He did exert himself. He took counsel with the medical officer of the detachment, who commiserating the poor woman's condition, offered her the use of a room in the hospital, set apart as a surgery for his own professional purposes; and the arrangements having been made for her reception, she was presently removed. A civilian would naturally think that the matter was thus very comfortably settled to the satisfaction of all parties;—that the commanding officer of the detachment, and the medical officer in charge of it, having agreed upon the arrangement, and it being one which could by no possibility have caused inconvenience to any but the latter, it might have been suffered to take effect without the interference of other functionaries. Not a bit of it. Alderney rejoiced in a barrack-master. The barrack-master had his duties to perform; and he stepped in, quoting chapter and verse to show, that if any portion of the public buildings of the island were applied to any other than their legitimate and prescribed purposes, it was his duty to cancel the arrangement, or to report the circumstance to the Board of Ordnance. Captain Douglas was now in a dilemma. There were the claims of humanity upon the one side; there was military usage and formality on the other. It was his duty to throw his protection over the poor woman; it was his duty to yield implicit obedience to the Royal warrant quoted by

the barrack-master. Endeavouring to reconcile these conflicting claims, he referred again to the medical officer, thinking that, under peculiar circumstances duly certified, even a royal warrant might be slightly transgressed. The medical officer, and another professional gentleman on the island, certified that the poor woman could not be removed without imminent danger, to the place named by the barrack-master; that if she was necessitated to undergo her travail there, they would not answer for the consequences. Fortified by these opinions, Captain Douglas then referred the case to the General commanding the district; and pending the receipt of an answer, took upon himself the responsibility of transgressing the letter of the royal warrant.

The place which the barrack-master had indicated as the only one which could be legitimately appointed for the reception of the poor woman, was a wretched, crazy, deserted building, called the "Old Canteen." "It stood," says Mr. Warren, "in a locality bleak and dreary in the extreme, on the edge of a great common, destitute of trees, and completely exposed to the blighting east wind. It was a solitary, dilapidated structure, which had long been unoccupied, destitute of furniture of every description, and swarming with rats, which had burrowed both within and without it. The appearance which it presented to the two medical gentlemen was deplorable indeed, especially at that inclement season, in the very depth of winter. They went into every room in the building, to see if there were one less unfit than another for the reception of one in Mrs. Riley's critical situation. The old-fashioned French casements were decayed and closed imperfectly, admitting a thorough draught, and all the rooms were both damp and filthy. The expression of Mr. Bains to Captain Douglas, as he removed his hand from the main walls of the least objectionable room, wet from the moisture, was, "*I would not put my dog into such a place!*"

Captain Douglas took the proper course. Conceiving it to be, as in the issue it most miserably proved, a question of life and death, he temporarily set aside the authority of the barrack-master and appealed to the General commanding. The answer was such as might be expected, for the British officer is characteristically humane. The Major-General sanctioned the continued residence of Mrs. Riley in the apartment appropriated to her use by the medical officer; and the heart of the poor woman, which had sunk in terror at the thought of her threatened removal to the "Old Canteen," now began to beat again in cheerfulness and hope. It was, however, but a brief gleam of sunshine. On the 3d of February Captain Douglas received the letter "entirely approving of Mrs. Riley's having been, under the circumstances of the case, allowed to occupy a corner of the surgery;"

and on the 10th of the same month he received, through the Town-major of Alderney, the "Major-General's commands to remove Mrs. Riley from the garrison hospital of the island into the Old Canteen." Into the Old Canteen, accordingly, the poor woman was ordered to be removed. When she first learned her destination, she "became greatly agitated, and fainted. On recovering her consciousness, after a considerable interval, she gave expression to her fears in wild terms, saying that she knew the house to be haunted by the ghost of a woman who had died there, and also that the place was full of rats. The husband's efforts to pacify her were fruitless. After some time, however, she said that 'she did not wish to give any body trouble about herself, and would go to the Old Canteen; but she was sure it would cause her death—that she would never come out alive.'" She went into the Old Canteen, and she never did come out alive. "She passed a miserable night; and insisted on having two or three candles burning at once to protect her from ghosts, and also from the rats. She frequently started up in bed, and stretched out her hands as if to ward off some imaginary object of terror. When she did so, however, she could not draw her hands in again, and her husband did so for her." Early next morning she was taken in labour. Every possible assistance was rendered to her in the hour of her trial. Two women and her husband attended her. The medical officer of the detachment was promptly on the spot; and towards evening, alarming symptoms having exhibited themselves, another medical gentleman was summoned. But nothing was of any avail. The poor woman gave birth to a dead child, and shortly afterwards expired.

We need not pursue the story further. How it happened that the Major-General came to rescind the humane order which he had issued, in the first instance, is as yet a profound and impenetrable mystery.—Though many important matters pressed upon us for consideration—and we had an uneasy consciousness that, viewed with relation to the subject we had set ourselves, this could be little more than the fragment of an article—we have condensed the painful narrative of Mrs. Riley's death in Mr. Warren's "Letter to the Queen," partly because we conceived it to be our duty to give the utmost possible publicity to events which still call loudly for inquiry, and partly because they illustrate, in a striking manner, not merely the lamentable fact, insisted upon in a former paper, that there is a scandalous disregard for decency and humanity in all the arrangements or no-arrangements for the accommodation of the women who are permitted to follow the fortunes of their husbands, but also the relations subsisting between the officer and the people under his charge, and the difficulties which he may sometimes have to encounter in

the performance of his duty. The advice and assistance, perhaps the interference, of an officer commanding a company is often required in cases of a delicate and intricate nature, demanding great tact and temper for their adjustment. Not only the men, but the women of his company, come to him upon every conceivable pretext, and various are the knotty points which he is called upon to solve and the embarrassments which he is solicited to disentangle. He is the depositary of many a domestic secret—the arbiter in many a domestic quarrel. There is the strongest possible mixture of the painful and the ludicrous in the incidents of barrack-life which are brought to his notice;* but there is seldom a case in which he may not do some little good by a word of judicious advice, an expression of kindly sympathy, or a trifling act of liberality, at a time when such things have a tenfold value and a tenfold significance. In no relation of life is the magic of kindness more potential, and in none may a man, at so small a cost to himself, increase the happiness of others and win for himself so large an amount of gratitude, affection, and respect.

We should never hear of such disturbances as have recently given an unhappy notoriety to the 3d Dragoons if the officers of a regiment only took proper pains to make their men happy and comfortable in barracks, and to supply them with the means of innocent occupation and amusement at home. “Much of the dissatisfaction of soldiers,” said one of the ablest and most high-minded officers in the British army, the present Lord Hardinge, “and their disposition to desert or marry, is caused by the want of agreeable occupation in barracks. * * * He is frequently not allowed to mend his shoes or smoke in his barrack-room, on the plea of insuring cleanliness, very prejudicial to his real comfort.” “The barracks,” said Sir George Arthur, “should be made as comfortable as possible, and every encouragement be held out to induce the soldiers to take their recreation within

* The experience of every man who has commanded a company of soldiers will afford him numerous examples corroborative of this truth. The lights and shadows of military life chase each other with strange rapidity. A soldier's widow came one day to the writer of this article begging for permission to dig up her husband. It was in India. The man had died during the absence of his wife, who had accompanied a lady on a short voyage to sea; and how the poor woman, on returning to the regiment to find herself bereaved, was clamorous for one more look at her poor Darby. In vain the writer represented that the man had been buried more than a month, and that corruption comes on with terrible rapidity in hot climates. The longings of the woman were not to be appeased by any such representations, and leave was at last granted to prefer her request to the chaplain of the station. On the following day she came again to the writer's quarters, and, in an agony of tears, told him that she had seen the chaplain, and that he had listened to her prayer—“but oh, your honour, it might have been anybody's husband—it was not a bit like mine!” A few weeks afterwards she presented herself again—all smiles and blushes. She came to ask for leave to marry a young man in another company, and for a character to satisfy the commanding-officer of her husband's elect. We believe that she buried him too; but never tried the experiment of exhumation again.

their barrack walls." "I attribute," writes Dr. Marshall, "many of the offences of soldiers to want of comfort in barracks." But if officers eschew their barracks—if they can find no occupation for themselves at home, and take no trouble to secure employment for their men, we cannot expect the latter to keep out of the streets, the taverns, and the brothels. We cannot expect them to reverse the order of morality, and to set an example of quiet and decorous conduct to the officers by whom they are commanded. We know that there are difficulties to contend against—that there is a great want of accommodation in barracks, and that many benevolent schemes may be frustrated by mere mechanical impediments, which are not to be overcome. But there is no reason why we should attempt to do nothing, because we cannot do *everything* we could wish, for the amelioration of the social condition of the soldier. Every officer in the British army, no matter what his rank, no matter what his position, no matter where he is posted, can do much to increase the happiness and to elevate the character of the men under his command. If he can do nothing else he can set them a good example and lend them good books to read. The regimental library is always a very important auxiliary, and the officers of a regiment will do well to see that constant additions are being made to it. In these days of cheap literature, an officer, at the sacrifice of a couple of cigars a-week, or an occasional pair of kid gloves, may contribute largely to the amusement and edification of his men, and keep many a rover out of mischief. Much good, too, may be done by encouraging soldiers to apply themselves when off duty to different kinds of mechanical labour. Many of them are skilled artisans, and would gladly exercise themselves again in the trade which they followed before they enlisted—as shoe-making, carpentering, and the like.* The establishment of regimental gardens,

* We know that an objection may be raised to this, on the ground that the money which the soldier is thus enabled to earn is too often spent upon drink and in licentiousness of other descriptions; and it is too true that, under the system which has hitherto obtained in the British army, the possession of money is a sore temptation to the soldier. We remember a young man, by trade a carriage-painter or sign-painter, who joined his regiment in India, and shortly afterwards, encouraged probably by the recollection of some successful attempts he had made in England, began to paint the portraits of his comrades. He soon attracted the attention of his officers, who interested themselves in his behalf, and encouraged him to proceed with his work. Before long he was painting rich natives in the neighbourhood of the cantonment in which he was stationed, at a charge of two hundred rupees a head, and might, in a very short time, have purchased his discharge, and pursued his profession with every prospect of success, for he had really considerable talent. But, instead of this, he took to vicious courses, and went to perdition faster than any man we ever knew. The temptation was too great for him, and he was ruined by his good fortune. This, however, is an extreme case, and might not have happened, if there had been sufficient attractiveness in barracks to keep the man from the canteen and the liquor shops.

we are also inclined to think would have a very salutary effect upon the moral, and therefore the physical condition, of our soldiery. If, wherever it is practicable, a few acres of ground, in the immediate rear of barracks, or as contiguous to them as possible, were given up, under certain fixed rules, to the men of a regiment, for purposes of cultivation, not only would the messes be well supplied with wholesome vegetables, but a large number of men would be kept out of the grog-shops. It is not very long since Mr. Cobden cited in proof of the immorality of our soldiery, and their disturbing influences upon civil society, that in the near vicinity of certain barracks that he named, the value of house-property had alarmingly declined. We do not question the fact. We would simply ask, whose fault is it? In the first place, it is sufficiently notorious, that under the auspices of that costly and cumbrous inutility, the Board of Ordnance, the sites of many of our barracks have been most infelicitously chosen; and it is a fair question, whether the soldiers or the civilians suffer most by their proximity to each other? And in the next place, it is only right that financial reformers should be told, that as soon as ever there is an out-cry against military expenditure, those very measures which are most calculated to render the soldier a steadier and better man, and therefore less of nuisance to his neighbours in civil life, are the very first to be suspended. We begin by retrenching in such matters as barrack-accommodation and regimental schools. The soldier is a pest to the neighbourhood in which he lives, mainly because there are no sufficient inducements in barracks to keep him from wandering about the streets. We grudge the soldier the means of improvement, and then make it a reproach to him that he is not improved. If Mr. Cobden and his friends wish to see in the Ordnance estimates, any retrenchments under the head of barrack-accommodation, they must not complain, at the same time, that the value of house property in the neighbourhood of barracks has calamitously declined.

We are afraid that it is in vain to look at present for any increased expenditure of public money upon those reformatory aids and auxiliaries, which are sure to bring back to the State the sums expended upon them multiplied fifty-fold. Under the pressure of immediate necessity, Governments, like individuals, are compelled to be "penny wise and pound foolish." Often that which looks best upon paper, as a very palpable financial retrenchment, is in effect a very ruinous bit of extravagance. An immediate petty gain is often a large ultimate loss. An immoral army must always be an expensive one. Any retrenchments, therefore, which retard the moral improvement of the soldier, must in the end involve large sacrifices of public money.

We cannot, however, in the present state of the country, look for any other results. A sop must be thrown to Cerberus. But in the meanwhile, we may hope that some reformatory agents may be at work within; that the seeds of improvement have been already sown; and that, in spite of the absence of those outer material aids, the importance of which it is difficult to over-estimate, the moral condition of the soldier may every year present a more encouraging aspect to the eye of the Christian philanthropist. We believe that the Limited Enlistment Act, a measure which, forty years ago, Thomas Chalmers* advocated with characteristic energy and enthusiasm, coupled with

* The passage, which is contained in his "Inquiry into the Extent and Stability of National Resources," is worth quoting. There are portions of it which some financial economists will do well to consider. "I can never consent," writes Thomas Chalmers, "to call that a voluntary service into which men are decoyed by artifice, or driven by vice or by misfortune—to which they fly as a refuge from infamy, or as the last shift for an existence—which is held out as an asylum to acquitted criminals, and a hiding-place to all whom ignominy and misconduct have compelled to abandon the neighbourhood of their acquaintances. The army is not a voluntary service unless men are allured into it by rational inducements; but instead of this, the only possible way of getting men is by tricking them into an imprudence. You beset them in the hour of intoxication; you try to unsettle their firmness by holding out the immediate temptation of a bounty; you avail yourselves of all their little embarrassments, and employ a set of despicable agents, whose business it is to wheedle, and falsify, and betray. . . . *The liberal policy of sufficient pay is unknown to you. You grudge every penny that is bestowed on the defenders of the country.* Yes, the wealth of the country is otherwise bestowed. It is spread with the most prodigal hand upon these labourers who provide their employers with the gewgaws of splendour and fashion and luxury; while violence and constraint and misery are the inheritance of those brave men who form the palladium of our nation's glory, and the protection of its dearest interests. . . . Let us hasten to redress this crying enormity. Let it be a voluntary service. Individuals, when they want servants, go to market and enlist them for a term of months. Let Government imitate their example—let it go to market and enlist for a term of years. Let it be no longer a slavery for life; and let the burning ignominy of corporal punishment be done away. Make the situation of a soldier respectable; and annex to it such advantages as may be sufficient to allure into the army the strength and substance of our most valuable population."—*Dr. Hanna's Life of Chalmers*, vol. I. These principles, we know, were advocated, nearly half a century ago, by Mr. Wyndham and other politicians; but we were hardly prepared to find Chalmers advocating Army Reform with so much zeal. Whilst reverting to this subject of Limited Enlistment, we cannot forbear from quoting a remarkable passage in Mr. Macaulay's *History of England*, illustrative of the little danger of allowing large bodies of disbanded or retired soldiers to fuse themselves into the general mass of society. The historian is speaking of Cromwell's army at the time of the Restoration. "The troops were now to be disbanded. Fifty thousand men, accustomed to the profession of arms, were at once thrown on the world; and experience seemed to warrant the belief that this change would produce much misery and crime—that the discharged veterans would be seen begging in every street, or would be driven by hunger to pillage. - But no such result followed. In a few months there remained not a trace, indicating that the most formidable army in the world had just been absorbed into the mass of the community. The Royalists themselves confessed, that in every department of honest industry the discarded warriors prospered beyond other men, that none was charged with any theft or robbery, that none was heard to ask an alms; and that if a baker, a mason, or a waggoner attracted notice by his diligence and sobriety, he was in all probability one of Oliver's old soldiers."

the laudable effort now making to elevate the character of the officer—may, in some measure, compensate for the absence of those aids by drawing into the army a better class of men, and causing a greater amount of interest to be taken in them, a greater amount of watchfulness exercised over them, a more fatherly and friendly care to be lavished upon them. It is our conviction that both in the army and out of the army a higher sense of the duties and responsibilities of the British officer is gaining ground; and that as every year we see him setting a brighter example to his men, and more diligently performing his active obligations towards them, the British army will rise in efficiency as in moral character; and it will no longer be a reproach to our country that the barrack-room is the last refuge of those whom society has spued out, in scorn and indignation—the dregs of humanity, the very filth and ordure of civilized life.

ART. IX.—1. *Report of Commissioners on the Law of Marriage.* 1848.

2. *Evidence of Dr. Pusey.* Oxford, 1849.

3. *The Hebrew Wife.* By S. E. DWIGHT. Glasgow, 1837.

4. *Unlawful Marriage.* By Dr. JANEWAY, New York, 1844.

5. *Pamphlets.* By REYNOLDS, FOSTER, and others. 1840-49.

6. *Mr. STUART WORTLEY'S Marriage Bill.* 1849.

7. *Mr. STUART WORTLEY'S Letter to Principal Macfarlan.* 1849.

BEFORE this Article appears in print, notice may very probably have been given in Parliament of a renewed motion to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Mr. Stuart Wortley, the champion of this cause, indicated an intention of this sort, before the close of last Session; and, apart from his own zeal, there is a knot or clique of interested individuals too watchful to allow his intention to sleep. That we do not err in ascribing to such a source the renewal, from time to time, of this agitation, appears evident from two considerations. In the first place, what popular movement has spontaneously sprung up in its support? Where has there been an audible whisper in its favour since Parliament rose, either in public meetings or in the public press? What body of any influence—what Church, or communion, or association—is lifting a little finger? What single man of mark is agitating either the political, or the legal, or the literary, or the theological world, upon a question in which all the four are interested? Then again, it is impossible even to glance at the Report of the Commissioners appointed by the Crown to inquire into this subject, without perceiving that there has been a case got up to serve a purpose; not of course by the Commissioners themselves, but by certain parties whose importunity seems to have been mainly instrumental in procuring the inquiry, and whose indefatigable industry and skill appear conspicuous in the management of it. The fact is, there had been a private commission of investigation, before the issuing of the Royal commission; and the private commission was in the hands of legal gentlemen, retained apparently on one side, in the usual way, by private individuals engaging their services. Thus towards the end of 1846, Messrs. Crowder and Maynard, solicitors we presume, apply to Mr. Foster, barrister, “on behalf of their clients,” for his opinion relative to marriages within the forbidden degrees of affinity; “it being thought by them that the understood prohibitions were not in fact strictly according to the letter of the law;” and it being farther “stated by them, that very great hardship resulted to many parties in consequence of that

understood state of the law." Mr. Foster, then, had submitted to him first, a question of law, and secondly, a question of practical expediency. As to the first, he advised the trial of a case. With reference to the second, he says :—

"I then advised my clients to ascertain, as far as was practicable, the number of cases of infringement of the understood law which might exist throughout the country, in order to warrant them in making an application to Parliament, if the facts should be so numerous as to justify them in making such an application. I advised them, in making this inquiry, to take care that it should be a *bona fide* inquiry; that there should be no attempt whatever to get up a case, but that, as far as possible, a fair and proper statement of the existing facts should be arrived at. They adopted the plan which I suggested to them, which was to divide the country into districts, and to send into each district some gentleman of station and character to superintend the inquiries to be instituted in that district, whose duty it should be to be careful about the facts which he ascertained, to verify them as far as they could be verified, to take care that he was not deceived in his information, and that, as far as possible, he communicated to us the truth. In such districts as were too large for the active superintendence of any one gentleman, the gentleman appointed to such a district was to have under his own immediate supervision such subordinates as were deemed necessary to ascertain facts in the towns, who should report to him; but that each gentleman should be responsible for the facts ascertained in his district. The gentlemen appointed were requested each day to report to me the facts thus ascertained. In all those cases, the gentlemen appointed to a district were either barristers, or students-at-law studying for the bar. In many of the cases, the subordinates were also barristers, or students-at-law studying for the bar. To Yorkshire and to Lancashire Mr. Aspinall was appointed, and he had under his supervision four or five agents in the large towns, such as Manchester and Leeds. In Manchester, he had a gentleman of the name of Sleight under him, who is here to-day, a barrister who, if the Commissioners wish, will be examined before them. For Leeds, he had a gentleman assisting him, Mr. Charles Newton, also a barrister, who will, I expect, be here to-day. The statements of those gentlemen were forwarded to him; and a conjoint statement of the whole was each day or every other day forwarded to me. That was the machinery adopted for ascertaining facts. The letters of each gentleman, as they were received, were filed upon these files, which are here" (*producing the same*).—*Report*, p. 1.

Now, giving all credit to Mr. Foster for his sound and candid advice, "That it should be a *bona fide* inquiry; that there should be no attempt whatever to get up a case;" we humbly think that the plan proposed by him, and adopted upon his suggestion, could not possibly be worked with impartiality, and could not lead to any other result than the very result he so earnestly

deprecates,—the getting up of a case. 'Palpably the object is to search for instances of alleged grievance under the existing law. It is a professional precognition of witnesses on one side; and those witnesses, every one of them, interested parties. There are grave objections, as we shall presently show, against such a method of ascertaining the practical bearings of a question so deeply affecting the arcana of the domestic affections, with which "barristers and students at law" are not precisely the best persons to deal; and still graver objections against that officious and unauthorized intermeddling with the privacies of social life, which tends to insinuate doubt and fear, if not even worse feelings of unhallowed desire, where all should be certainty, and purity, and peace. If the law complained of is to be brought to trial, there are two fair ways of doing so. Let it be candidly and cautiously looked at, on its merits, according to the Word of God, the usage of nations, and the experience of history. Or if it is deemed expedient to observe and trace its actual influence on public morals, let there be competent men appointed;—not to hunt for grievances among the transgressors of the law—but calmly to survey its operation among those who keep, as well as those who break it; so that they may deliberately form their judgment, after a large induction of particulars, on its tendency to make or mar the happiness of households. But to us it seems intolerable, that a law which has for ages been the law of the land, and which the great majority of serious men hold to be the law of God, should be impugned by the mere force of accumulated groans from a set of selfish, if not sensual violators of it; and that, too, when in no single instance can a plea of conscience be set up for its violation, or any motive alleged more respectable than strong passion, or sickly sentiment, or some coarse consideration of expediency.

To return, however, to the point now before us, we request our readers to observe, that the same sort of influence that originated the present movement, seems to have hitherto guided it throughout. The professional gentlemen retained by Messrs. Crowder and Maynard "on behalf of their clients," did their business faithfully and well. They got up a case for Parliament; and with scarcely so much of Parliamentary notice or discussion as usually marks the passage of a Turnpike Act, or Divorce Bill,—we may rather say, with far less,—they succeeded in obtaining an application to the Crown to issue a Commission of Inquiry. It was a sufficiently select Commission;—comprising two names certainly entitled to weight,—Lushington and Rutherford,—with a bishop besides, John of Litchfield, a baronet, and two commoners, of whom Mr. Stuart Wortley is one; all doubtless honourable men; and, of course, the most competent that

could be found for conducting such an inquiry. We do not happen to recollect that either the appointment of the Commission, or its subsequent proceedings, attracted much notice; we question if almost any beyond the parties previously interested, or the clients of Messrs. Crowder and Maynard, knew much about the matter. Accordingly, we find from the First Report of the six Commissioners, that, with few exceptions, the evidence led before them, is precisely what our busy friends, the "barristers and law students," had been industriously getting up; and the whole cause is substantially in their hands.

It is not for us to point out what might have been a better and more satisfactory method. We can imagine a more ample discussion in one or both of the Houses of Parliament; and one or two Select Committees of these Houses appointed to investigate the question. We can imagine the first raising of the question, fully and fairly, before the Lords and Commons, and the subsequent remitting of it to Select Committees; with the eyes of all classes in the community turned upon the whole procedure, and a trumpet-sound over all the land, announcing the intended innovation. But nothing of the sort has taken place. On the contrary, the entire conduct of the affair has all the marks of a hole-and-corner,—nay, an almost clandestine mode of action. We doubt if there have been a couple of hundred people in all the country, seriously alive to the attempt which, for five years, has been systematically made, towards so fundamental and vital an overturning, not only of the law of marriage, as regards prohibited degrees, but of what is far more serious, the received and sanctioned opinions of the general community, on a subject so deeply touching their dearest interests and affections.

We might dwell on the sort of evidence taken, as a confirmation of our impression. We are not very conversant with Reports of Royal Commissioners; but it strikes us as strange, that of forty-one witnesses, nine, or nearly a fourth, should be anonymous. We do not understand this. It may be all in order, but it rather detracts from the credit of these gentlemen, who, though they have done what they think a praiseworthy deed, are evidently not prepared to be martyrs in the cause. Then, of the remaining thirty-two, the greater number might as well have been anonymous also, for any great weight their names are entitled to carry on such a question. Richard Cobden, for example, mighty as he is on Free Trade and Russian Loans, is no oracle here, and in fact has nothing to say, except about the marriage of his own sister with her brother-in-law. Several Church of England ministers are examined, of whom Dr. Pusey alone goes into the question in a manner worthy of a scholar and a divine. His evidence is the longest in the Report, and is in the

highest degree elaborate and valuable. Dr. Wiseman, much more briefly and far less ably, expounds the doctrine and practice of the Church of Rome. Dr. Cox and Mr. Binney appear on behalf of the English Congregationalists, with statements and views sufficiently crude. Ireland sends Mr. Matthews of the Castle to speak for her. And Scotland is favoured by having her learned Lord Advocate as her mouthpiece, who has, it appears, not only consented to sustain the double character of judge and witness, but undertaken also, single-handed, the task of representing, or rather—we regret to be obliged to correct ourselves, so far as this question is concerned—misrepresenting—his country.

There is also a large and miscellaneous appendix, consisting of various returns, letters, and opinions of divers parties at home and abroad; a few of whom, such as Dr. Bunting and Chevalier Bunsen, would command respect, were it not apparent that they write without much study of the question—so brief and cursory are their communications. Of the rest we need say nothing, excepting that one or two of the papers give information as to the usage of America and other countries, valuable so far as it goes, but obviously partial and one-sided. We have fallen, however, by chance on some rather curious specimens of the anonymous Benedicts, whose sore grievance it is proposed to remedy;—at the slight expense of totally revolutionizing the marriage-law of Britain, and hazarding a violation of the marriage-law of God.

Take the following, from the letter of a certain Wm. —, given in the Appendix.

“These are the main features of the case, but there are two or three circumstances connected with it which I also wish to mention. My sister-in-law (‘in law’ is well added, for, take my experience, nature will never recognise the relationship) on occasion of one of her visits, informed me that my late partner’s wife, who was very intimate with her, and exceedingly kind, told her there were some parties who doubted the propriety of her occasional residence at my house, but, she added, We, who know you so well, do not take that view of it. At another time, when preparing to leave Cornwall to come to Liverpool, her mother said, ‘Your aunt Susan has hinted at the possible danger of such visits, but I replied, We know Mr. — too well to fear anything improper.’ When the late Lord Wharnccliffe brought forward his motion on the subject in the House of Lords, Miss A. was staying at my house, and without the slightest influence on my part, my late partner, Mr. —, said to me, ‘—, what a comfort it would be to you and to your children if they would alter the law so that you might marry Miss A.’

“I will only farther add, that had not the state of the law permitted my sister-in-law to live under my roof, in all probability no such

mutual attachment would have grown up between us, so that one effect of the present law is to lay the surest foundation for its breach.

"If you think the statement of my case would at all assist the Commissioners, you have my full permission to make it known to them, and, if needful, I shall be ready at any time to appear personally before them; for I assure you my union with the lady in question is the paramount object of my life, and the law which prevents it I feel to be a sacrifice of my natural liberty which I do not feel called upon to make."—*Report*, p. 142.

This worthy "William" is, or was, waiting for an alteration of the law in his favour; and threatens, in brave words, that if not indulged his country shall suffer loss. "I am prepared," he gallantly exclaims, "if necessary, to expatriate myself, and to become the citizen of another State." And mark his strong claim: "Had not the state of the law permitted his sister-in-law to live under my roof,"—he would not have fallen in love with her. We presume he means to say, that he received the lady as an inmate of his family, believing a marriage with her to be unlawful, and that otherwise he would not have done so. And yet his well-regulated mind first suffers an attachment to grow up between himself and a woman he believes it unlawful to marry; and then throws the blame of this on that state of the law which, with less romantic, or more honourable men, would have been the very thing to prevent such a result. It is almost like the school-boy's excuse, that he would not have thought of such a piece of mischief if the master's prohibition had not put it in his head.

The best apology for our friend "William" is, that his conduct may be partly explained by the wretched agitation kept up among the homes of England, to please the "clients" of Messrs. Crowder and Maynard, who have to answer, we are persuaded, in many other instances besides this, for the wreck of domestic peace, as well as the destruction of all delicacy of feeling and honesty of principle. It is a miserable fruit of their coarse and prurient meddling with the sanctities of domestic life, that it makes respectable men think and act so unscrupulously, and trifle so recklessly, not only with the affections of the female heart, but with their own convictions of conscience, as this witness manifestly has done.

We have only to add, that "William" is, as he tells us, "now forty-six years of age,"—considerably younger than many of his companions in misfortune, among whom one worthy, with exquisite *naïveté*, makes the remark, "we," *i.e.*, himself and his sister-in-law, "are both above sixty years of age, and may not therefore be charged with the frivolities of youth." Amiable sexagenarians! on whose heads the snows of threescore winters have fallen without quenching the flame of romantic love! Charge you with the frivolities of youth! Forbid it, ye grey-

haired Cupids, fondly fluttering round the re-kindled torch of so venerable an avatar of the Hymenæal god! It is an edifying spectacle.

But, seriously, and in sober sadness, will the people of England listen to complaints like these; and not only change their laws, but unsettle their whole habits of thought and feeling, for the sake of such instances of irregularity, were they accumulated in far richer abundance than they are? As to Scotland, the case is infinitely stronger against a change, as we shall presently show. Meanwhile, let us calmly look at the state of matters as regards this question in England.

The Commissioners, at whose Report we have been glancing, were appointed—in fact, if not in form—to inquire into the working of an Act passed in the reign of William the Fourth, commonly called Lord Lyndhurst's Act, (5 & 6 Will. IV. c. 54;) and for the sake of many of our readers, especially those north of the Tweed, it may be necessary to explain somewhat fully the occasion and bearings of that Act.

With this view, we call attention to the following extract from the very able speech of Mr. Badeley in a case recently tried before the Court of Queen's Bench:—

“Then, my Lords, what is the effect of the statute of William IV.? simply to affirm the judgment of the Ecclesiastical Courts. It makes no difference in that respect; and although objections have been made to the statute, as if it really inflicted a hardship, I apprehend it is not open to that objection. That statute did not interfere with the principle of the law at all; and when it stated that such marriages should in future be ‘void, and not merely voidable, it merely made a distinction without a difference,’ ‘voidable,’—in cases of marriage always meant ‘void,’ for void they were according to the ecclesiastical law; and they were only said to be *voidable*, because the courts of common law then had no jurisdiction upon the subject. The determination of the validity or invalidity of a marriage was left entirely to the Ecclesiastical Courts. It was Ecclesiastical law, and Ecclesiastical Courts which regulated those matters; and provided a marriage came before the courts, having the stamp of the Church and the authority of the Church in its favour, the courts of common law received it, and left it to the Ecclesiastical Courts entirely to set it aside if invalid. But when it was set aside—when the Ecclesiastical Courts did interfere, then the marriage became void, and void *ab initio*. It was null and void to all intents and purposes; and in proof of that I would refer your Lordships again to a portion of my Lord Lyndhurst's judgment in the case of the Queen v. Millis, in illustration of that particular point, for he says, (mentioning some authorities which had been furnished to him,) ‘It (the libel in the case which he was citing) prays that the marriage may be pronounced to have been and to be, *fuisse et esse*,’ null and void, &c.; the evidence is set forth, and is followed

by the sentence, which dissolves the marriage *de facto* with Alicia, and pronounces it *fuisse et esse invalidum*. And his Lordship afterwards says—‘It further appears, from the terms of the sentence, that the dissolved marriage was pronounced to have been and to be (*fuisse et esse*) void, agreeably to the rule of the Ecclesiastical courts—that when a marriage, voidable by reason of pre-contract, is annulled, it is annulled *ab initio*.

“And, my Lords, in that work, edited by my Lord Medwyn, which I have cited, it is shown, that in all those cases where, by the process of the courts, marriages have been impugned upon the score of consanguinity or affinity, the marriage is declared *fuisse et esse nullum*. Therefore it was merely a distinction arising from the want of jurisdiction in the temporal courts which led to the expression ‘voidable’ and ‘void;’ *voidable* meant *void*, and the marriage was only awaiting the decision of the Ecclesiastical Court to determine that it had been *void ab initio*. The statute, therefore, of William IV., when it said they shall be ‘void and not merely voidable,’ did this; it merely transferred to the temporal courts, or, at least, gave to them jointly with the Ecclesiastical Courts that power of determination upon the validity of certain marriages which had been confined to the Ecclesiastical Courts before. It enabled the courts of common law to determine at once that a marriage was void when it appeared to be within the prohibited degrees. It authorized them to take immediate cognizance of a matter of which before they had no judicial knowledge, and rendered it unnecessary for them to wait for the decision of the Ecclesiastical Courts to judge that a marriage was invalid. The statute made no alteration with regard to marriages themselves in that respect, because they were always void by the Ecclesiastical law when within the prohibited degrees. It only enabled the courts of common law in a more summary manner and at once to determine for themselves, when the question came before them, without the assistance of the Ecclesiastical courts.

“Then, my Lords, objection was made to that statute, as if it were inconsistent with itself, in allowing certain marriages within the prohibited degrees of affinity, which had been solemnized before the passing of that act, to stand, and by refusing to have them impugned. Why, my lords, in that the Legislature did no more than the courts had previously done. It made no difference with respect to the marriages themselves. It simply did this, it adopted a new period of limitation, it was in the nature of a statute of limitation, and it was merely a statute of limitation for this purpose, making no difference in principle whatever, because we know from repeated cases upon the subject, that after the death of either of the parties the temporal courts would not allow the ecclesiastical courts to institute, or carry through, any process for avoiding the marriage; because of bastardizing the issue; and therefore, when either party had died, the period of limitation had arrived, after which the marriage itself could not be annulled. The Legislature, by the statute of William IV., has merely adopted a new limitation. It has said that the marriages which were in existence

prior to the passing of that act, and for the annulling of which no process had been instituted, should not be allowed to be annulled afterwards. It followed precisely the rule which the temporal courts had adopted, where either of the parties had died, and only therefore adopted a new period of limitation in certain cases. But, my Lords, the statute does not pretend to say that those marriages were either good or valid; and although I have looked carefully at the statute, I see nothing in it whatever to prevent the parties who have contracted those marriages from having a process instituted against them in the ecclesiastical courts for the incest, although not to set aside or annul the marriage. The statute leaves the matter precisely on the same footing as the Court did in the case of *Harris v. Hicks*, in 2 *Salkeld*, where, after the death of one of the parties, although the temporal courts said, 'We will not allow the ecclesiastical courts to carry on any process which shall annul the marriage, so as to bastardize the issue, we will not prevent them from punishing the surviving parties for the incest.' And that case, my Lords, has been expressly confirmed by Lord Hardwicke, in his judgment in *Brownsword v. Edwards*, in 2 *Vesey*, page 243. He adopted the rule laid down by the temporal court, and said that although the marriage could not be annulled by a process for that purpose, the parties might still be punished for the incest. The statute of William IV. leaves these marriages precisely in the same position. It does not pretend to affirm them, or to say that they are good marriages, or according to the law of God. It leaves the parties in their guilt, and, as I would submit, open still to punishment in the ecclesiastical courts for incest, just as in *Harris v. Hicks*, they were left by the temporal courts in cases before the statute."—*Speech of E. Badeley, Esq., in Pusey on the Law of Marriage*, pp. 164-167.

We believe this to be a fair statement of the case as respects Lord Lyndhurst's Act of 1835. It is more briefly put, though not so distinctly, in the Report of the Commissioners:—

"The question, whether marriages within the present prohibited degrees of affinity were permitted by the law of God, was the subject of much discussion when King Henry VIII. sought to be relieved from his marriage with Queen Katherine. This marriage was pronounced null and void by Archbishop Cranmer. From that period the Ecclesiastical Courts dealt with these marriages, at first, by pronouncing them null and void, notwithstanding one or both of the parties might be dead when the suit was sought to be commenced. But in the time of James I. the Courts of Common Law interfered, and protected the Spiritual Courts from proceeding to pronounce them null and void after the death of one of the parties. Hence all these marriages came to be called voidable marriages, in contradistinction to those which were void, as in the case of a marriage where there was a first husband or wife living at the time of the second marriage; or where one of the parties was a lunatic at the time of celebrating a marriage. Marriages therefore within the prohibited degrees were only voidable; and if they were not pronounced null

and void, by the competent ecclesiastical tribunals, during the lives of both parties, their validity could not be afterwards questioned, nor the legitimacy of the children impeached.

"This state of the law continued unaltered in England until the year 1835, when the Statute 5 and 6 Will. IV., c. 54 (commonly called Lord Lyndhurst's Act) passed. The effect of that Statute was to prohibit the Ecclesiastical Courts from entertaining any suit for the purpose of pronouncing null and void marriages, within the prohibited degrees of affinity, celebrated before the passing of the Act; and all such marriages, celebrated before the passing of the Act, and all such marriages celebrated after the passing of the Act, were declared by it to be null and void."—*Report*, p. v.

The law of England, then, before 1835, was clearly and unequivocally against such marriages. It is true that a certain laxity prevailed; but this was only one of the many consequences flowing from the anomalous and inexplicable relations of Church and State in England. Marriage being held to be an Ecclesiastical affair, a process for declaring its nullity in any case must originate and be prosecuted in the Ecclesiastical Courts. But there is no doubt whatever as to the law in these courts; and just as little as to their decisions being recognised as legal and irreversibly binding, by the civil tribunals. It was felt, however, to be an inconvenience—and no wonder—that the Ecclesiastical Courts alone could take the initiative in such processes, and that the Civil Courts could take no cognizance of any illegality or irregularity of this sort, in a marriage question, unless it happened to be first decided upon by the so-called judicatories of the Church. For how was this state of matters apt to work? A marriage with a wife's sister was not likely to be brought into the Ecclesiastical Courts during the lifetime of the parties;—in fact, this could scarcely happen without bad faith on the side either of the husband or of the wife. But after the decease of one of the married persons, it became the obvious interest of many others in the connexion, to raise questions about the validity of the marriage, with a view to the settlement or inheritance of property. In these circumstances, there was a manifest propriety in the rule of law adopted by the Civil Courts—or rather forced upon them by the necessity of the case—that they would recognise no suit or ~~sentence in the~~ Ecclesiastical Courts, unless the suit was instituted, and the sentence passed, during the lifetime of the parties whose marriage was in question. This was really, in substance, a statute of limitation, arising out of the impotency of the Civil Courts themselves. It recognised or gave effect to the decisions of the Ecclesiastical courts; but inasmuch as the courts of civil law must, in this question of marriage, wait upon the verdict of another

tribunal,—having no authority to deal with it themselves,—they very reasonably refused to wait indefinitely; declining, so far as their jurisdiction was concerned, to allow that jurisdiction to be put in motion by a process or issue in the other tribunal, unless it was instituted during the lifetime of parties. Lord Lyndhurst's act is a common-sense amendment of this anomaly. It removes the disability of the civil courts. And while it still requires them to administer the former law, it gives them power, and obliges them to do so, without depending on the contingency of a trial taking place elsewhere. Nothing surely can be more reasonable than this.

Such being the state of the law as to England, how does it stand in Scotland? Here, the matter of surprise is that any doubt at all on the subject should have arisen. There rests upon the witness raising that doubt a responsibility of which we fondly hope he is not himself aware. We have no hesitation in saying, and we are prepared to prove, that without a year's interval or intermission, the law of Scotland, both civil and ecclesiastical, has been, since the Reformation, unequivocally against the marriages in question. We can prove this historically; but before doing so—or whether we succeed in doing so or not—we think we can adduce a conclusive legal argument, not certainly upon our own authority, but upon the authority of a most influential minority in the Court of Session, and an unanimous verdict in the House of Lords.

There can be no doubt as to these marriages being declared incestuous in the Westminster Confession of Faith. That document, in the most express terms, puts relation by affinity on the same footing with relation by consanguinity. Its terms, as to this point—and we quote its whole doctrine regarding prohibited degrees of marriage—are as follows:—

“Marriage ought not to be within the degrees of consanguinity or affinity forbidden in the word; nor can such incestuous marriages ever be made lawful by any law of man, or consent of parties, so as those persons may live together as man and wife. The man may not marry any of his wife's kindred nearer in blood than he may of his own, nor the woman of her husband's kindred nearer in blood than of her own.”—*Westminster Confession of Faith*, Chap. xxiv. Sect. 4.

Nothing can be clearer than this. And nothing can be clearer than the recognition of the Confession of Faith as the law of the land, by the Act 1790. In proof of this, we point to the decision of the House of Lords in the case of the Barber's Apprentice at Dundee, against whom proceedings were instituted, on the ground of his refusal to work on Sunday. The Law Lords in the Upper House were unanimous in holding, that the Confession of Faith, as bearing on that case, was decisive as to Sta-

the law upon the subject. In fact, so thoroughly does the Lord Chancellor proceed upon this principle in that case, that he cites the very terms of the Confession, as if they had been the terms adopted in an Act of Parliament,—of its own accord and *proprio motu*,—without the least distinction between that section of the Confession and an ordinary formal clause in a deed of civil legislation. After reciting the Act 1579, “prohibiting all handy labouring or work to be used on the Sabbath,”—his Lordship proceeds:—

“The next Statute is in 1690, by which it is provided, ‘This Sabbath is then kept holy unto the Lord, when men, after a due preparing of their hearts, and ordering of their common affairs beforehand, do not only observe a holy rest all the day from their own works, words, and thoughts about their worldly employments and recreations, but also are taken up the whole time in the public and private exercise of His worship, and in the duties of necessity and mercy.’”—*Shaw's Appeal Cases*, vol. ii. pp. 483-484.

In this view of the law, and the grounds of it, Lord Wynford and Lord Brougham thoroughly concurred with Lord Cottenham. And if the view be correct, it would seem inevitably to follow, that the section of the Confession of Faith which we have just quoted regarding marriage, is on the same footing precisely with the section quoted by Lord Cottenham regarding the Sabbath; or in other words, is the plain Statute law of Scotland upon the subject. It seems to us, we own, passing strange, that any doubt should be thrown on what is so very clear, if words have any exact significancy at all. Even apart from the decision given in the case of the Dundee barber, we cannot imagine what the Act of 1690 can possibly mean, if it does not make the Confession of Faith the law of the land. And the authority of the highest tribunal in the country should surely settle the question.

But the Lord Advocate Rutherford, is of another mind. He thus states, in his evidence, his opinion as to the Act 1690.

“With reference to these authorities, it is necessary to have in view the Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland, as ratified by Parliament in 1690. The Confession of Faith, in chapter 24, section 4, says expressly, ‘Marriage ought not to be within the degrees of consanguinity or affinity forbidden in the Word, ~~nor can such~~ incestuous marriages ever be made lawful by any law of man or consent of parties, so as those persons may live together as man and wife. The man may not marry any of his wife's kindred nearer in blood than he may of his own; nor the woman of her husband's kindred nearer in blood than of her own.’ And there can be little doubt, with reference to that Confession of Faith, as ratified by Parliament, that no clergyman of the Established Church of Scotland could celebrate marriage between persons so related, with the knowledge of the rela-

tion, without incurring censure, and, it may be, deprivation from office. He could not do so without committing a very high offence against the laws of his Church. But while this is the current of authority, and certainly with very little dissent, so far as I see, it is also clear by the law of Scotland, that everything is thrown back upon the 18th chapter of Leviticus. The Statutes which Mr. Erskine, and other institutional writers, referred to in the passages I have quoted, are Statutes punishing the crime of incest, as declared in that chapter of Leviticus, and introducing into the law of Scotland upon that subject what was the law of Moses: I do not think that the ratification of the Confession of Faith can be held to constitute a *legislative* construction of those particular Statutes. Although, no doubt, in ratifying the Confession of Faith, it does countenance the construction which the Church of Scotland has put upon that chapter of Leviticus; because, of course, it is with reference to that chapter of Leviticus that the Church of Scotland, in the Confession of Faith, has made the declaration, that marriage shall be prohibited within the same degrees of affinity as of consanguinity. Then thrown back upon the chapter of Leviticus, as the *regula regulans* of the law of Scotland in the matter, and it being there that we are to find the declaration of those degrees which are forbidden, the question comes to be—and I think the legality of a marriage, if it were tried, would depend upon that question—whether that 18th chapter of Leviticus does or does not prohibit the marriage of a man with the sister of his deceased wife?"—*Report*, p. 101.

It may be very presumptuous in us to criticise the legal opinion of so eminent an individual, recognised on all hands as the chief living ornament of the Scottish Bar; but we comfort ourselves with the thought that we have the sanction of equally great names in favour of that principle of interpretation for which we contend. The Act 1690, ratifying the Westminster Confession of Faith, not in a general way, but in elaborate detail, and without exception or qualification—engrossing it, word for word, as part of the statute, and giving to it, in the fullest sense, a national and legal character—does more than merely allow or enact a doctrinal creed for the Church. It declares the mind of the State, and is binding upon the State. Especially it must be held to be so in all matters implying a joint exercise of jurisdiction on the part of the Church and the State respectively, otherwise, it is a kind of delusion or fraud; it settles nothing; it gives no security whatever to harmonious action between the two bodies; it opens up, on the contrary, occasions of incessant misunderstanding and collision. If the Confession had contained nothing but heads of doctrine there might be plausibility in arguing that what Parliament intended to do, when they ratified it, was simply to approve of it as a creed for the Church. But when the Confession touches those relations of civil and social life which the State

must regulate in some way, what can be more unreasonable than the idea that it meant to legislate for the Church merely in these particulars, and not for itself and for the community at large? Could they intend to sanction the views of the Confession relative to Sabbath observance as the views on which the Church was to act, without giving them also the force of civil law? And the case is far stronger as regards marriage. The Confession expressly identifies relation by affinity and relation by consanguinity, in so far as the prohibited degrees are concerned: and it is admitted that the Act 1690, ratifying the Confession, would make it unlawful for a minister of the Established Church to celebrate a marriage between a man and his sister by affinity, so that he would be liable to the severest sentence for doing so. Can it really be maintained for a moment that the State, thus holding the Church bound by a peremptory rule, did not, at the same time, bind itself? The Act 1690 is an Act establishing the Church and securing to it the privileges of State protection and support: and yet it is gravely contended, according to the opinion we are canvassing, that in so vital and important a particular as the forming of the marriage tie, the State approves, by that Act, of the Church holding certain marriages to be incestuous, while it reserves to itself and its own civil courts the liberty of holding them to be lawful and good; or, in other words, the State pronounces it illegal for the Church to celebrate legal marriages, and that, too, when the only legal way of celebrating marriage at all is through the offices of ministers of the Church. There are anomalies in law sufficiently startling to the uninitiated; but we never heard or read of an anomaly like this.

But the Act 1690 is not the only law upon the subject still in force in Scotland. It is admitted that the original statute 1567 stands unrepealed. That statute was passed immediately after the Reformation, in the very session of Parliament in which the Reformed Church received the sanction of law; and it is remarkable that in this, as in other matters, Scotland was indebted to her Presbyterian Church for the first utterance of a clear and emphatic voice, which her Parliaments had simply to echo and confirm. The first General Assembly of the Church of Scotland was held at Edinburgh on the 20th December 1560. It was no mere clerical conclave or ecclesiastical junta. Nobles and commoners sat with ministers, in equal, if not large numbers. On the second day of their sitting—21st December—the Assembly adopted a “Declaration in reference to marriage in the second and other degrees of consanguinity forbidden by the Pope, that by the law of God, marriage may be solemnized betwixt parties in the second, third, and fourth degrees of affinity and consanguinity, and such others as are not expressly prohi-

bited by the Word of God. The authority of the States (of Parliament) is craved to be interposed to this finding as law."

Seven years elapsed while the Church was struggling for her independence and establishment; but one of the very first things attended to by the Estates, when they come to legislate against Popery, and in favour of the Reformed religion, is to do precisely what the Assembly had craved, and to "interpose their authority to the Church's finding, as law." The Act (1567) has two sections bearing on this question—the one prohibitory, the other permissive. The prohibitory part of it defines the crime of incest, as punishable, at that time, capitally. The permissive part is an assertion of the liberty of the subject against the intolerable restrictions imposed by the Church of Rome. The former declares, after a solemn preamble, that

"Quhat-somever person or persones, that committes the said abhominable cryme of Incest, That is to say, quhat-somever person or persones they be, that abuses their bodie with sik persones in degrie, as God in his word hes expreslie forbidden, in ony tyne cumming, as is contained in the xvij. Chapter of *Leviticus*, sall be punished to the death."

The latter we give entire, so far as this point is touched:—

"ITEM, Our Sovereine Lord, with advise & consent of my Lord Regent, and the three Estaites of this present Parliament, hes statute, and ordained, that the halie band of mariage, made be all Estaites and sorts of men and women, to be als lawful and als frie, as the Lawe of God hes permitted the samin, to be done, without exception of person or persones. And hes declared, and declares, that secunds in degrees of consanguinitie, and affinitie, and all degries outwith the samin, contained in the word of the eternal God, and that are not repugnant to the said word, might and may lawfully marry at all times sen the viij. day of March, the zeir of God ane thousand five hundred fiftie aucht zeiris, notwithstanding ony Law, statute, or constitution made in the contrare."—*Alexander's Acts of Parliament*, p. 46.

Now, if any doubt was to be raised on this statute, we might imagine it to turn upon this circumstance, that the penal clause refers to the original Bible law, without commentary or explanation; while the permissive clause gives the gloss, identifying affinity and consanguinity, out and out. We could conceive of an ingenious advocate, in a criminal case of incest, pleading that the words in the statute constituting that crime, must be construed in the most restricted sense, so as to send the Court back upon the chapter in *Leviticus*, which is referred to, but not explained; while yet he might admit that the validity of the marriage, as to all civil effects, was rendered null, by the plain identification of affinity and consanguinity, in the clause legalizing

marriages beyond the first degree. But we cannot comprehend the logic or the relevancy of the Lord Advocate's reasoning:—

“ But I do not think that the public prosecutor would now choose to bring any indictment against parties with respect to that marriage, or think it his duty to try them for committing, by forming that connexion, the crime of incest. And that brings me to the other part of the case, which is the case in a criminal view, because it is important to look to that as more clearly showing that the chapter of Leviticus is the foundation of the law of Scotland, and, in truth, the law itself. For in those Statutes which have been referred to, of 1567, chapter 14 and chapter 15, the first, which is a Statute against those who commit incest, expressly orders that those persons shall be guilty of the crime of incest who ‘ abuse their bodies with such persons in degree as God in his Word has expressly forbidden in any time coming, as is contained in the 18th chapter of Leviticus, shall be punished to the death.’ And then the next chapter, chapter 15, treating of lawful marriages in degrees not forbidden by God's Word, ordains, ‘ the holy band of marriage, made by all estates and sorts of men and women, to be as lawful and as free as the law of God, has permitted the same to be done without exception of person or persons ;’ an enactment intended to remove the difficulties of marriage imposed by the laws and constitutions of the Catholic Church. And it goes on to say, ‘ And declares that seconds in degree of consanguinity and affinity, and all degrees without the same contained in the Word of the eternal God, and that are not repugnant to the said Word, might and may lawfully marry at all times since the eighth day of March, the year of God, 1558th year, notwithstanding any law, statute, or constitution made in the contrary.’ Now, in any criminal prosecution, there cannot be the least doubt that the Court, if called upon to try the crime of incest, must find that law, as explained, of course, by the practice of the Court in former decisions, in the chapter of Leviticus. The Criminal Court of Scotland would not, in the least degree, be bound by anything that is simply said by institutional writers, nor at all by the Confession of Faith of the Church, though ratified by Parliament. And I observe that the late Mr. Baron Hume, in his work on the Criminal Law, which is a work of great authority, after referring to those Statutes which I have partly quoted, and referring to another Statute in 1649, which extended the law of incest still further, so as to include a great many other degrees, besides those that could be held at all to be touched by Scripture, but which statute fell under the Rescissory Act passed in the beginning of Charles the Second's reign, goes on, in considering the relations of affinity, to treat of the case of a marriage with a sister of the deceased wife. He mentions one case in which a woman had been sentenced to death for incest, committed with the husband of her deceased sister ; but he mentions, at the same time, that Lord Roystoun, who was considered a lawyer of authority, observes in his notes, ‘ Sed dubito an jure, for, since King James' Act has an express reference to the

Judaical Law, Leviticus 18, it ought not 'to be extended to other cases not therein expressly mentioned.' I should say, on referring to the passage, that, although Mr. Hume very cautiously expresses his opinion in the way of doubt, he rather leans to the opinion, that no criminal prosecution could lie for that connexion, as being an incestuous connexion; and if no criminal prosecution could lie for that connexion for the reasons that I have already given, that both the criminal and the civil law of Scotland are equally founded upon that chapter in Leviticus, I do not think that marriage could be considered civilly unlawful, nor the consequences of a lawful marriage refused to the connexion, whether as regarded the parties themselves or their issue."

From the severity of the penalty, there has always been an unwillingness to prosecute for the crime of incest in Scotland; and this has led to a disposition towards construing the Act 1567, as indefinitely as possible, so far as its criminal and penal clauses are concerned. And hence some benevolent Scottish jurists have been so anxious to explain away this whole statute, that they have contrived to sink altogether the identification it contains of affinity and consanguinity. For our own part, we think it clear that a criminal process for incest, under that old statute,—which is still the law in Scotland,—must issue in the condemnation of the brother and sister by affinity, equally with the brother and sister by consanguinity. That, however, is not the question. Practically, the criminal law is, in this matter, dormant; chiefly because it has done its work, and put such marriages as it condemns wholly out of use. Even admitting, however, that the penal part of the statute might be understood as leaving it open to the judge to interpret Leviticus for himself, since no interpretation is there given, the very reverse is true, as regards the permissive portion of it, in which, it is expressly stated, that affinity and consanguinity are to be viewed as identical. And it seems impossible to doubt that so unequivocal an enactment must be held as fixing the law for all civil purposes, however anxious some authorities on Scottish law may have been to find an open door as to the formidable criminal penalty of death.

But, after all, since both the English and the Scottish law, on this subject, rest on the authority of Scripture, the appeal must ultimately lie to that sacred standard. The question for the people of England and Scotland is—What says the Word of God?

Theological discussion and critical analysis are not precisely suitable to these pages; and we do not intend to inflict any such penalties upon our readers. But we must be allowed to indicate the bearing of the scriptural argument upon this subject, before

we close with a few words as to the social tendency of the present movement.

The proof-passage on this question, is the 18th chapter of Leviticus, verses 6-18; although much light is also cast upon it by other portions of the Divine Word, as well as by those general principles applicable to the subject which the whole tenor of Revelation suggests. In interpreting that chapter, an amount of hair-splitting verbal criticism and ultra-refined special pleading has been expended, chiefly by lawyers turned divines, that would do credit to the most expert practitioner in the courts of the Old Bailey. By exactly parallel reasoning to that of many of these gentlemen, we would undertake to prove from Scripture that women have no souls, and do not sin, and will not die. A world of pains is taken, for instance, to show that wife, in these verses, does not mean widow; and that the connexion forbidden is not matrimonial. Any plain common-sense reader, unwarping by prejudice, may see through the fallacy. "Thy father's wife" means the woman married to thy father, whether still his wife, or divorced, or a widow; and the connexion with her that is forbidden is sexual intercourse, whether covered with the cloak of marriage or not. Again, it is argued by some, though they are very few, that the law in that chapter is not moral, and therefore universally binding, but municipal or ritual, and therefore peculiar to the Jewish economy. Let any one peruse calmly the first five and the last seven verses of the chapter, and if he has a spark of reverence for holiness and the Holy God, let him say if language more express and solemn could possibly be used, to mark the unalterable Divine hatred of one and all of the practices prohibited in the intervening section, whether committed by heathen nations or his own people, by Gentile or by Jew. Driven from this refuge, our ingenious friends betake themselves to an analysis of the prohibited degrees in detail; insisting much on our adhering to the exact letter of the statute, and protesting against any constructive interpretation of it. Even here they break down; for, if their way of reading the statute is the right one, then the only degrees prohibited are those expressly specified, and all other marriages are lawful;—a conclusion somewhat too broad even for them, inasmuch as it would legalize sundry monstrous incests which they would hold it to be a foul imputation on their character to be supposed for one moment to tolerate.

But what is this principle of constructive interpretation, or "parity of reason," to which they object, as stretching the Divine prohibitions so much farther than the letter of the enactment warrants, and so restricting unduly the liberty of marriage? Let a plain tale put down a hundred sophistries.

The general law is announced broadly at the sixth verse : "None of you shall approach to any that is near of kin to him, &c. I am the Lord." Then follow instances or examples of the nearness of kin intended. Instead of an abstract description or definition, which might be open to cavil, the Legislator, with far greater wisdom, gives a few cases, sufficient, with every honest man, to remove all doubt. Of these cases seven, or about one-half, are cases of relationship by affinity. Marriage is forbidden with a step-mother, a father's brother's wife, a daughter-in-law, a brother's wife, a wife's daughter, her son's daughter, her daughter's daughter. Thus evidently affinity is treated as equivalent to consanguinity. But farther, if it be admitted that these prohibitions are addressed to both sexes equally, or that what is forbidden in a man, implies the corresponding connection forbidden in a woman,—and any other principle of interpretation is simply monstrous,—then the 16th verse, directed against a man's intercourse with his brother's wife, is directed just as emphatically and unequivocally against a woman's intercourse with her sister's husband. Nor is it of the slightest relevancy here to bring in the law of the Levirate, or the special and exceptional provision made for a man marrying his brother's childless widow, in order to raise up seed to his brother. Let a similar provision be found, making it not merely lawful, but obligatory, that a woman shall marry her sister's childless husband, and for a similar reason. Until then, however, we venture humbly to acquiesce in the Divine prerogative of dispensing with his own law, for a special and temporary purpose, under a national dispensation of his covenant; and we firmly protest against any dispensing power being usurped on earth, whether by Pope or by Parliament.

There is yet another consideration to which we must advert. In these prohibitions the reason is frequently given, particularly where it is a case of relationship by affinity; and the reason is very significant. Let our readers turn to verses 8 and 16, and also to the twentieth chapter, verse 20, and mark the ground on which intercourse, in these instances, is forbidden. Plainly it is this, that marriage makes a man and his wife so intimately one, even in some sense physically, that to have connexion with the one ~~must be viewed as~~ amounting virtually to the same thing as if it were connexion, if that were possible, with the other. The idea is conveyed, according to the Scriptural language applicable to the subject, with remarkable delicacy, but with not less remarkable force; and it is an idea, the bare hint or suggestion of which, from such a quarter, is well fitted to startle any mind in which there remains anything at all of a right fear of God and a right horror and hatred of evil.

Here, indeed, we touch the principle on which this whole law proceeds. It is the principle indicated in the beginning, at the original institution of marriage—"Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and shall cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh." (Gen. ii. 24.) That principle is emphatically recognised by the Prophet Malachi, when he indignantly reproveth the cruelty of Jewish husbands parting lightly with the wives of their youth. (Mal. ii. 15.) It is sanctioned by our Lord, and assigned by him as his reason for abridging, or rather annulling, that liberty of divorce which had been conceded to the Jews for their hardness of heart, and which they had so hard-heartedly abused. (Matt. xix. 4-6.) And it is applied by the Apostle Paul, with tremendous power,* as an argument against impurity, and again, with admirable tenderness of spiritual feeling, as a motive to conjugal love. (1 Cor. v. 16; Ephes. v. 31.)

Nothing surely can be plainer than this principle pervading all Scripture, that marriage makes husband and wife, to all intents and purposes, one person; certainly, so far at least as "the flesh" is concerned, and therefore specially with reference to all relationships of "the flesh." And if this be true, the conclusion is irresistible that affinity and consanguinity are, to all intents and purposes, identically one and the same thing. To all the wife's relations, according to "the flesh," or by consanguinity, the husband is as the wife; they are "one flesh." To all the husband's relations, according to "the flesh," the wife is as the husband; they are "one flesh."

We have by no means exhausted our Scriptural proof. We omit the evidence furnished by the Baptist's reproof of Herod, and the Apostle Paul's stern censure of the crime tolerated at Corinth; although we hold it to be clear as day, that in both cases, whether the intercourse was adulterous or not, it is mainly as being incestuous that it is stigmatized: and in both cases, the incest turns upon a relationship by affinity alone. Nor can we spare time for meeting the many objections urged against these views; of most of which objections the capital fault is, that if they prove anything, they prove rather too much. Thus, sage counsellors in America have discovered, that affinity ceases altogether on the dissolution of a marriage by death; so that a widower is in no sense related to his mother-in-law or to his step-daughter, but may marry either, if he pleases, or both, in due succession.* And the Supreme Court of Massachusetts has, it seems, found this to be good law! But really, after all, why should we be so surprised? Our transatlantic friends are

* Janeway's "Unlawful Marriages," p. 178.

only, as is their wont, "going the whole hog." Having got a principle, they go through with it. For either affinity is equivalent to consanguinity, or it is not. But if not, then what precisely is it? And what restrictions can be imposed upon marriage between relatives by affinity that are not purely arbitrary and capricious—based on shifting views of taste or of expediency, but without one single steady element of consistency to give them weight? Why should sisters, by affinity, be marriageable, more than mothers, or daughters, or nieces? We pause for Mr. Stuart Wortley's reply.

Meanwhile we return, with a feeling of relief, to the simplicity of Divine legislation. Take that chapter in Leviticus, fully and fairly, as the basis of the law of incest, and interpret it by the ordinary rules of common sense. What results does it give? Chiefly these two: *first*, that beyond the first degree in collaterals all marriages are lawful; and, *secondly*, that relationship by affinity and relationship by consanguinity are identical. Or otherwise, let there be two columns formed, the one consisting of myself in the centre,—my father, my grandfather, and so on, upwards,—my son, grandson, and so on, downwards; and let the second column, placed alongside the first, contain the sisters of all these parties respectively. Within all the relations thus indicated, marriage is unlawful; that is, no man in the first column may marry any woman in the second. And if we add the rule, that I and my wife are one, and that all related to her are in the same degree related to me, we have the Levitical law of marriage and of prohibited degrees clear and complete.

Is there nothing in the very simplicity and completeness of this law fitted to prove at once its Divine authority and its perpetual obligation? Have we not here the wisdom of God? Is it safe to prefer to it the opinion of man?

But we may be reminded that we have not touched the vexed question of the 18th verse, and the sanction apparently given there to a widower's marriage with his sister by affinity; and our reason is, that we have not founded at all on that verse as favourable to our views, and therefore we are the less bound to deal with it, as it may be alleged to be adverse. We believe it to be entirely consistent with the law as given in the previous verses, and indeed corroboratory of it. Still we have not taken advantage of the text at issue, because it is confessedly one of most difficult and doubtful interpretation; so much so, that there is scarcely a sentence in all the Bible whose meaning may be said to be so uncertain. This is partly owing to its own obscurity—partly to our ignorance of many of the domestic details of Jewish life—but still more to the dust raised by the very controversy we are now discussing. Various glosses have been suggested,

all of them more or less liable to difficulty. One thing, however, is clear. The reason of the prohibition in the 18th verse—whatever that prohibition may be—is different from the reason assigned for all the previous ones; it is not nearness of kin at all, but the risk of family vexation. Whoever it may be that a man is forbidden to marry in the 18th verse, the ground of the interdict is peculiar. He is forbidden to have intercourse with the women previously indicated, because of their nearness of kin; he is forbidden to have intercourse with this woman, upon a totally different consideration. This remark might suffice to withdraw the text altogether from the argument; it clearly is not a text legislating upon the formal ground of relationship at all. For our own part, we think that by far the most natural interpretation is that suggested in the margin of our authorized version, making it a prohibition of polygamy: "Thou shalt not take one wife to another, to vex her." We see nothing whatever against this view, either in the law or the history of the Jews. That in point of fact polygamy was practised, though far less generally than is often assumed,—nay, that Moses may have referred to it in some of his enactments, though that is very doubtful,—will not prove at all that polygamy among the Jews was lawful. We believe it to have been the reverse; and we rather lean to that rendering of the verse before us which brings out an express prohibition of that sin.

There is indeed one view of this text, as it stands in the authorized version, which seems to us consistent and tenable; but it lends no support to the doctrine we are opposing. It is this. Let it be granted that it is marriage with a sister by affinity that is here forbidden, and that the lawgiver, without sanctioning, assumes the practice either of polygamy, or of divorce. Knowing the possibility of a man allowing his wife to be supplanted in his affections, by a younger, perhaps, and fairer sister, and so being tempted to make way for her, either by a deed of divorce, or an act of polygamy,—the law interposes a stern and summary interdict; and without at all superseding the reason already sufficiently given, founded on nearness of kin, adds another specially applicable to the case on hand, founded on an appeal to the generosity and good faith and good feeling with which a husband should regard the wife of his youth. All this, however, is very far short of a permission to marry the sister after the wife is gone. On the contrary, we are thoroughly persuaded that every right-thinking man and woman will instinctively feel, that the very reason which is so affectingly urged against the one arrangement, should equally prevent the other also.*

* There is good cause why something additional to the consideration of near-

But we must hasten to close our argument. The view we have given of the law, as fixed by the 18th chapter of Leviticus, apart from the criticism on the 18th verse, may be fairly said to have the sanction of the universal Church, almost without a dissentient voice, down to very recent times. The great body of the Jews interpreted the law precisely as we do; for it is a late after-thought of the Talmudists to insinuate doubt in regard to it. The Church of Rome has always held clearly that affinity and consanguinity are equivalent, and has admitted, that the only degrees prohibited by the Divine law, are those which we have enumerated. The universities of Europe, in the days of Henry VIII., gave forth no uncertain sound. The Reformers were of one mind, with scarcely any, if any exception. The law in England and in Scotland was framed accordingly. Public opinion has, beyond all question, ratified the law. And yet now, all is to be unsettled, all is to be changed.

We are deeply grieved to see some of our leading theologians hastily committing themselves on the side of this change. We do not here refer merely to the cursory remark made by Dr. Chalmers, in his *Daily Scripture Readings*, of which a most industrious use is made. That is a posthumous work, and must be received as such. It gives the first fresh thoughts of that wonderful man as they arose, not in the systematic study, but the devotional and practical use of his English Bible; and fresh indeed these thoughts are. But it is an abuse of the precious volume, to press its hasty utterances of deep eloquence and shrewd sagacity into the service of a controversy which evidently the illustrious author had never seriously considered. It is plain, in this instance, that he had little or no acquaintance, either with the various opinions as to that 18th verse, or with their bearing on the all-important question of marriage: he does not seem so much as to have noticed the marginal reading. And, turning over a few pages, we find him, in his notes on the 20th chapter, admitting the very principle of affinity being equivalent to consanguinity, which really and conclusively settles the whole dispute. There are others also, we fear, besides Dr. Chalmers, whose crude sentiments may do harm, and tend to lead to issues they would themselves deplore. Could our voice reach such men as Dr. Bunting, and other leading men among the Nonconformists of England, we would most earnestly implore them to pause.

ness of kin may well be put in as a motive against the connexion in question; and what more delicate than the suggestion in these few words, "to vex her?" A man is more tempted to love his wife's sister than his brother's wife, for very obvious reasons; and in this view, there seems to be a peculiar beauty and propriety in such a hint. The garbage raked up by Messrs. Crowder and Maynard is instructive on this point. But a prohibition of a practice up till a certain date or event, by no means implies a permission of it afterwards.

The question, as now raised, is new to many minds; for the unbroken consent of ages has superseded discussion. We have the firmest persuasion that no sound divine, sitting down to study the question thoroughly, in the light of Scripture, can rise with any doubt whatever as to what is the mind and will of God. But a vague impression is allowed to go abroad, that since differences of opinion prevail, revelation cannot surely be very explicit on the subject. We believe it to be explicit enough for all who choose to be guided by it;—"he that hath ears, let him hear." We believe the evidence to be fully stronger on this than on almost any other disputed point of doctrine, even the most fundamental. Nor will it do to allege, that surely if God had intended to make the rule we are contending for absolute, he would have said so more distinctly. This is the artifice of a weak mind, or a dishonest heart. The only legitimate inquiry is,—has he said ~~so~~ ~~at all~~ or no? We entreat ministers and Churches to give attention to this subject. Let them look to America, and take warning in time. Let them look to the continental States, whose example is so loudly vaunted. We deliberately believe that concession here is the first step towards a total dissolution of manners, and the first blow aimed at the sanctity of England's homes.

We might separate Scotland from the sister country in this question, for Scotland has more to say than England against the contemplated change. North of the Tweed, the absurd distinction between void and voidable never prevailed to unfix men's minds. On all hands, it is allowed that Scotland has never had but one doctrine and one practice. Even the lawyers who are now insinuating doubt as to what the law might be found to be, if a case were tried, say in the same breath, that Scotland is, and always has been, unanimous. To force upon her a new Act that would legalize what all her Churches, with one voice, condemn, and all her people hitherto have abhorred, as incest—and to do so merely to suit some English tastes—is a wrong and insult, we say it deliberately, that would go far to nullify all the other benefits of the Union.

But even as to England, has the present law, as rectified in 1836, had anything like a fair trial? Or has the innovation now first proposed, received anything like adequate consideration? Some ten or twelve years only have elapsed since the anomaly that introduced disorder was removed; and during these years, the hired agents of a mischievous agitation have been busy. The wonder really is, that they have done so little harm, and got up so poor a case. Did any one imagine that Lord Lyndhurst's Act would all at once remedy the evils of a state of matters so absurd, as to admit of marriages being con-

tracted with sisters and nieces by affinity, that might at any hour within the lifetime of the parties be dissolved? There must be evil fruits of such a system long after it is abolished. But really, we repeat, we would not have thought it strange if Messrs. Crowder and Maynard, with their subalterns, had ferreted out twice the number of gallant widowers to be sympathized with or applauded, for losing or winning as their second brides, the women they had learned to call their sisters. At all events, the law, on its present footing, has met with a very general acquiescence; the grumblers form the exception; the people at large are satisfied; and there has been too little experience yet to justify an immediate change.

One word more and we have done. On many questions of practical duty, men are now affecting to be wiser and better than the Bible. Plans of social progress and improvement are rife, that have an air of transcendental ~~reform~~ ^{reform} about them, unknown to the homely morality of the Word of God. We are becoming too sentimental to endure that even the murderer shall be put to death. And now we are for bettering God's ordinance of marriage itself; and we see a fine, romantic, tender charm, in an alliance of brothers and sisters, on which God has stamped his curse. What may such things betoken? Are they ominous of such unbridled lawlessness and lust as marked the days before the Flood? Are they signs of the days not unlike these that are to precede the coming of the Son of Man?

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